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Jan. 9, 1971

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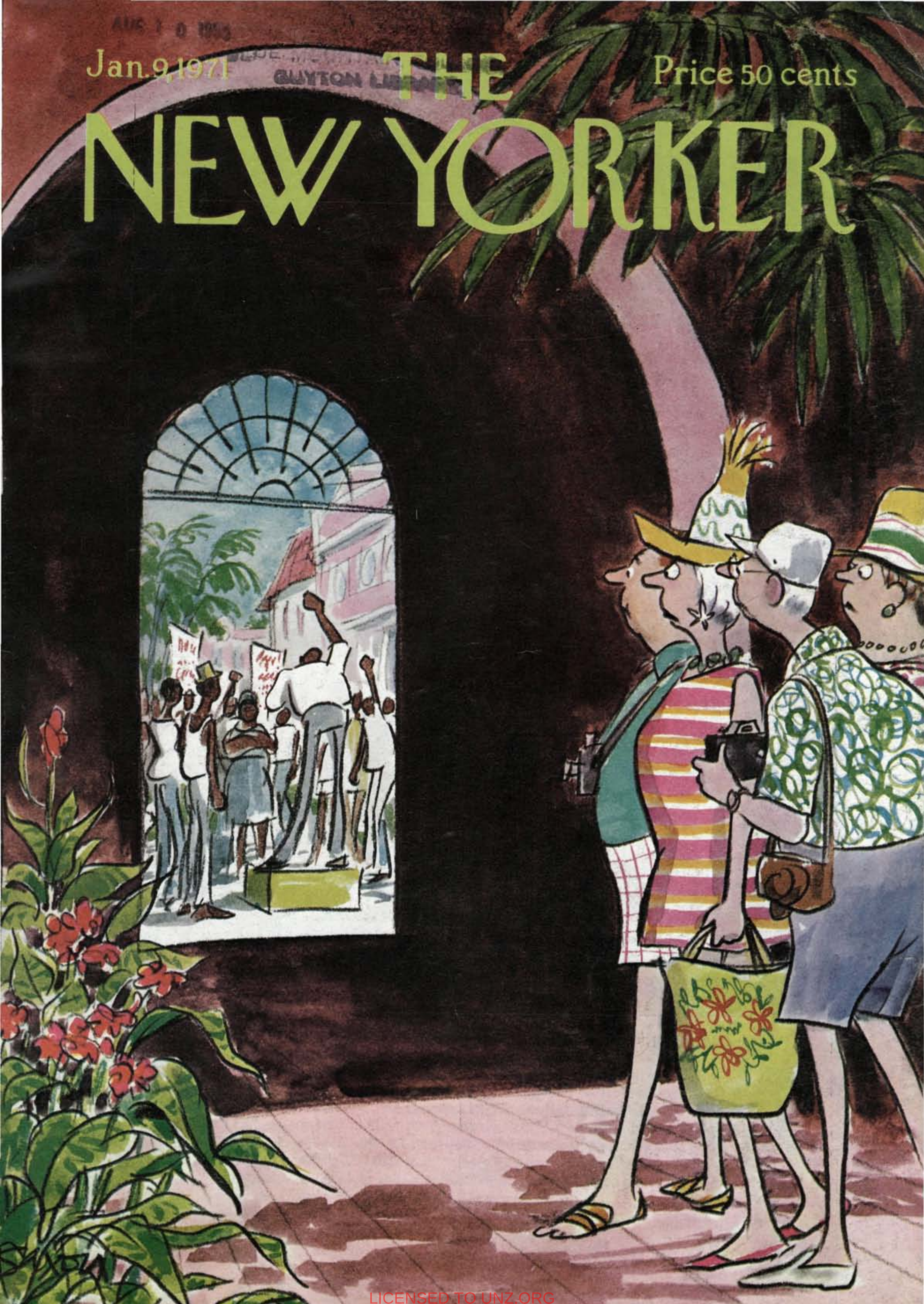
THE NEW YORKER



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(One of the major changes for the new year is that for all Broadway, and some Off Broadway, shows the evening curtain time is at 7:30. And most matinées start at 2. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A couple of dozen very funny skits about the venal and foolish world of radio and TV. Directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Carpenters—A play by Steven Tesich, with Vincent Gardenia and Alice Drummond. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7; Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8; and Fridays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 16.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A Victorian melodrama that quite uncannily happens to have just been written. Superbly overacted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

A Dream Out of Time—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. With Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowry. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Foreplay—A sentimental and proselytizing homosexual drama, but with one good scene and two good actors, Sam Stoneburner and Alan Castner. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gingerbread Lady—A sad play about a middle-aged alcoholic entertainer. Because its author is Neil Simon it is full of gags, many of them funny. The cast, which includes Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen, is superb. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Hamlet—Two performances only. Judith Anderson plays the title role, and the other members of the cast include Laurence Hugo, Don McHenry, and Ludi Claire. William Ball directed. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 14-15, at 8:30.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Home—David Storey's touching little play, not to be missed on any account whatever. The cast is headed by Sir John Gielgud and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—David H. Leary and Lynn Milgrim in Shakespeare's tragedy. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, Jan. 7, at 7:30; Friday, Jan. 8, at 1 and 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 7; Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3; Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 7:30; Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 2; Thursday, Jan. 14, at 11 A.M.; Friday, Jan. 15, at 7:30; and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 7 and 10.)

Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett—This arrangement of excerpts from Beckett's novels and poems and plays, beautifully acted by Mr. MacGowran, makes a most extraordinary evening in the theatre. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Place Without Doors—An imagined epilogue to an actual murder that took place in France four years ago. The play is shallow and pretentious, but Richard A. Dysart gives a splendid performance as the husband of the murderess. (Stairway, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Synge's THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD, with David Birney, will be the second in this year's series of four plays. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 7, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 14. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sleuth—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre—A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Invented and directed

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by Paul Sills. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**butterflies are free:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **last of the red hot lovers:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extra-marital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Ari—A musical with a book and lyrics by Leon Uris, based on his novel "Exodus," and with music by Walt Smith. David Cryer and Constance Towers head a cast directed by Lucia Victor. Previews through Thursday, Jan. 14. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 15. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 3.)

Company—Fine music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a witty book by George Furth, and admirable singing, dancing, and acting by a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light, Lively and Yiddish—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. May close Sunday, Jan. 10.)

Lovely Ladies, Kind Gentlemen—A musical version of "The Teahouse of the August Moon," arriving twenty years too late for its own good. The cast includes Kenneth Nelson, David Burns, and Remak Ramsay. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

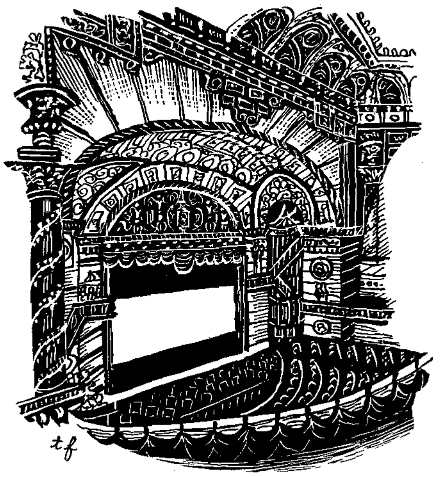
The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat complacent, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**applause:** A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.



Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **jacques brel is alive and well and living in paris:** Stephen laid the coin in her uneager hand. —We'll owe twopence, he said. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** —Time enough, sir, she said, taking the coin. Time enough. Good morning, sir. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fiddler on the roof:** She curtseyed and went out, followed by Buck Mulligan's tender chant: —*Heart of my heart, were it more, More would be laid at your feet.* (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **the last sweet days of isaac:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **hair:** Precisely such had the paragraph originally stood from the printer's hands; but Sir Walter had improved it by adding, for the information of himself and his family, these words, after the date of Mary's birth—"married, Dec. 16, 1810, Charles, son and heir of Charles Musgrove, Esq. of Uppercross, in the county of Somerset"—and by inserting most accurately the day of the month on which he had lost his wife. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **man of la mancha:** Then followed the history and rise of the ancient and respectable family, in the usual terms. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **promises, promises:** How it had been first settled in Cheshire; how mentioned in Dugdale—serving the office of high sheriff, representing a borough in three successive parliaments, exertions of loyalty, and dignity of baronet, in the first year of Charles II., with all the Marys and Elizabeths they had married. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **you're a good man, charlie brown:** Forming altogether two handsome duodecimo pages, and concluding with the arms and motto: "Principal seat, Kellynch Hall, in the county of Somerset," and Sir Walter's handwriting again in this finale: "Heir presumptive, William Walter Elliot, Esq., great grandson of the second Sir Walter." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **purlie:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Melba Moore and Cleavon Little. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 6-8, at 6:15; Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, Jan. 10, at 1:15 and 5:15: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8:15: "Tchaikovsky Suite," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:15: "Reveries," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Allegro Brilliante," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:15: "Concerto Barocco," "Kodály Dances" (première), "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:15: "Harlequinade," "Valse Romantique," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8: "The Moor's Pavane," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," "Ontogeny" (première), and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "The Traitor," "Giselle Pas de Deux," and "The River." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Ontogeny," "Miss Julie," and "Gaieté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30: "Les Sylphides," "Schubertiade," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Schubertiade," "Ontogeny," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "The Traitor." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 10, at 1:30: "Les Patineurs," "Giselle Pas de Deux," "The River," and "Gaieté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Sunday, Jan. 10, at 7:30: "Theme and Variations," "A Rose for Miss Emily," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "The River." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Ballets Africains—Final performances of a three-week engagement by a troupe of forty-four dancers, singers, and musicians from the Republic of Guinea. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 16.)

Mazowsze—A company of a hundred Polish folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra, in a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Jan. 12, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 24. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Tim Wood, Tommy Litz, Linda Carbonetto, and Freddie Trenkler. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra matinée Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 17.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Jake Holmes is singing his own folk material in a high, spirited voice, sharing the stage with comics Edmonds and Curley. Holmes leaves after Monday, Jan. 11, but the others stay on. Tuesdays are a different bag, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—People who take their conversation seriously, along with their music and their meals, will find it congenial. Hal Galper will be on elec-

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tric piano and Herbie Lewis on bass through Saturday, Jan. 9. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here, along with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams, from whose piano so many blessings flow, is back in her element (life after dark), accompanied by Michael Fleming on bass, and it's the proper element, too, for this restaurant belongs to Barney Josephson, inventor of the memorable Café Society, Uptown as well as Downtown, where she broke in thirty years ago. Eight to one, but not on Sundays.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—The ubiquitous six-stringed instrument is played here with an emphasis on melodics and virtuosity. Gene Bertoncini is on guitar, and Linc Milliman on bass, Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. The cooking is Southern.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The twelve-bar blues have few more able advocates than Jimmy Rushing, who sings them Fridays through Sundays. His colleagues are the members of the reliable Zoot Sims quartet, who perform on their own the other nights of the week. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Jazz pianist Eddie Thompson, who can give the illusion of raising the rafters when he wants, plays solo on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. His accomplished aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold. After Tuesday, Jan. 12, the room will close for two weeks.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Tradition wanes, but this comfortable club continues to thrive, offering Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Claude Hopkins, Oliver Jackson, and Joe Muranyi. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—The Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—a sort of well-intentioned gee-whiz outfit—plays here every Sunday from six until nine. The rest of the week, a banjo band is onstage and peanut shells are on the floor. Beer is sold in large quantities. Old movies are shown occasionally. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody is supposed to be jolly, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. Joe Henderson, leading a sextet, wanders around with facility on tenor sax. On Tuesday, Jan. 12, Donald Byrd, who plays trumpet with a lot of controlled force, will come in with a quintet. Music from nine until closing. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Beginning at about nine-thirty, the funky, blues-oriented piano of Junior Mance is dominant in his quartet. On Mondays, though, the quartet is off and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: A rock-and-jazz policy continues, with dancing encouraged. On Mondays, there are various Latin bands.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Singer Novella Nelson will be onstage, backed by a trio, through Thursday, Jan. 7. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 8-10, Herbie Hancock, a nimble and subtle pianist, will arrive with a sextet. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 15-17, tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson will bring in his sextet. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, theoretically.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of Bora Bora—shouldn't deter you if walking is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with skill and vigor. On Sunday, Jan. 10, trombonist Conrad Janis will sit in with the regulars, who are Red Balaban, Marquis Foster, Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, and Ed Polcer. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a banjo band. The place is known for its fabricated nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—*C'est qui?* Well, anyway, it is a fairly informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

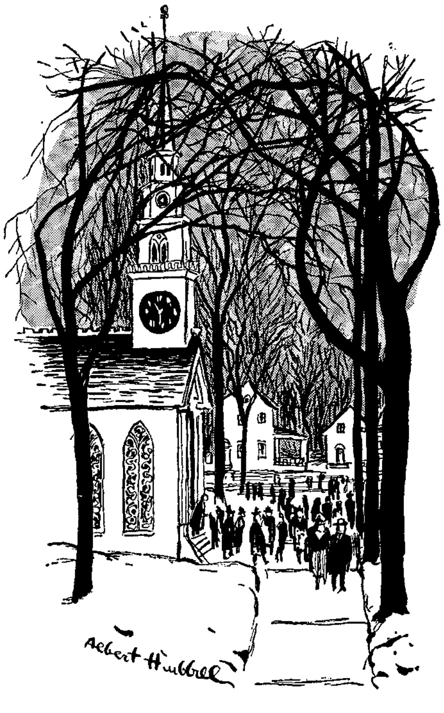
Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The fascination with France continues, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and adequate dancing (from nine-thirty to three or four). Closed Sundays.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. Reservations required for dining. No food Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Fifty years ago, archeologists might have gasped, had they stumbled upon the pseudo-Egyptian luxuriousness of this restaurant. But this is 1971, and few gasps are heard. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by six people known as the Victorians. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A new house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a glittery brass bar, a non-glittery bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with Children of God. Closed Mondays.



Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Walk downstairs and find a spot where every touch contributes to the coolness of the whole. Good sound, good dancing to persistently swinging records, large drinks, and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—One big happy family, and even slaphappy whenever the *schuhplatter* dancers strike out; that is, Bavaria in an outgoing, singing, beer-drinking, operetta state of body and mind. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The ballet troupe—blithe, blooming, and beautiful—presided over (and towered over) by José Greco is a hard act to follow, but José Molina and his commendable congress of dancers will nevertheless follow it on Thursday, Jan. 14. This castle keep is in session every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **Château Disco** (371-5155), colloquial Latin (French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese) streams across the tapes (some of the best tapes in town, in fact), with enough instrumentation for those who would dance as well as listen. From nine to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The Friends of Distinction, known hereabouts only on wax so far, do their last group song festival on Wednesday, Jan. 6, and next evening brings on another young graduate of the echo chambers: Jackie De Shannon, girl troupial. Never a dark night in this den. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is appropriate music, night after night, by characters calling themselves the Dunhills.

La Forêt, in the Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The Save Our Environment movement attains a sort of climax in this Forest of Arden, among whose bosky dells maidens and their swains glide to the sound of Phil Wayne's quintet, which has the appropriate Pipes of Pan flavor, or bounce a bit, later at night, to the minute alarums and excursions of Joe Bill Loudermilk & Grits. Only Tuesday through Saturday, or not quite enough of a good thing. . . . ¶ The adjacent **Café** goes its placid way *every* night, always with dancing plus (except on Sundays and Mondays) those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina).

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lana Cantrell puts on (during dinner and supper in the noble old Persian Room) the big, blossomy act to be expected of a clarion soprano, and the band run by Burt Farber, which has been rebuilt to let in more light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. On Wednesday, Jan. 13, at ten-fifteen, Judy Carne, late of Broadway's revival "The Boy Friend," begins her song-and-prance deal. Thereafter, she'll be a twice-a-night item. Closed Sundays. . . . **Plaza 9 Music Hall** (PL 9-3933): The old Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals, an art form so juvenile that it cannot be parodied, is paradoxically parodied, and pilloried, by "Dames at Sea," which is all in fun and by the ton. Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the exemplary cast; Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the justifiably proud perpetrators; Baldwin Bergersen is at the well-tempered entr'acte clavichord. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Sundays at four and seven-thirty. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-

Meeting a new day on Fort Lauderdale beach is well worth an early arising

Set an early alarm to be on the beach when the sun bursts its golden hue over the eastern horizon. No other hour accents so well the beneficence of the Lauderdale clime.

Balmy ocean air refreshes with daybreak purity. Now, before awakening Trades kick up the sea, its hushed swells stir the soul like thunder.

Awaiting the early ariser is the new array of shells deposited ashore by the night tides. This is the time when rare specimens are most likely to be found; before a higher sun brings out its scores of worshipers.

This is the beach, six delightful miles of it, where you can disport as you please before breakfast and not feel ridiculous.

Snort like a walrus if you will while enjoying your early morning dip in the surf. Swing your arms, stoop, leap like a gazelle as you walk briskly in the rich sea-level air.

It's a great way to start your Fort Lauderdale day, invigorated and toned for the many pleasures that follow. Our free color brochure tells all about them. Simply drop us a line for your copy.

FORT LAUDERDALE
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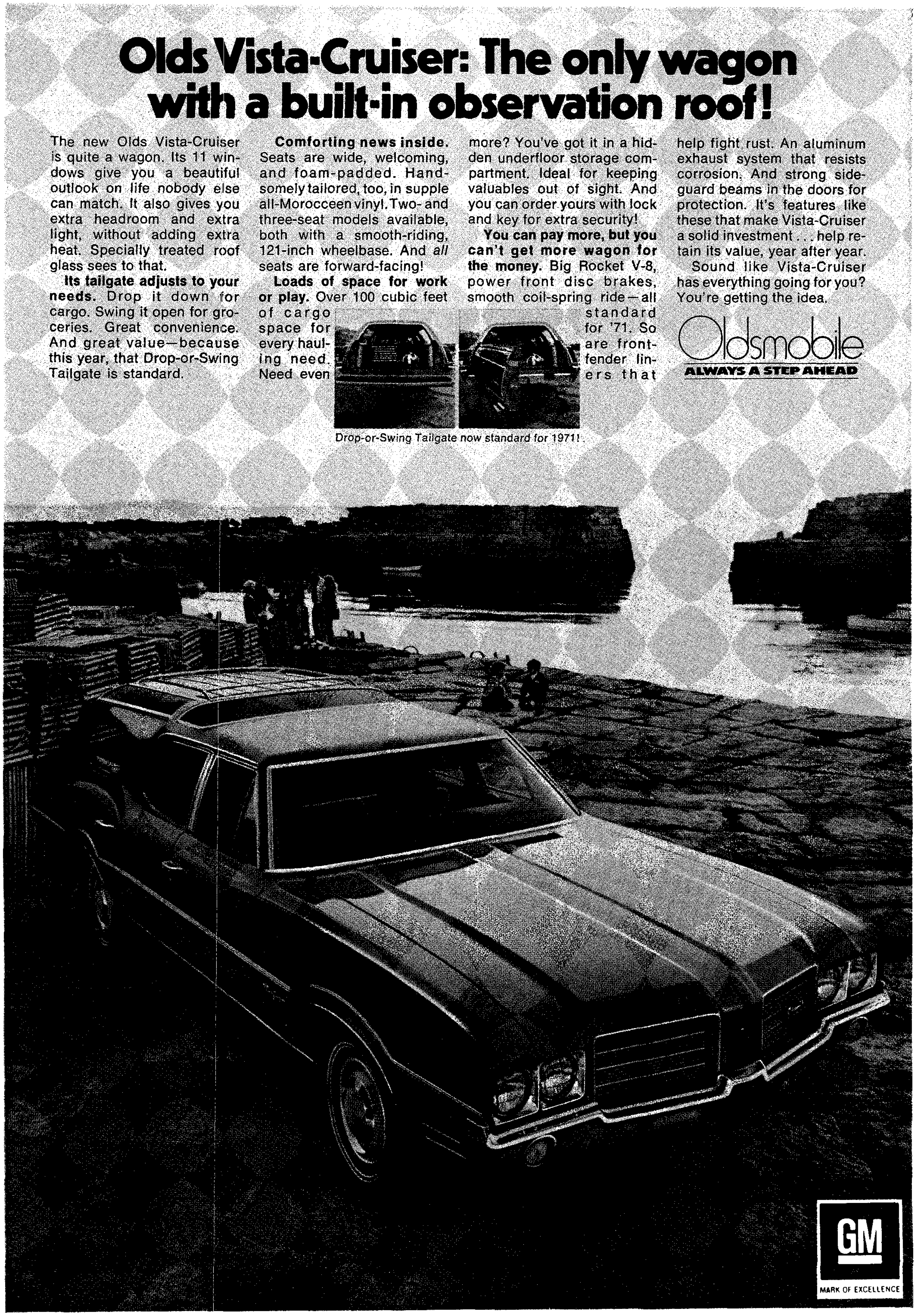
For FREE color brochure and lodgings guide books, write City Information Department N-57,
P.O. Box 1181, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302



Olds Vista-Cruiser: The only wagon with a built-in observation roof!

The new Olds Vista-Cruiser is quite a wagon. Its 11 windows give you a beautiful outlook on life nobody else can match. It also gives you extra headroom and extra light, without adding extra heat. Specially treated roof glass sees to that.

Its tailgate adjusts to your needs. Drop it down for cargo. Swing it open for groceries. Great convenience. And great value—because this year, that Drop-or-Swing Tailgate is standard.

Comforting news inside. Seats are wide, welcoming, and foam-padded. Handsomely tailored, too, in supple all-Morocceen vinyl. Two- and three-seat models available, both with a smooth-riding, 121-inch wheelbase. And *all* seats are forward-facing!

Loads of space for work or play. Over 100 cubic feet of cargo space for every hauling need. Need even more? You've got it in a hidden underfloor storage compartment. Ideal for keeping valuables out of sight. And you can order yours with lock and key for extra security!

You can pay more, but you can't get more wagon for the money. Big Rocket V-8, power front disc brakes, smooth coil-spring ride—all standard for '71. So are front-fender liners that help fight rust. An aluminum exhaust system that resists corrosion. And strong side-guard beams in the doors for protection. It's features like these that make Vista-Cruiser a solid investment . . . help retain its value, year after year.

Sound like Vista-Cruiser has everything going for you? You're getting the idea.

Drop-or-Swing Tailgate now standard for 1971!

Oldsmobile
ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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8970)—Pie in the sky, and Beef Wellington, too, and *fraises de bois*, as well as Tamiko Jones (this course available at both dinner and supper). T. Jones comes from the Big Tube Country (who doesn't, these nights), and she sings. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and dance music commences at eight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero has again become the starting quarterback in the Maisonette, and the special maneuvers that are best accomplished to the Latin music of his band can once more be seen and/or participated in. The resourceful band of Hal Turner does the rest of the honors. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, which is designed for non-levitating diners, Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti (fiddle-and-pianoforte duo) drift slowly down the Danube right through to suppertime. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600: Our world is divided, though unequally, between man and maid, and of this rueful dilemma are made the songs (wise, witty, and excusably wistful) that Mabel Mercer sings with an artful artlessness that is the unattainable goal of all other sopranos. Jimmy Lyon and his piano are her faithful retainers. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god. He is celebrated not only by Olympian libations and cuisine but by Athenian musicians intent upon persuading everyone to dance, and by liberal helpings of song. It happens every night. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must be modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack, and the house never falls flat) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. Yoel Sharr is the principal cantor. The dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like an old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays, and no dancing ever. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is a piano from five-thirty until a bit after midnight, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The ambience a Londoner expects to find at the Connaught, the music (George Feyer's eclectic piano) the Central European expects to find at home. Mr. F. is present from eight-thirty until one-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the heavily travelled roads to Rome. Among the strollers is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Port of call on a little-known island. People waiting for the weekly mail steamer can hear Wayne Sanders, who just got off the last boat, reminiscing at his piano about gone but not forgotten days. He sits up fairly late. Closed Mondays. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Another part of another forest, and a faraway one, but still of the original Village villagey. On the lower deck, circumnavigating song and guitar, which go well with the local mulled wine, every night until around two; every night but Sunday, there is loose-limbed piano on the top deck. . . . **CARLTON LOUNGE**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, who always looks extremely good, looks his best at the piano in this chancellery, where he presides from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except Saturdays, and Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY**, 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood, and here she is again, letter-perfect, on the top floor of this manse. Ten-thirty and midnight, and in between reliable Marty Napoleon takes a threesome through its paces. Sunday nights, a triad led by Daphne Hellman, harpist and dryad, helps out. No Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

SAMUEL ADLER—Sculptures in wood; starting Monday, Jan. 11. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

FELICIANO BEJAR—Arrangements of variously sized lenses that reflect their surroundings; through Jan. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

NORMAN BLUHM AND JULIAN STANCZAK—Small triptychs by the former, a leading Action painter, and patterns using transparent effects by the latter, a prominent Optical artist; through Jan. 30. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM COPLEY—Recent paintings by a Surrealist; starting Tuesday, Jan. 12. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

ROBYN DENNY—Paintings by a British reductionist; starting Saturday, Jan. 9. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Collages done in the twenties by this pioneer American abstractionist; through Jan. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD DUGMORE—Paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Jan. 24. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

FRED ESCHER—Free-form neon tubings on the floor and ceiling; through Jan. 30. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON—Drawings in color; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Paintings by the celebrated Abstract Expressionist, including works from his early American period, 1936-41; starting Saturday, Jan. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALFRED KUBIN (1877-1959)—Drawings and watercolors by a member of the "Blue Riders" group; through Jan. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

WIFREDO LAM—Twenty recent paintings by a Cuban Surrealist who has long worked in Paris; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ELLIOTT LLOYD—Six shaped, stained canvases; starting Saturday, Jan. 9. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RODGER MACK—Bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures, including several large outdoor pieces; through Jan. 23. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Paintings based on studies made in the Far West; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

FAIRFIELD PORTER—Portraits of New York poets by this painter of domestic themes; through Jan. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—Constructions and multiples done since 1965; through Saturday, Jan. 9. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES ROSS—Static and moving organizations of light; through Feb. 4. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER RUDDICK—Abstract sculptures in bronze and fibre glass by a British artist who teaches in New York; through Jan. 21. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

LEON POLK SMITH—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Jan. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANCISCO TOLEDO—A comprehensive exhibit of figurative works in many mediums by a Mexican Indian who has been exhibiting in New York galleries; starting Tuesday, Jan. 12. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

DIANNE NELSON TULLIS—Collages representing still-lifes and Western highway landscapes by an Arizona artist having her first one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 9.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jan Voss—Oil paintings; starting Tuesday, Jan. 12. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jane Wasey—Abstract sculptures in stone, a few in wood; starting Tuesday, Jan. 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961) **and Robert Crowl**—Monotypes painted over in oils by the former and figure studies in pencil by the latter; through Friday, Jan. 8. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mac Wells—Abstract paintings; through Wednesday, Jan. 13. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Gallery artists from the early twentieth century to the present, among them Hassam, Shahn, Moses Soyer, and Gropper; starting Tuesday, Jan. 12. . . . **CASTELLI**, 4 E. 77th St.: Etchings and lithographs, plus two sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 9. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures done over the past forty-five hundred years on the theme of the female; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EGAN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Indian miniature paintings from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.) . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Monet, Morris Louis, Beckmann, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Friday, Jan. 8. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A wide selection of drawings on several themes by younger artists from various United States regions and by draftsmen familiar to New Yorkers, such as Beauchamp, Cajori, Copley, Grooms, and Leslie; through Feb. 2. . . . **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Graphics and small sculptures by Israeli artists, including some of the leaders; through Feb. 15. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Leading twentieth-century European painters and sculptors, from the Fauves to Dubuffet and from Brancusi to Giacometti; through Feb. 6. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Sixty examples of American naïve, primitive, and folk art from the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by fourteen contemporary Japanese in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim; through Saturday, Jan. 9.

Sculpture—Pieces in wood by leading practitioners in this medium, among them Hague, Mary Frank, Sugarman, Nevelson, Kohn, Hokanson, and Cunningham; through Saturday, Jan. 16. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—ranging in time from the second millenium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23. . . . ¶ Forty-five collages by Joseph Cornell, who has been celebrated for his boxes; through Jan. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Collection of Gertrude Stein and Her Family"—more than two hundred paintings once owned by Gertrude Stein and her brothers, Leo and Michael, and by the latter's wife Sarah, gathered from many sources; through March 1. . . . ¶ Paintings done by Paul Burlin (1886-1969), prominent New York Abstract Expressionist, during the weeks before he died; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Prints by Jasper Johns, together with work proofs; through March 21. . . . ¶ A collection of portraits taken in Paris during the twenties, New York cityscapes, and illustrations of scientific principles by Berenice Abbott, one of America's leading photographers; through Feb. 28. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The first North American retrospective, consisting of eighty-four paintings, sculptures, and drawings, plus toys (which played an important part in his development), of Joaquín Torres-García (1874-1949), well-known South American abstractionist; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Thirty-six works by Wojciech Fangor, a Polish color painter who lives in the United States; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Fifty-five works by thirty-three Japanese artists, chosen to represent the most avant-garde developments in Japan today; through Jan. 31. A good complement to this exhibit is the show (ending Saturday) of contemporary Japanese artists at the Staempfli Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Jan. 8-10, at 8:30, there will be a benefit program by the Dance Theatre of Harlem. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum's traditional biennial survey of American sculpture; through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ About forty-five works by women artists, taken from the Museum's permanent collection; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five Japanese prints from the Edo period (seventeenth century through the nineteenth) by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Sunday, Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Seventy objects illustrating the broad scope of Ming porcelains produced from the late fourteenth century to the mid-seventeenth; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The first exhibit in New York of sculptures in stone, wood, and cement by Gonzalo Fonseca, a Uruguayan who works here; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Works by Julia Pearl—paintings, constructions, and drawings based on Hebrew letters and prayers; through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Photographs, accompanied by sound, of Hassidic communities; through Jan. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, and printed music that tickles the eye—here Beethoven's frenetic hand, there Chopin's delicate, precise pen; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Around seventy wooden figures that adorned ships, shops, and theatres, and heralded circuses in New York during the nineteenth century; through Feb. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—About a hundred objects, including sculptures and fetishes from Africa, ritual figures from New Guinea, pre-Columbian ornaments, and Eskimo and American-Indian artifacts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred works in a variety of mediums, commissioned by the Container Corporation of America over the past thirty years from such artists as Magritte, Shahn, Guston, Rosenquist, Trova, and Bayer, and published as advertisements in national magazines; through Sunday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Sixty lithographs (thirty-three in color), plus etchings, drypoints, woodcuts, and other graphics, by Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, Renoir, Redon, Whistler, and many other artists who contributed to "L'Estampe Originale," a portfolio series published between 1893 and 1895; starting Thursday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Serigraphs in modernist modes by seven Muscovite artists; through Jan. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Prints in which artists (ranging from Rembrandt to Picasso) portray themselves, their colleagues, and their milieu; through March 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 6: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan 7: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Ruza Baldani, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 8: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 9: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Roberta Peters, and Mary Ellen Pracht. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 9: "Fidelio," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, and Murray Dickie. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 11: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 12: "La Périchole" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, Donald Gramm, Paul Franke, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 13: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 14: "Andrea Chénier," with Gabriella Tucci, Mignon Dunn, Cornell MacNeil, and Lorenzo Alvary. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Roberta Peters, Matteo Manuguerra, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 16: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, Robert Nagy, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 16: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Ezio Flagello. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Hunter College Opera Theatre—Puccini's "La Bohème," in English, with Lee Venora and Janette Moody, sopranos, and others. Staged by Frank Corsaro and conducted by Paul Callaway. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Jan. 11, and Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:15; Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 4; and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Daniel Barenboim conducting—Thursday, Jan. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 8, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30 (all with Alfred Brendel, piano); and Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 15, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 18, at 7:30 (all with Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano; Stuart Burrows, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Manhattan Singers and Master Chorales of Westchester and Long Island).

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, and Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30, both with Harvey Pittel, saxophone. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30, with Mr. Silverstein.)

New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band—Early music for wind and brass instruments plus organs, harpsichord, percussion, and viols. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30, with Erica Morini, violin, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe; and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 16-17, at 8:30, with Christiane Edinger, violin. All seats have been sold for the last two concerts, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with the David Amram Quartet. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting an all-Mozart program, with Thomas Carey, baritone, and Walter Abel, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Czech Chamber Orchestra—Josef Vlach conducting, with Josef Suk, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Stravinsky-Bach Concert—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber ensemble and acting as violin soloist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Jeannette Walters, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, with Samuel Baron, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; Alexander Kouguell, cello; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto, in a lieder recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Benita Valente and Patricia Wells, sopranos; Charles Treger and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Nobuko Imai and Walter Trampler, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 8, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 9, at 9.)

Raymond Buckingham—Bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Nelson Freire—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus—Violin and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 2:15.)

Juilliard String Quartet and Jean-Pierre Rampal—The first in a series of three programs of works for flute and strings. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 7:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and Daniel Barenboim—Baritone and piano, in the first in a series of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three recitals, this one an all-Schubert lieder program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.)

Stanley Babin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

Maria Augusta—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Szymon Goldberg and Victor Babin—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Bert Lucarelli—In a program called "The Oboe 1971." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 9.)

Note—Erick Friedman will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 17, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 11, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Buddy Miles, Big Brother and the Holding Company, and Sweetwater—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 8-9, at 8 and 11:30.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The second in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Betty Comden and Adolph Green) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

Hot Tuna, Taj Mahal, and Brethren—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 15-16, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Racing—At Liberty Bell, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 6.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 2.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society in a Tchaikovsky-Stravinsky program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator; Ruth Ray, mezzo-soprano; and Eileen Flissler, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 16, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES:** "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and "Holiday on Strings." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)... **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 1:30. Children under four not admitted.)... **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2:30....¶ "A Very Special Clown." Sunday, Jan. 10, and Saturday, Jan. 16, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NICOLO MARIONETTES:** "Pinocchio." (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 9, at 1 and 3. For information about tickets, call GR 5-0830.)... **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE:** "Martin Luther King, Jr." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 13-14, at 10:30.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Mr. Popper's Penguins." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, Jan. 15, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "From the Great Bear to the Southern Cross." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Drama Readings—Charles Gordone reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Jan. 14, at 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Jan. 8, at 2: English and Continental silver, from many owners....¶ Saturday, Jan. 9, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from a number of sources....¶ Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings and drawings by such artists as Archipenko, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Pascin; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 8.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "Dark City" (1950), with Charlton Heston and Lizabeth Scott....¶ Jan. 7 at 2 and 5:30: "The Rose Tattoo" (1955), with Anna Magnani and Burt Lancaster....¶ Jan. 7 at 8: "Red Mountain" (1951), with Alan Ladd and Lizabeth Scott....¶ Jan. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "King Creole" (1958), with Elvis Presley and Carolyn Jones....¶ Jan. 9 at 11:30: "America" (1924), with Lionel Barrymore and Carol Dempster....¶ Jan. 9 at 3 and 5:30: "True Grit" (1969), with John Wayne and Glen Campbell....¶ Jan. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "Anne of the Thousand Days" (1969), with Richard Burton and Geneviève Bujold....¶ Jan. 11 at 1:30: "Casablanca" (1942), with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman....¶ Jan. 11 at 6 and Jan. 12 at 2: "Fragment of an Empire" (1929), directed by Friedrich Ermler....¶ Jan. 12 at 5:30: "Red Sky at Morning" (1970), with Richard Thomas and Claire Bloom....¶ Jan. 13 at 2: "The Cousins" (1959), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Gérard Blain and Jean-Claude Brialy....¶ Jan. 13 at 5:30: "Our Betters" (1933), with Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland....¶ Jan. 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Virginian" (1913), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, and "The Unknown" (1927), directed by Tod Browning. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—The first programs in a series of early French films. Jan. 6: Films by the Lumière Brothers....Jan. 7: Five films by Georges Méliès....Jan. 8: A film with Sarah Bernhardt....Jan. 9: Films by Max Linder and René Clair....Jan. 10: A film by Jean Renoir....From Jan. 13: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1927), directed by Carl Dreyer. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES,** at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly. All very serious....¶ More serious stuff at the **WHITNEY MUSEUM,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), where a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. Through Feb. 24.

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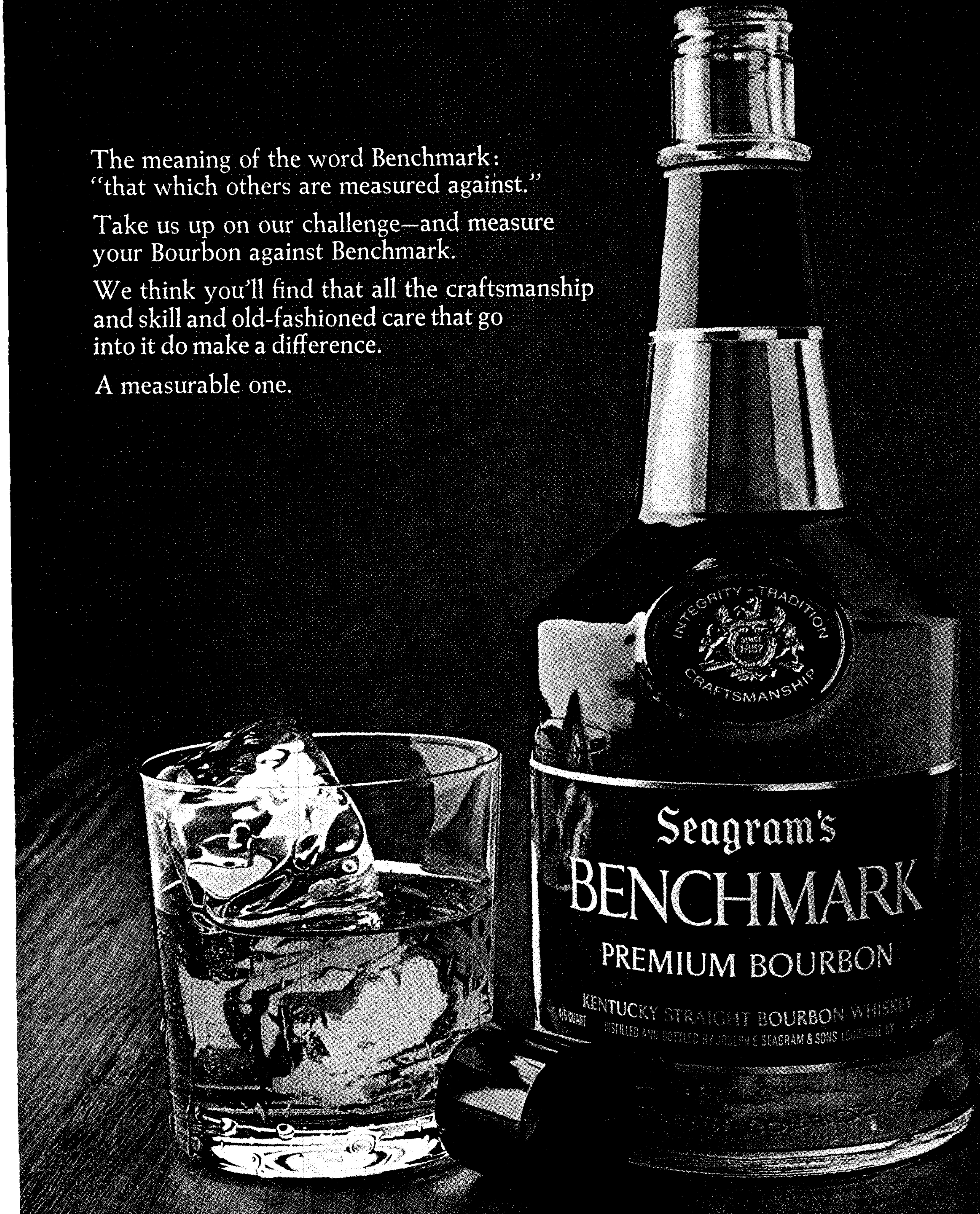
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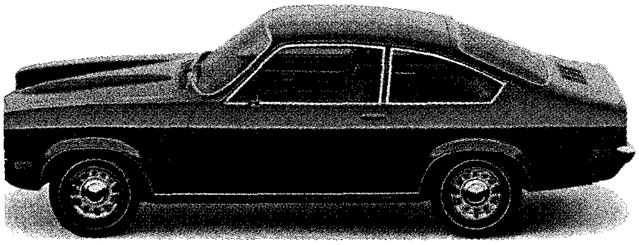

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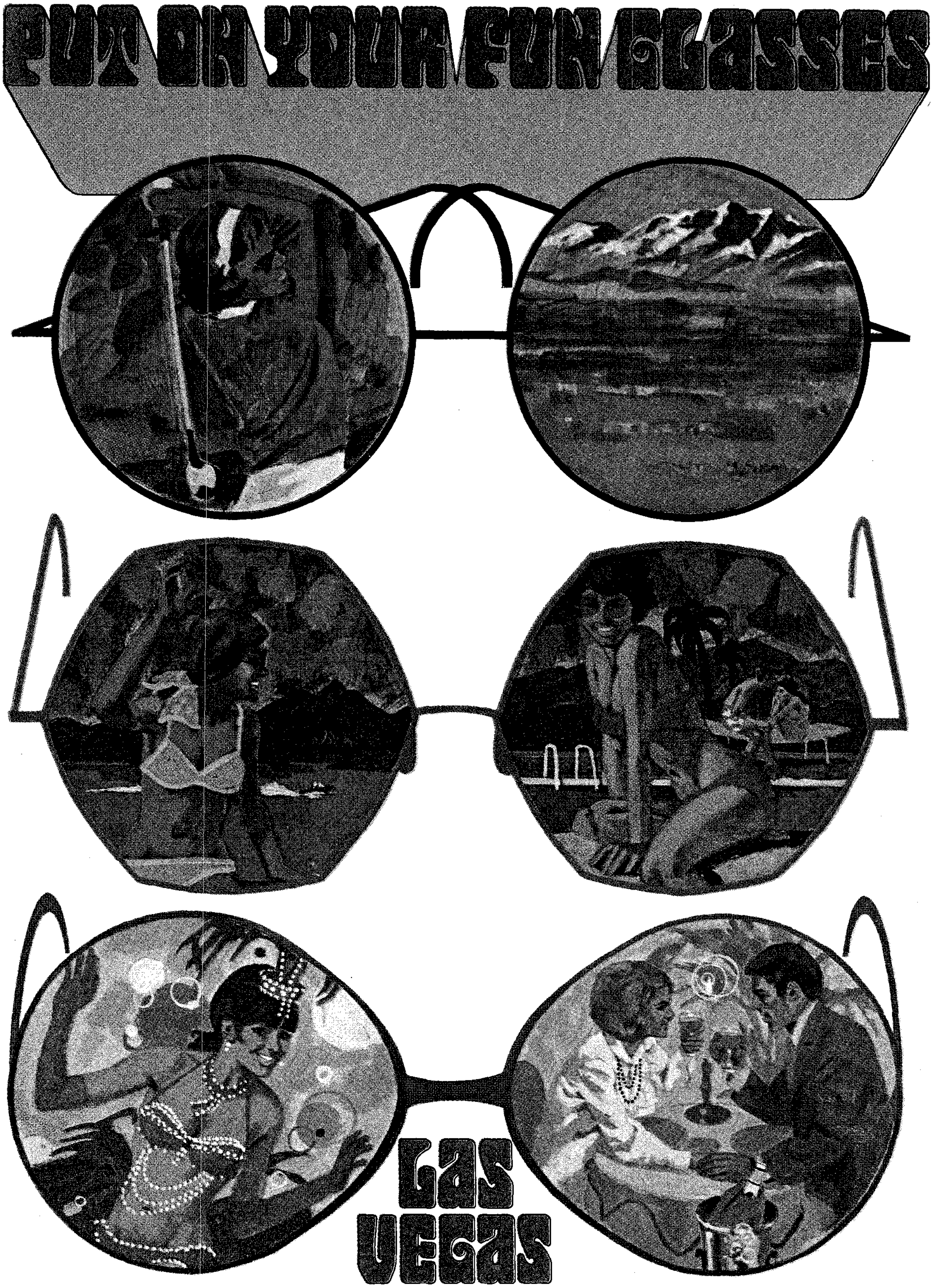
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THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 12: "Fantasia."
From Jan. 13: "Lovers and Other Strangers."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 12: "He and She" and "Sweden—Heaven and Hell."
From Jan. 13: "The Pizza Triangle" and "Shame."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 12: "Diary of a Mad Housewife."
From Jan. 13: "The Twelve Chairs."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Woodstock."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"A Very Curious Girl."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Jan. 14 (tentative): "There Was a Crooked Man . . ."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Cromwell."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Gimme Shelter."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Brewster McCloud."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Alex in Wonderland."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Husbands."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Confession."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Fools."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Perfect Friday."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Gone with the Wind."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 12: "Five Easy Pieces."
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"There's a Girl in My Soup."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Jan. 12: "Cotton Comes to Harlem" and "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!"
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Jan. 6: "Performance" and "Barbarella."
Jan. 7-13: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" and "The Pizza Triangle."
From Jan. 14: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"I Never Sang for My Father."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 12: "Tristana."
From Jan. 13: "This Man Must Die."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Groupies."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Catch-22."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Jan. 7: "Grand Illusion" and "Beauty and the Beast."
Jan. 8-13: "The 400 Blows" and "Rules of the Game."
From Jan. 14: "The Blue Angel" and "The Last Laugh."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 12: "Diary of a Mad Housewife."
From Jan. 13: "The Twelve Chairs."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Aristocats."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Scrooge."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Fools."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Jan. 12: "Goin' Down the Road."
From Jan. 13: "Lupo!"

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Twelve Chairs."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"I Love My Wife."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Jan. 12: "Dirty Dingus Magee."
From Jan. 13: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 12: "Tristana."
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Jan. 12: "Lovers and Other Strangers" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Jan. 13: "Take a Girl Like You" and "The Mind of Mr. Soames."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 6: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "Lola Montès."
Jan. 7-13: "My Night at Maud's" and "My Life to Live."
Jan. 14: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" and "Nazarin."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 12: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" and "The Out-of-Towners."
From Jan. 13: "Lovers and Other Strangers" and "Take the Money and Run."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 11: "Medium Cool" and "Rosemary's Baby."
Jan. 12-14: "Fellini Satyricon" and "The April Fools."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 12: "Ann and Eve."
From Jan. 13: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alex in Wonderland—With Donald Sutherland, directed by Paul Mazursky. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Ann and Eve—With Gio Petré. Directed by Arne Mattsson. (Midtown; through Jan. 12.)

The April Fools (1969)—An attempt to revive the madcap-romantic comedy, with Catherine Deneuve (a bit glazed) and Jack Lemmon (rather mournful and too sappy) as the lovers. The director, Stuart Rosenberg, didn't have the right light touch, but one can still perceive what was intended in Hal Dresner's script, despite the movie's lumpiness. With Charles Boyer, Myrna Loy, Sally Kellerman, Peter Lawford, Jack Weston, and Harvey Korman, who almost makes the picture worth seeing. (Thalia; Jan. 12-14.)

The Aristocats—A new full-length animated film from the Disney Studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. (Guild.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 7-13.)

Barbarella (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absent-minded revolutionary. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 6.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Elgin; through Jan. 7.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Elgin; starting Jan. 14.)

Brewster McCloud—With Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman, directed by Robert Altman. (Coronet.)

Catch-22—Political and moral omens of the present in the absurd situation of a Second World War American bomber squadron at loose ends. Directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin as Captain Yossarian. (Greenwich.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's exact, step-by-step demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a remarkably non-egotistic performance, and Simone Signoret, too, gives a performance instead of the star turn she's been doing recently. In French. (Beekman.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hardboiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel by Chester Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (86th St. East; through Jan. 12.)

Cromwell—The actors waddle around in their Puritan bloomers, then stand still to make speeches at each other. Richard Harris plays Cromwell as a sullen prig who hates power; the movie never explains how he got it. Ken Hughes wrote and directed, both academically. (Fine Arts.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Gramercy and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Jan. 12.)

Dirty Dingus Magee—A comedy Western to be avoided. With Frank Sinatra and George Kennedy. Directed by Burt Kennedy—in a hurry? (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 12.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Art; through Jan. 12.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie. In Italian. (Thalia; Jan. 12-14.)

Five Easy Pieces—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (34th St. East and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Jan. 12.)

Fools—With Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. (68th St. Playhouse and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 8-13.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Plaza.)

Goin' Down the Road—Don Shebib is so good at blending actors into locations that one has to remind oneself that this is an acted film and not a documentary. The story is about the lives of two totally unhip boys from Nova Scotia who come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Perceptively acted, though the story is too familiar and the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 12.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Juliet 2.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Elgin; through Jan. 7.)

Groupies—The subject of baby band molls is so good that this documentary holds one's speculative interest even though the crew didn't bring much skill or depth to the project. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

He and She—Pseudo sex education. (Charles; through Jan. 12.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal, and in the case of the bit players his method is so insensitive it's sadistic. (Cinema I.)

I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang (1932)—One of the best of the social-protest films—naïve, heavy, artless, but a straightforward, unadorned story with moments that haunted a generation, such as the hero (Paul Muni) trying to pawn his Congressional Medal of Honor. Those involved in making the movie hoped it might help to ameliorate the condition of convicts, but it did more to ameliorate financial conditions at Warner Brothers and was a factor in making it the "socially conscious" studio. With Glenda Farrell, Edward Ellis, Helen Vinson. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (New Yorker; Jan. 14.)

I Love My Wife—With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Paris.)

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I Never Sang for My Father—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Waverly.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Baronet.)

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Ciné Malibu.)

The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun—With Samantha Eggar and Oliver Reed, directed by Anatole Litvak. (Festival.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Elgin; starting Jan. 14.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. It's a hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Art and Symphony; starting Jan. 13.)

Love Story—What must hard-working young actresses think when they see Ali MacGraw get praise for her coy, smirky performance in this maudlin heartwringer? Arthur Hiller directed, feebly. (Tower East.)

Lupo!—An Israeli comedy, with Yuda Barkan, directed by Menahem Golan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Jan. 13.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Thalia; through Jan. 11.)

The Mind of Mr. Soames—Terence Stamp comes out of a coma after thirty years and acts like a baby. With Robert Vaughn and Donal Donnelly. Directed by Alan Cooke. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 13.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' last film. The story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov, and Oscar Werner. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 6.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 7-13.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 7-13.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (New Yorker; Jan. 14.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Barbra Streisand, fitfully alive, in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (Symphony; through Jan. 12.)

The Out-of-Towners—The tribulations of a pair of innocent immigrants from Ohio to New York City, written and directed with an audience of similar innocents in mind, by Neil Simon and Arthur Hiller. Starring Jack Lemmon and Sandy Dennis. (Symphony; through Jan. 12.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a book clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Performance—James Fox as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol, who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 6.)

The Pizza Triangle—An extroverted romantic satire, inventive and full of sight gags. You need a bit of tolerance for some of it, but Marcello Mastroianni's performance as a crank Communist holds it all together, and Monica Vitti, with her supple, humor-filled face, does a charming parody of generations of comic waifs. Ettore Scola directed. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 7-13. . . . ¶ Charles; starting Jan. 13.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Genevieve Page as the lady who outwits him. (Cinema Studio; starting Jan. 13.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's fine picture about a man whom he sees as the first French king to understand the motor of the class system. It is scripted by Philippe Erlanger, very intelligently. Full of impassive long takes and shrewdly placed dissolves, the film is a witty study of the squalor and cringing that went on in the world of *luxe* and *volupté*. In French. (New Yorker; Jan. 6.)

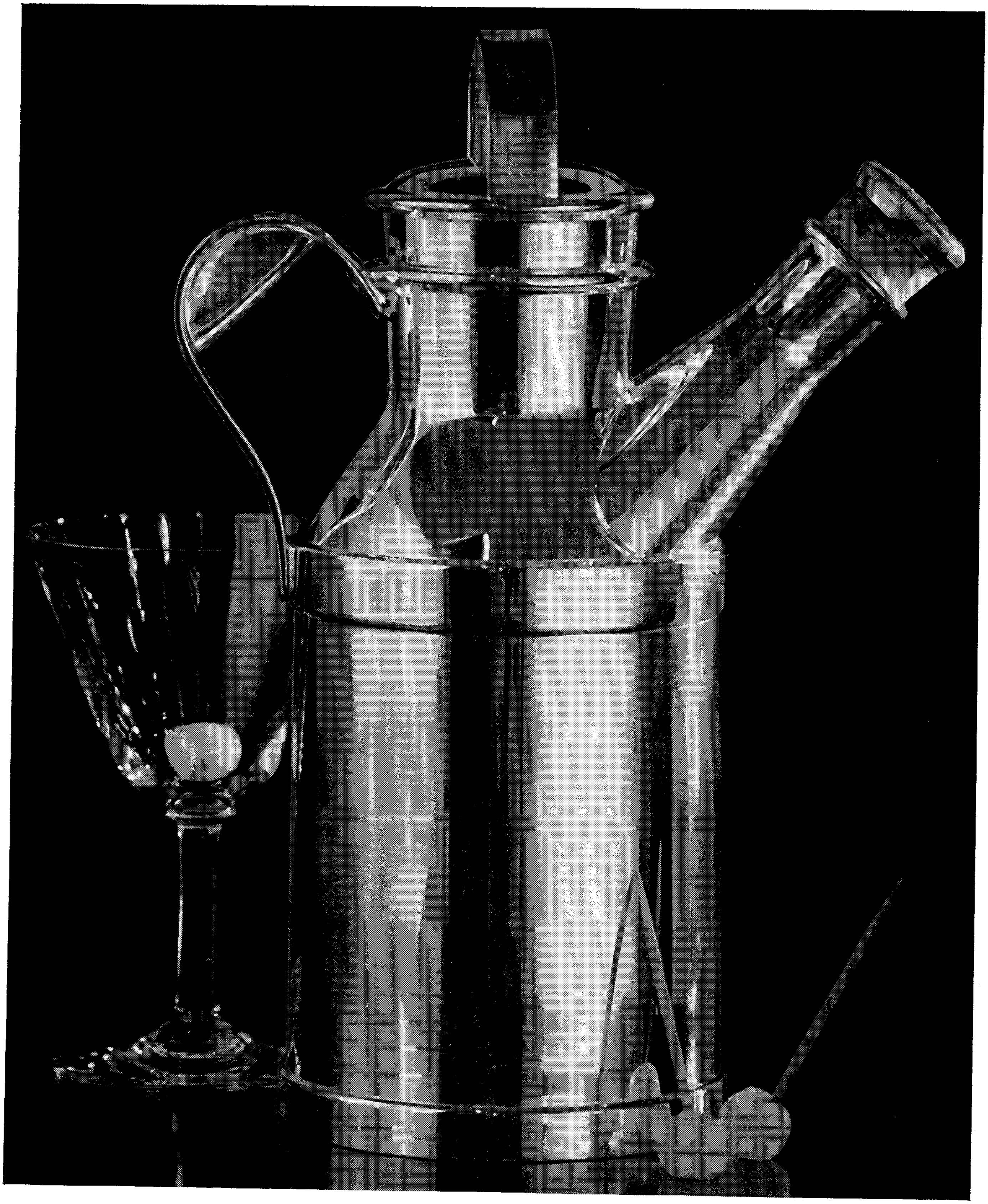
Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Thalia; through Jan. 11.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Elgin; Jan. 8-13.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

Scrooge—Innocuous musical version of "A Christmas Carol," starring Albert Finney looking glum. The Leslie Bricusse music is so forgettable that your mind flushes it away while you're hearing it. Ronald Neame directed. (Music Hall.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones.



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Sweden–Heaven and Hell (1969)—Italian-made documentary on Swedish sex and sinfulness. Directed by Luigi Scantini. (Charles; through Jan. 12.)

Take a Girl Like You—With Hayley Mills and Oliver Reed, directed by Jonathan Miller. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Jan. 13.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Symphony; starting Jan. 13.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A would-be scintillating comedy about a girl who can't decide between a dapper older man and a young hippie—the sort of thing that requires the audience to be enchanted by an elfin kook. Goldie Hawn bats her goldfish eyes, thrashes about, and soon sinks; Peter Sellers struggles uncomfortably. From Terence Frisby's miserable play, mechanically directed by Roy Boulting. (Orpheum.)

There Was a Crooked Man . . .—With Kirk Douglas and Henry Fonda, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. (Trans-Lux East; through Jan. 14, tentative.)

They Call Me Mister Tibbs!—Sidney Poitier playing the same police detective as in Norman Jewison's "In the Heat of the Night," except that the man has inexplicably changed from a Philadelphian to a San Franciscan. A routine melodrama, without much suspense. Directed by Gordon Douglas. (86th St. East; through Jan. 12.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Jan. 13.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—A solemnly superficial account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. (Criterion.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Cinema II.)

Tristana—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward, played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of a crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse and Regency; through Jan. 12.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Lincoln Art. . . . ¶ Gramercy and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Jan. 13.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Juliet 1.)

A Very Curious Girl—With Bernadette Lafont, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Murray Hill.)

Woodstock—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style, and the standard of sound recording is first-rate, but skeptics would be right to call the picture a media hype. (Kips Bay.)

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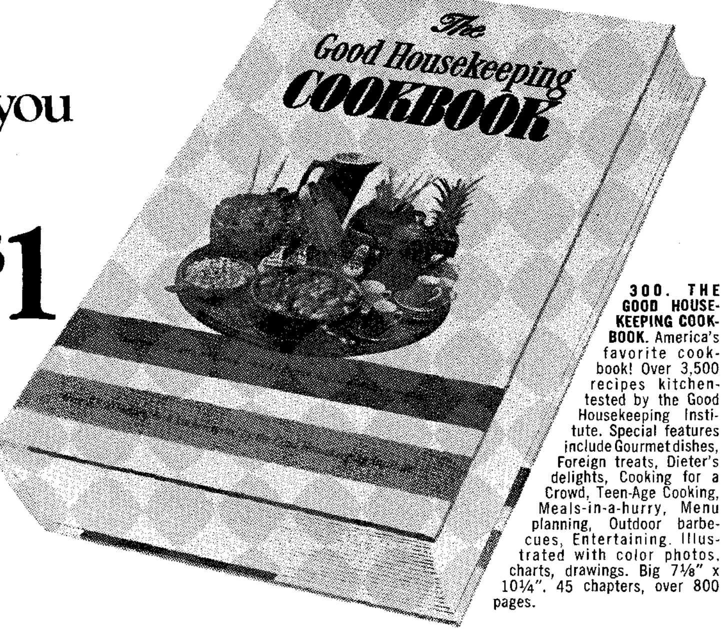

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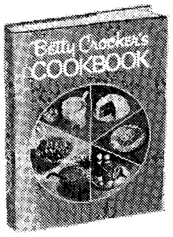

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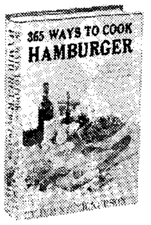

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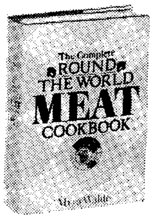

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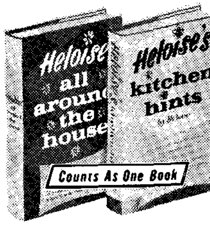

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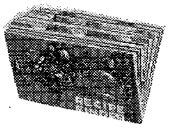

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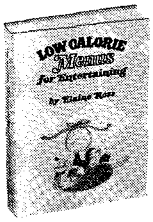

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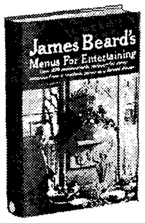

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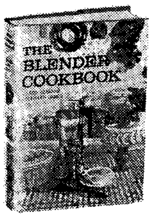

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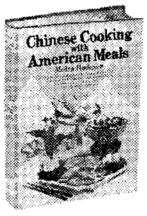

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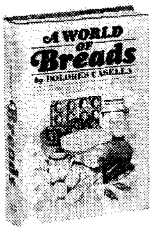

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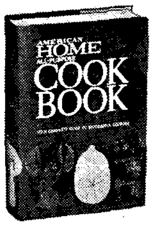

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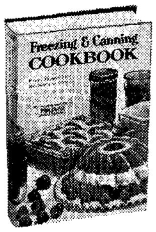

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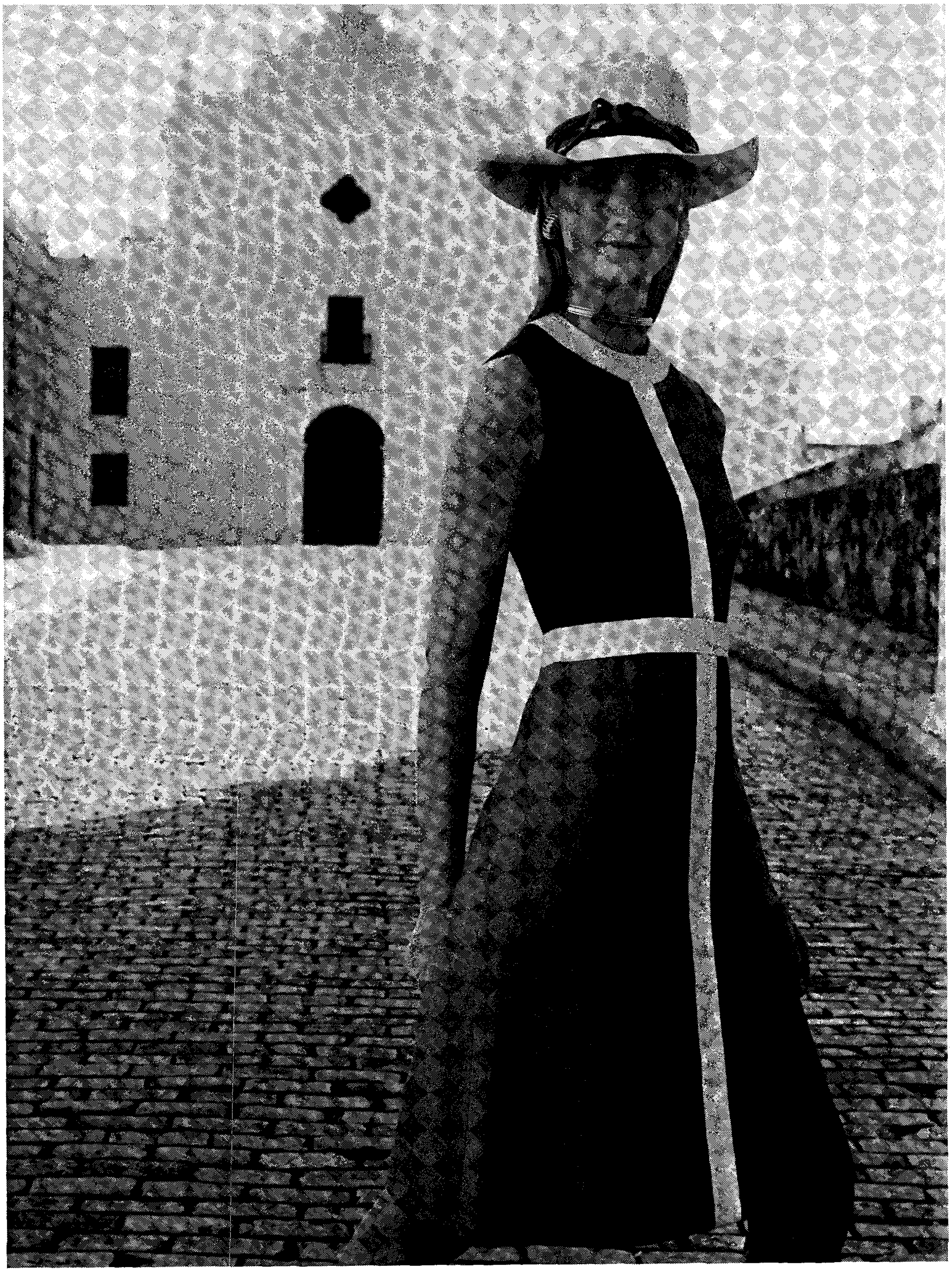

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THE NEW YORKER

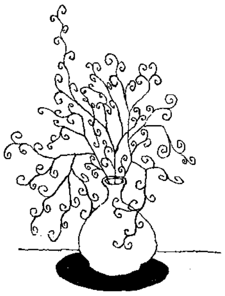
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RECENTLY, we read in the *Post* that Barnard College was offering a program for credit that required the students to live in a commune. At Barnard, that is, Life itself, in a sense, is being offered as a course. One of the students in the program told the *Post* reporter, "We're based on a premise that life and learning are not separate things. Education is fun this way. We like to learn." And Dr. Paul Lippmann, an instructor in the new program, said of these students, "Their learning is in their living. It's not an isolated, alienated thing you do with the blackboard." As we read the *Post* article, a host of questions about life and education came crowding into our mind, and we've set a few of them down. Should there be prerequisites for such a program as this? History courses? Sociology courses? Psychology courses? Could there be report cards? ("Alfred shows a marked improvement in his ability to cope with life situations. In the first semester, his life was only 'poor,' but this semester it has been 'fair.' He shows great potential for Life, but he should apply himself more diligently." "Clara shows very little aptitude for Life. We suggest she take some other course. In personal-confrontation situations, her attention wanders. We have caught her hiding history books under her table, and she often stares blankly out of the window during consciousness-raising.") The point, apparently, is to enrich education by making a course out of Life. But is Life enriched by being made into a course? If education swallows up Life, is there anything left over that can happen of itself, for its own sake? Education may be more fun this way, but is Life more fun? Why does one have to be enrolled in this program to get credit for one's life? What kind of "credit" is this? Will graduate schools honor it? Will St. Peter honor it? How far can this trend go? What about Death? Could Death be made into a course, too? ("Alfred died last Friday. He found it a rich and rewarding educational experience.") On the other hand, if someone died while taking Life-as-a-course, would he get credit for the course? Would he fail it? Would the other students write papers about his death? Would they get credit for their papers? Do we want all this?

Fluoridation

IT has been seven years since the psychotic general in "Dr. Strangelove" claimed that our "precious bodily fluids" were being sapped and impurified by "the international Communist conspiracy," with fluoridation, and five years since fluorides were put in New York City's water supply. It occurred to us the other day that we hadn't been hearing much about fluoridation, and we got to wondering about it. We wondered whether our teeth were any better. And whether the dissidents had stopped fussing about the issue. We went down to the Department of Health to put our questions to Dr. John De Zuane, director of the Bureau of Sanitary Engineering. Dr. De Zuane, a nice-looking man of forty-eight with brown eyes, a sloping forehead, and an Italian accent (he emigrated to this country from Trieste in 1956), told us that it was too early to say whether fluoridation had helped cut down the cavity rate in New York City. In 1964, the Department's Bureau of Dentistry did a before-fluoridation control study on New York City's rate of tooth decay; the after-fluoridation study is to be initiated any month now. Preliminary reports from the field, however, indicate that fluoridation has been as beneficial here as scientific studies completed in other parts of the state, and the world, over the last twenty-five years have proved it to be there.



As for the cranks, Dr. De Zuane said that to his—and the Department of Health's—pleasant surprise, they all but vanished once fluoridation became a *fait accompli*, in late 1965. "It had taken so many years to put fluoridation into effect, and fluoridation had become such an emotional issue, that we anticipated many complaints," Dr. De Zuane told us. "We set up special phones to answer the hundreds of calls we expected to receive, but the phones didn't ring. About a year and a half after fluoridation was launched, we heard from a respectable outfit called the Joint Organizations Opposing Fluoridation, whose president, Dominick F. Paduano, was a Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity back in the early fifties. Mr. Paduano's group came up with a list of objections. We think we've been able to answer them satisfactorily, and a few other technical doubts about fluoridation as well."

One objection involved money. Of the one hundred and sixty gallons of water assigned to each person in New York City per day, only two gallons were used for drinking and the preparation of food, Mr. Paduano's group pointed out; the rest was used for showering, street-cleaning, lawn-sprinkling, and the like. The group believed that it was a waste of money to fluoridate one hundred and sixty gallons for the sake of two gallons. The Department of Health figured out that the cost of initiating fluoridation in New York City came to ten cents per person and the subsequent annual cost to eight cents per person—sums it considered trivial compared to the pre-fluoridation cost of dental care to the public and to the city.

Mr. Paduano's group feared that fluoridation might accelerate the corrosion of the city's six thousand miles of water pipes. Corrosion has been a problem for a century, but there is no evidence that fluoridation has accelerated it.

Another concern was that if the fluoridation equipment somehow went on the blink, or if the fluoride compound stuck to the uneven walls of the city's water pipes for a year or so and was then suddenly released, New Yorkers would get an overdose of fluorides. One part of fluoride per one million parts of water is the optimum ratio of fluorides for New York City; up to one and a half is acceptable. During the past five years, the Department of Health and the Department of Water Resources have gone around the city and collected over a hundred thousand samples of water; none of these samples have contained more than one and a half parts of fluoride.

Ironically, what *did* happen, just a year ago, was that New York, along with such other cities as Philadelphia and Chicago, experienced a fluoride shortage. "New York City needs approximately ten thousand tons of hydrofluosilicic acid annually to fluoridate its water," Dr. De Zuane explained. "Hydrofluosilicic acid is a by-product of the manufacture of fertilizer. In 1969, the production of fertilizer decreased in the United States, mainly because India, which had been a major importer, opened fertilizer plants of its own, so we had a national shortage of fluorides. We had to shut down the fluoridation feeding stations an average of three days a month. We didn't publicize the shortage. Publicizing it wouldn't have accomplished anything. We were considering going to foreign markets to buy fluorides, but last spring several American companies committed themselves to the manufacture of hydrofluosilicic acid as a separate product, so the problem has been solved."

There are still about seven hundred thousand residents of Queens who are not drinking fluoridated water. Their water is supplied by two private water companies that have not yet complied with New York City's fluoridation law. The larger of the two companies, the Jamaica Water Supply Company, claims that it has been unable to come up with a means of treating the water it supplies to five hundred and twenty-five thousand Queens residents without also fluoridating the water it supplies to one hundred and twenty-five thousand people in Nassau County, where it has no authority to fluoridate the water. Since the Jamaica Water Supply Company has nothing to gain by fluoridating, it is content with the status quo. In 1967, Connecticut became the first state in the United States to require every water company with twenty thousand or more customers to fluoridate; New York City's Department of Health hopes that Nassau County will adopt compulsory fluoridation. If the county doesn't, the Department will continue to try to find a legal way to compel the private companies to provide the Queens residents with the kind of protection that the Department thinks their teeth ought to have. The smaller company, the New York Water Service Division of the Utilities & Industries Corporation, says it will do anything the Jamaica Water Supply Company does.

In 1969, Norman Mailer ran for Mayor of New York on an end-fluoridation platform. We asked Dr. De Zuane what he thought of that. He said he thought fluoridation was a question of health, not a question of politics. He cited a remark made in 1969 by Lady Birk, the chairman of Great Britain's Health Education Council. "I see the anti-fluoride campaigners as the flat-earthers of the space age," Lady Birk said. "I'm all in favor of having eccentrics around, but when it affects the health of children, it's time to combat it."

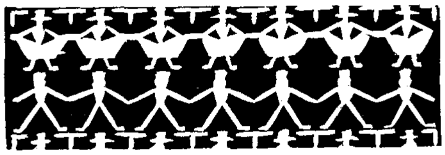
Yup

AN alert young computer operator of our acquaintance reports that she was standing in front of one of her large, clattering charges the other day, watching the printouts, when the following message unfolded before her eyes:

A MINUS SIGN FOLLOWING AN AMOUNT IN THE UNREALIZED REVENUE COLUMN INDICATES OVERREALIZED REVENUE

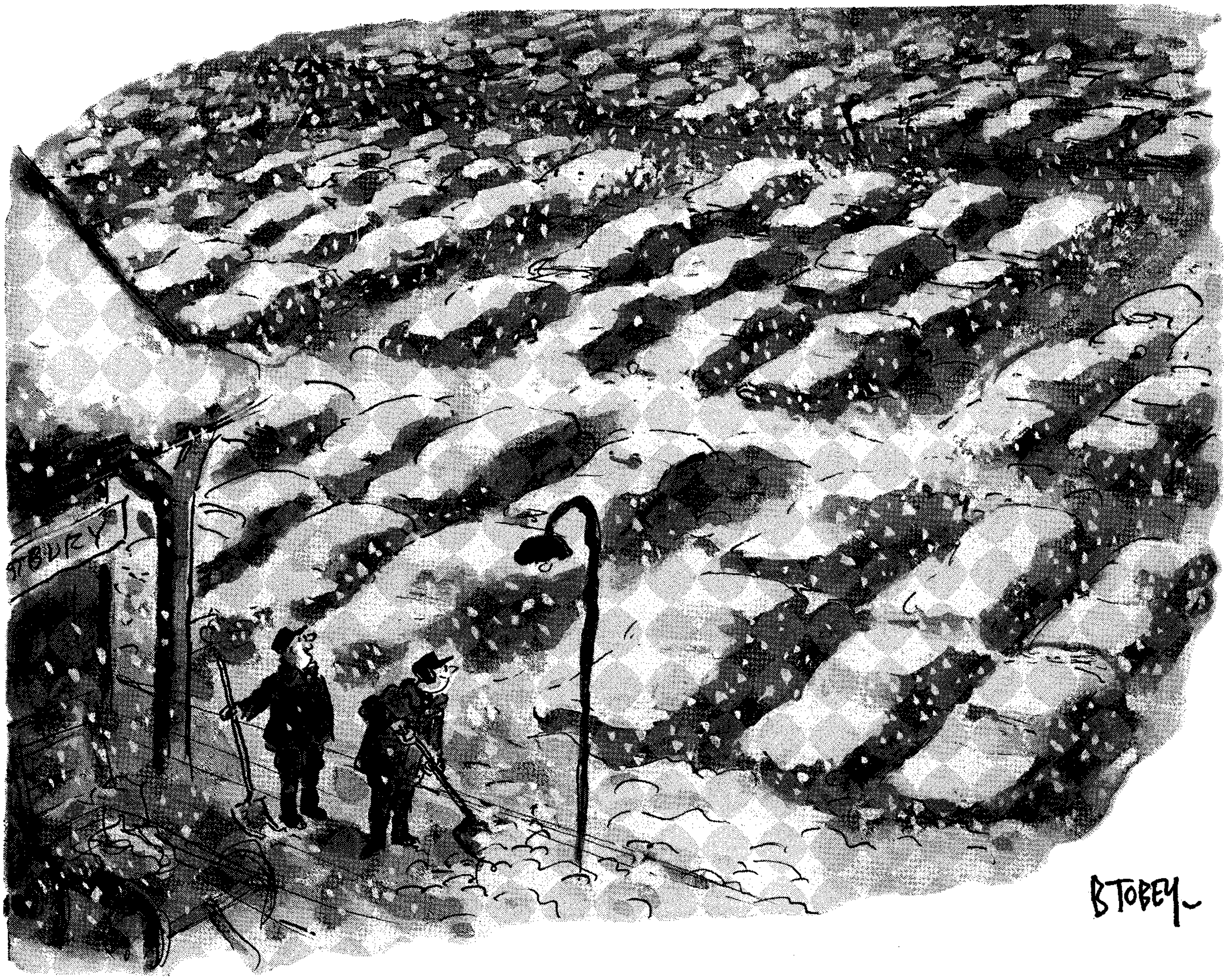
Mock Trial

SEVERAL of New York's community organizations got together the other Sunday to stage what they called a Housing Crimes Trial, by means of which frustrated tenants could try to hale the persons they considered responsible for their troubles into court. The trial—it was mock, though it had many of the trappings of a real judicial process—was held in the Wollman Auditorium of Columbia University. The idea was conceived by the Metropolitan Council on Housing—a federation of tenants and tenant organizations—and had the endorsement of various other groups, including the City-Wide Coördinating Committee of Welfare Rights Groups, the East Side Tenants Council, the United Welfare League, the Yorkville Save-Our-Homes Committee, the United Puerto Rican Students of Columbia University, the Movement for Puerto Rican Independence, the Young Lords, the Black Panther Party, and a militant Chinese-American group called I Wor Kuen. We arrived at the auditorium a little before one in the afternoon, when the trial was supposed to start, and found that about two hundred people had already taken seats. The room was brightly lighted, and spotlights illuminated four baize-covered tables that had been placed on or near the stage—one for the court's judges, one for a group of ten prosecutors, one for the chief prosecutor, and one for witnesses. (All the prosecutors and judges represented participating organizations, but any spectator could register as a witness.) Behind the judges' table, which was on the stage, hung a large sign that read, in red and black letters, "Housing Crimes Trial—People's Court."



We took a chair at a press table at one side of the auditorium, but we soon discovered that this mock trial, like a lot of real ones, was going to begin late. Looking around the room, we saw that the spectators spanned several age groups and ethnic groups. Many wore the purple berets of the Young Lords or the black berets of the Panthers. Young people, most of whom were fairly well dressed, outnumbered older people, many of whom wore coats, shawls, vests, or sweaters that looked neat but shabby. At about two-fifteen, the proceedings finally began, and after some preliminary speeches Jane Benedict, the chairman of the Metropolitan Council on Housing, stood up to explain why her organization had decided to sponsor the event. She is a short, gray-haired woman, and she said, among other things, "We felt—all of us, all of us who are participating in this trial—that there is a necessity for the people to speak out, and in a people's court. And we do not consider this a joke. It may be a mock trial, but it is not a mockery—it is not a comedy."

Next, the judges—there were six, one for each of the chief sponsoring organizations—took turns reading a lengthy indictment, whose counts included offenses like permitting slum conditions, maintaining firetraps, and criminal neglect, racism, and harassment. Then the chief judge—Durie



"I suppose it's perverse of me, but I can't wait to see them all pile off the train and flounder around looking for their cars."

• •

Bethea, a young girl in a light-blue sweatshirt and jeans, who was the judge from the Black Panther Party—stood up and said, "Will the following defendants rise and come forward?" She named Mayor Lindsay; Albert A. Walsh, the city's Housing and Development Administrator; Benjamin Altman, the city's Rent and Housing Maintenance Commissioner; Simeon Golar, the New York City Housing Authority chairman; and various other officials of the city government, of banks, and of Columbus Hospital—one of several hospitals that were accused of buying up property in their areas and evicting tenants. She paused, and spectators began looking around the room. The organizers of the trial had served "summonses" on all the people named, and though the sponsors did not really expect any of the defendants to attend, they had hoped that some might send representatives. But no one came forward, and Mrs. Bethea said firmly, "The defendants have failed to appear and are hereby declared in contempt of the Court of the People."

The next several hours turned into a kind of landlord's nightmare, with prosecutors calling on witnesses to describe the conditions in which they lived and the hurdles they had tried to overcome in seeking redress of their grievances. One black woman spoke of staying awake the greater part of every night to keep rats out of the bed in which her two sons slept. Another said that her young daughter had suffered brain damage from eating flaking paint. Still another testified that her landlord had threatened her verbally, had threatened another female tenant with a gun, and had brought in two men to beat up a young male tenant. A young white woman said that her landlord had torn out electric wiring and had arranged to have her building vandalized, in order to frighten away its tenants. As the trial went on, stories of crumbling ceilings, broken fixtures, injuries, lack of hot water, and illnesses caused by heatless winters began to sound almost routine. A number of witnesses were squatters who had moved into vacant apartments (there are estimated to be fifty thousand vacant apartments in New York City) after living conditions in their own had become intolerable. Revolutionary rhetoric pervaded the remarks of most of the judges and prosecutors, but most of the witnesses spoke simply and directly.

The event was scheduled to continue into the night, but we left at about five-thirty. The next afternoon, we dropped by the office of the Metropolitan Council on Housing, on West Thirty-first Street, and talked with Jane Benedict. She told us that the trial had lasted until about nine-forty-five, that about fifteen hundred people had attended, and that, to no one's surprise, the defendants had all been found guilty in absentia. "Sentencing was left up to each judge," she said. "In my own sentencing speech, I recommended that the ownership of all housing in New York City be made public, with tenant control not only of individual buildings but of the entire housing picture."

We asked Mrs. Benedict why the sponsors had decided to stage a mock trial instead of taking the cases to the city's courts.

She looked at us steadily and smiled. "Have you ever *tried* to bring a housing case to court?" she asked. "Do you know about the interminable delays and adjournments, not to mention the difficulties a trial presents to poor people in the first place? The housing situation in New York is a *morass*, and we hoped that this trial of ours might help bring the plight of desperate people to the attention of the city government. We've worked so long with people that— Well, the whole thing really reminds me of Dickens' 'Bleak House.' Do you remember? The court proceedings were delayed for so long that the pertinent papers finally went up in smoke—they had caught fire through spontaneous combustion. We can't afford to wait that long."

•

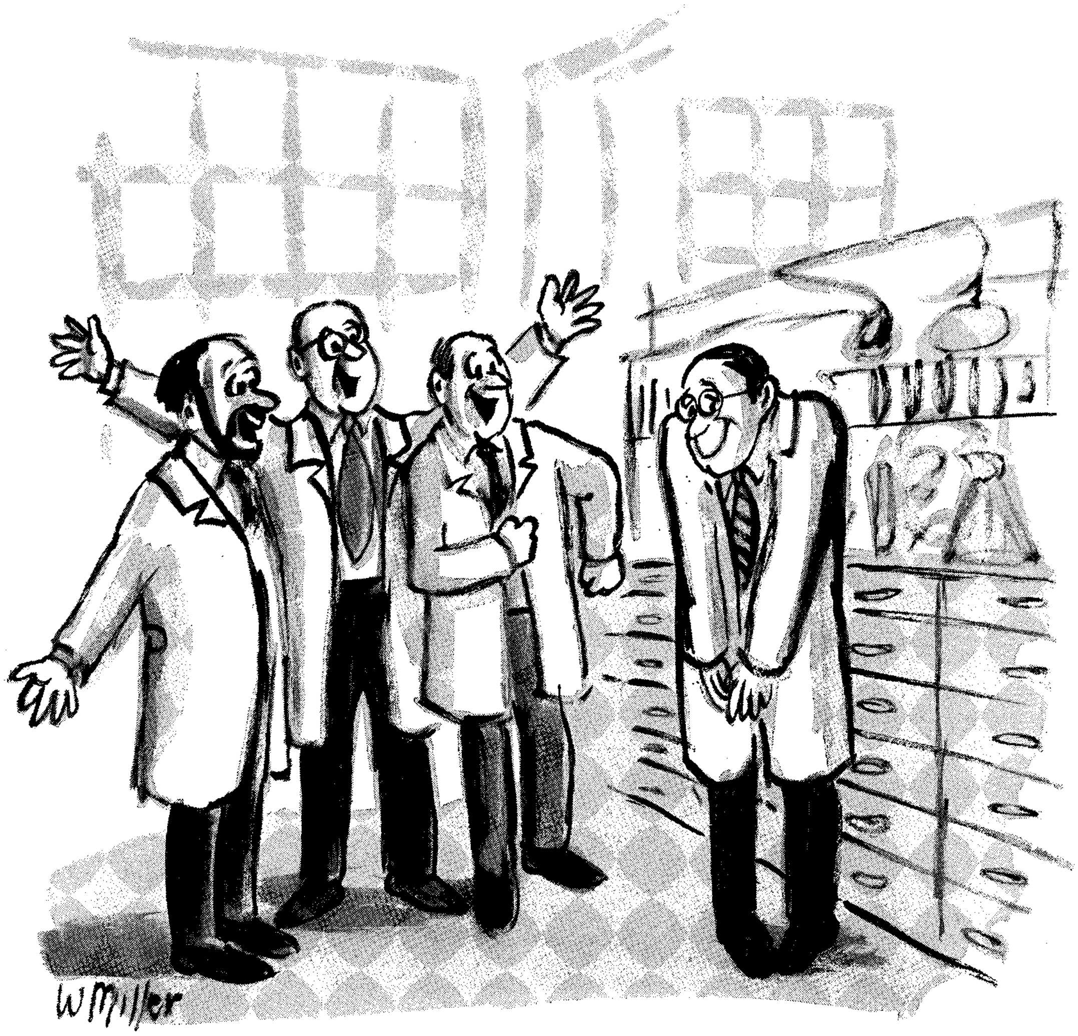
A FOOTLOOSE friend reports that last week in Milan he bought a package of Italian-made yogurt-flavored chewing gum with the brand name Brooklyn.

Jimmy L. Webb

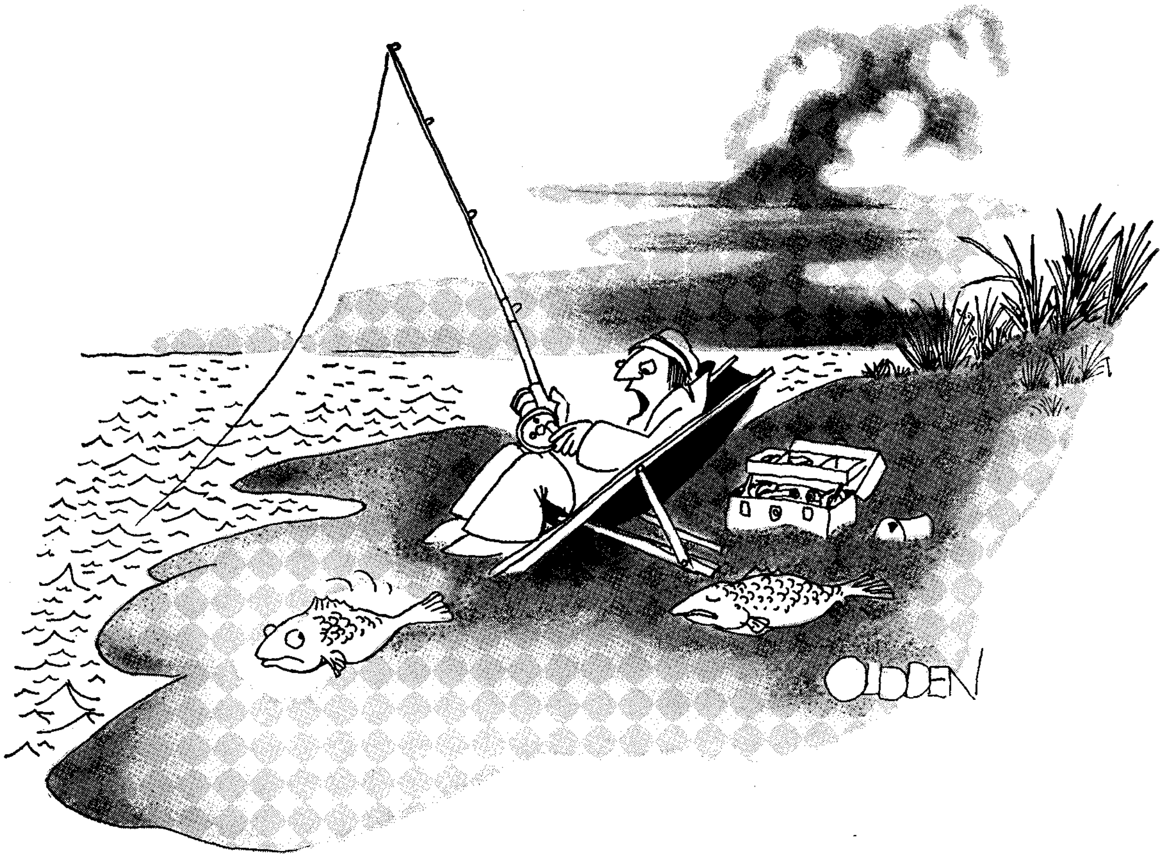
IN 1965, when he was nineteen, a musician named Jim Webb wrote the exhilarating song called "Up, Up and Away," which, in a recorded version by the Fifth Dimension, went on to win a Grammy Award for 1967. Since then, Webb has become known as the author of a number of other popular songs, including "By the Time I Get to Phoenix" (Glen Campbell's recording of which also won a Grammy Award for 1967), "Wichita Lineman," "The Worst That Could Happen," and "MacArthur Park." In 1970, Webb—who until then had remained pretty much behind the scenes, as a composer, lyricist, pianist, arranger, record producer, and music publisher—decided to start performing his own songs. He recorded an album that was released in November, and in December he set out on a road tour that, a couple of weeks ago, brought him to the Bitter End, on Bleecker Street. (Along with the start of his singing career came a decision to use a longer form of his name—Jimmy L. Webb—in public.) We attended Mr. Webb's opening, at which he played the piano and sang, accompanied by three other musicians, before an audience made up largely of members of the press. The next afternoon, we dropped around to see him at the Drake Hotel, where he was staying. He is now twenty-four, and he is of medium height, with a broad, friendly face and long brown hair. He was wearing a blue windbreaker, a green shirt, jeans, ankle-high gray suède shoes, and silver-rimmed glasses, and he had what appeared to be a day's growth of beard. After offering us a chair, he sat down on a sofa and asked us what we would like to know.

"You might start by telling us the story of your life," we said.

"The story of my life," Webb said, in a soft Southwestern accent. "Well, actually, that wouldn't be as hard as it sounds at first, because my young life was very simple. I grew up in small towns. My father was a Baptist minister. We travelled from small town to small town, mainly in Oklahoma and Texas. I would say the longest we spent in a town was four years. We were in a lot of places, but it was always the same—we went to church on Sunday and prayer meeting on Wednesday night, and on Christmas Eve we went to church, and on New Year's we went to church, and we went to church for revivals, and we went to church for weddings and funerals. In



"Dr. Grundlehaur works in this lab, E-I-E-I-O,
And in this lab he's made a breakthrough, E-I-E-I-O,
With a Eureka here! A Eureka there!
Here a Eureka! There a Eureka!
Everywhere a Eureka!
Dr. Grundlehaur works in this lab, E-I-E-I-O."



"Hey! Where do you think you're going?"

Wellington, Texas, when I was six years old, my mother sent me to my first piano lesson. I rode my bike and I took my dog, and thereafter she forced me to a music lesson from time to time. In Oklahoma City, I had the opportunity of working with a real fine musician, a Mrs. Goddard, who was a fine church accompanist, and she first taught me to improvise hymns for offertories. I started writing my first songs—my first, like, primitive efforts—when I was about fourteen. And it was a shock to my family when I started playing piano in rock-and-roll bands, and things like that. They thought that I should really use my talent more in the church. But in 1964 my dad took a pastorate at the First Southern Baptist Church in Colton, California. A big change came into my life at that point, because I was suddenly *deluged* with information—information about life in general. I just mean that there was a lot more going on in the world than I was aware of when I left Laverne, Oklahoma, at the age of eighteen."

Webb told us that he had enrolled in San Bernardino Valley College, as a music major, but had dropped out after his freshman year and moved to Los Angeles, where he soon began working for music publishers and record companies. The Motown Record Corporation accepted two of his early songs, one of which was recorded by the Supremes and the other by Billy Eckstine. In 1967, while he was under contract as a songwriter to Johnny Rivers Music, he was asked to help plan an album for a group that had recently changed its name from the Versatiles to the Fifth Dimension. One of the songs he arranged for the group was his "Up, Up and Away," which had been shown to a number of record companies and singers over the previous year or so without eliciting much interest.

We asked him how he had come to write "Up, Up and Away."

He smiled, and said, "I sat down at the piano one day, and I went *daaa* ta-*daaa da*-ta-daaa. That's the truth. I mean, I can't explain it any simpler than that. I wrote that song as a lark. It was just— I enjoyed writing it as much as it *sounds* I did. You know what I mean? It was just *fun*. I just went right through it. It took me about thirty-five minutes. 'By the Time I Get to Phoenix' is a song I wrote about two years before it became popular. It's just a very real song about a situation that was going on in my life in high school. I was in love with a girl, and I was having some— Well, the typical adolescent problems. It wasn't a fast song. It kind of evolved, and I changed it a couple of times. 'By the Time I Get to Phoenix' was shown to Jobete—that's Motown's publishing firm—a year or so before Glen Campbell recorded it, but Jobete didn't want it. They said to me, 'Look, we can't use that song unless you put a chorus after each verse.' " He grinned, and we helped ourself to a cup of coffee from a large pot on a table in front of us.

We asked Webb how he felt about his nascent career as a singer.

He sat back and crossed his legs, saying, "I just feel that, to make creative music interesting, I have to make it a more personal experience. Less clinical, less removed—less commercial, in a word. And I feel that, certainly, the future of the composer lies in communicating his music directly to people. That's why the songwriter-singer phenomenon has occurred, where almost overnight we suddenly have dozens of people who are performing their own songs rather than somebody else's. But in my case— Well, after the enormous success of 'Up, Up and Away' and some of my other songs, I was caught up in a whirl of publicity. And until this last year I was so busy—I did so much production, I rushed from one thing to another so fast—that I never took time to learn a lot of the things I should have learned. I always had the urge to do this sort of thing, but I didn't know what my capabilities were. So I spent the last year learning a lot more about the recording studio and practicing the piano and working on my singing. Now I'm beginning to see that I *am* capable of singing my songs for people. I know that I'm not a great technical singer, but all that I'm trying to offer is my music and my words, in my own way. If I squeak a note every now and then, or something, to me that's not the most important thing. The communication that's been taking place has been so inspiring to me that I feel like— I feel like if I don't ever really learn to sing, and I *communicate* as much as I've been communicating, I'll be happy."

BILLY'S DESIGN

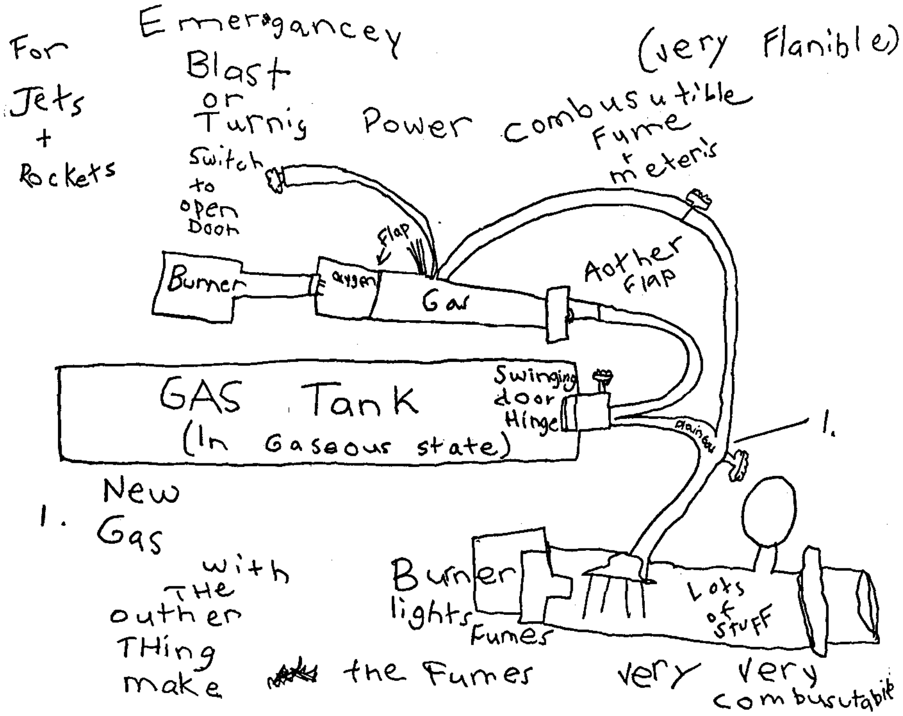
APRIL 10: "Hey, hon—ask Billy what he did in school today," said Dolores when I got home from work.

"After Cronkite," I said, flopping on the divan. (April is murder in the reprocessed-felt field.)

"You could take an interest," said Dolores.

"Billy!" I yelled.

The kid was down the stairs like a shot. "Look," he said, showing me this drawing he had knocked off during Home Room (*see Design*). He was awful proud. Mrs. Lowery, his third-grade teacher, had taken it around and shown it to everybody right up through the assistant principal. I congratulated Billy, and asked him a few questions (I was puzzled by the part where it says "New gas with the outher thing make the fumes"), but Billy just sort of shrugged. After a big hunt for the Scotch Tape, we stuck the drawing up on the mirror by the front door. By the time I got Cronkite, it was "Gunsmoke" already.



Design

APRIL 13: A new milkman delivered today. Didn't hear him come in; discovered him standing in the front hall staring at the Design. Showed him where the kitchen was, and when he'd left I said to Dolores, "That is a strange milkman."

"Yeah," said Dolores, looking in the fridge. "He left six yogurt and an eggnog stamped December 20th."

"Hmm," I said.

APRIL 15: Two nice men from the F.B.I. arrived at breakfast. Gave them coffee and raisin toast. General conversation. They went away after ten minutes, leaving a handful of "Remember the Pueblo" stickers for the kids. It was maybe half an hour later Dolores yells, "Hey, where's Billy's Design?" Sure enough, it was gone.

APRIL 17: Got a call at the felt factory from the Defense Department. Man named George something. Asked about the kids, then said, "Speaking of kids, did Billy ever happen to discuss with you 'the outher thing'?"

"'Outher thing'?" I said.

"You know," George said, "what you mix with 'new gas'—as in 'New gas with the outher thing make the fumes.'"

I said I had asked Billy but we didn't get anywhere.

"Nice talking to you," he said. "Be seeing you." Hung up.

APRIL 18: We were having a Saturday-afternoon *luau* in the back yard, Dolores and me and the Rackers from down the block (Harry was bragging about something, as usual) when this helicopter roars down practically on top of Dolores's begonias, scattering red-hot briquettes and pineapple slices all over the yard. It lands, and out jumps George, from Defense. "Where's Billy?" he asks. Well, Billy's at a den meeting. George says that's all right, and asks me to sign some papers. Then he gives me a check for Billy for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "This is all we can authorize," he says, "until feasibility studies are finalized and production is funded and ongoing. O.K.?"

"O.K.," I said.

George waves goodbye, climbs into the chopper, and it takes off. *Well!* Harry Racker—no matter how he tried to hide it—was *impressed*.

APRIL 21: Dolores and I have this argument. She says Billy has a right to know he has three-quarters of a million dollars; I say we should break it to him gradually. We decide we'll shoot his weekly allowance up to thirty-five cents right away, see how he reacts, then play it by ear.

APRIL 23: Fistfight outside the front door between representatives of Lockheed and General Dynamics. Lockheed has a stranglehold on General Dynamics and they're rolling across the zoysia when an admiral and a congressman from South Carolina arrive and break it up. Everybody comes in for coffee and apple turnovers. Very pleasant. Congressman recites a nice poem. I keep explaining I don't have anything to do with awarding the contract—I'm strictly in felt—but by the time they all leave Dolores and I have been privately promised a new four-door Imperial, a dehumidifier for the game room, and a two-week all-expenses trip to Vegas.

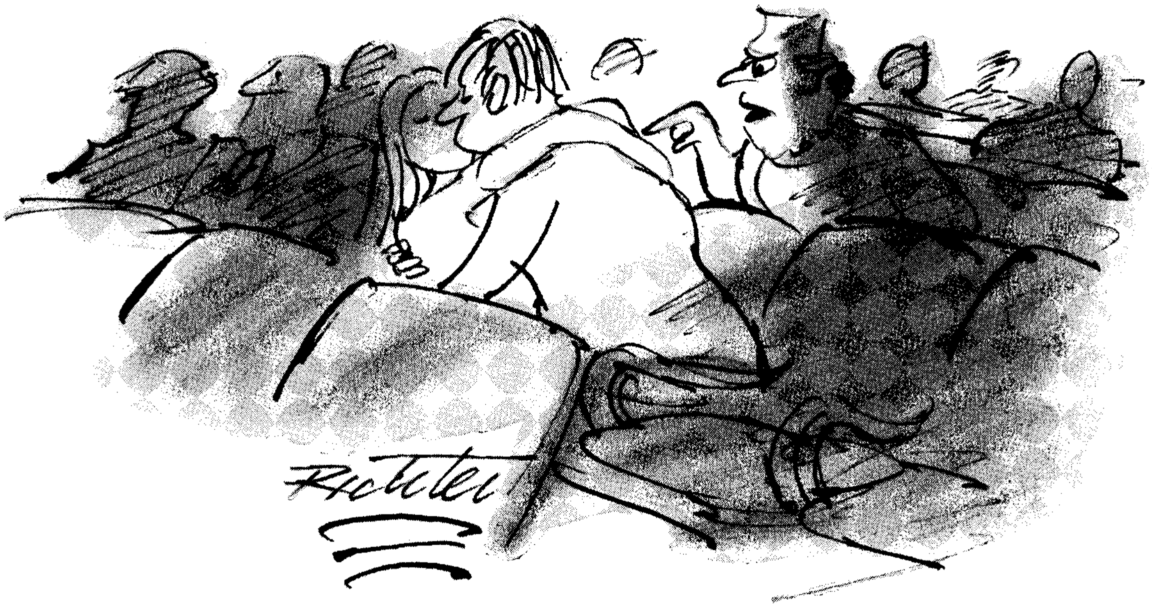
APRIL 25: Delegation from the Sierra Club, mad as hornets, waving a Xerox of Billy's Design. Want to know about "fumes" and "lots of stuff." Precisely what is "stuff," they demand. They have reason to believe "stuff" affects the housefly, which in turn— Suddenly visiting colonel, who has been staying in back yard in own sleeping bag, enters, politely tells Sierra Club delegation that "stuff" is classified information. Club goes away, mad.

APRIL 27: Billy's Design is now officially known as VF-J-R (Very Flanible/Jets/Rockets), they've modified it to carry six nuclear warheads, and Billy has been invited to go to Washington and meet the President. Dolores is in a tizzy. Can Billy wear shorts to the White House???

APRIL 29: Watched Billy on Cronkite. Didn't actually show the President, but there was a good picture of Billy standing right next to Ron Ziegler.

MAY 4: Battle in Congress over VF-J-R. Kissinger testifies in committee, says every U.S. city needs minimum of six, plus NATO should get a handful. Henry (Scoop) Jackson says every city needs twelve. Secretary of State

Rogers hasn't made up his mind, or hasn't heard of it—I forget which. I got another check yesterday—this one for seven million dollars. Had some trouble depositing it in Billy's Christmas Club account: the check was from a bank in Ecuador. (The Defense guy explained that it was simpler that way. The money was from the sale of two hundred VF-J-Rs to a bunch of Latin-American countries, but I'm not supposed to tell Billy. Or anybody else, either.)



"Young man, this is a 'G'-rated movie!"

• •

May 8: Billy's still not home. Right now he's on spring tour of bases with Cardinal Cooke and Bob Hope. Picture of him in *Life*—just behind Joey Heatherton's left leg, smiling. Kid looks great.

May 14: VF-J-R is bogged down in committee. The Navy wants it for their new carrier, and unless the swabbies get it they're going to block everybody else. Big hassle. One of the Joint Chiefs has resigned for reasons of health, and the President has left for another working vacation.

May 20: Oh-oh. Billy said something bad on Merv Griffin. (He's back but not home—he's staying at the Waldorf, with Defense paying the bills, Junior Achievement providing supervision, and the William Morris Agency handling his bookings.) What Billy said was—well, he said the President is surrounded by left-wing Commie sympathizers. Billy said otherwise every city would have the VF-J-R by now, and as for our allies overseas . . . (Where does he get that talk? Not from me or Dolores. We tried to raise him right.)

May 25: Billy called home last night. Wants to go touring with George Wallace. I said definitely no.

May 28: According to the *Daily News*, the President sent Billy Graham to have a real heart-to-heart with our Billy. Cute picture of them teeing off together at Augusta.

June 2: Billy's been missing for five days. Seems he vanished from the Graham foursome when he shanked one into the woods on the thirteenth hole. The National Guard searched the entire back nine, while Graham held a prayer vigil at the pro shack. So far, nothing.

June 12: Good news! Billy's O.K. Called from Washington last night. Asked us to send him his blanket. I said, "Where have you been?," but Billy said it was still classified. "Watch Cronkite," he said.

June 16: Billy told his story on Cronkite last night. It was wild. A Russian intelligence headquarters in the Georgia woods (the Reds electronically eavesdrop on the nation's leaders whenever they play Augusta). Billy held captive. Attempted brainwash. It didn't take, of course. (I could have told them—Billy just doesn't have the attention span.) Then he escaped in a golf cart. It was a hair-raising story. Dolores believed more of it than I did. Anyway, Billy has gone full circle on the VF-J-R. "That experience in the woods gave me time to think," he said. "It made everything kind of clear. I realized that we must overcome our differences in this nation and support our President wholeheartedly. The way I look at it now, he has more information than the rest of us, and we must follow his judgment. As for the VF-J-R, it is only a small part of our general defense posture. Whatever the President decides, I'm with him."

June 17: *Life* came out with telephoto pictures of Bebe Rebozo's beach house at Key Biscayne taken during the time when Billy was supposedly a captive of the Russians. The pictures show a kid romping on the sand, playing with an aqualung, and devouring ice-cream cones. Well, it *does* look like Billy. Dolores says it *is* Billy, and she ought to know. As for me, I admit it *resembles* Billy a hundred per cent, but—well, maybe we're wrong. I mean, the President has more information, like they say. Rebozo says the kid is definitely not Billy—Rebozo recently joined the Big Brother movement, and this kid is what they gave him.

June 22: Lovely ceremony at the White House: Billy was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, and was appointed Assistant Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare for Youth. As the President described it, Billy will study the causes of student unrest in grade schools and kindergartens. He'll seek out legitimate grievances through the sixth grade and help avert violence on the playgrounds. "If we can reach the kids early enough," said the President, "they'll be on the team by high school."

June 24: Dolores and I are Parents of the Year! Wow! Next week, we attend the on-site dedication at Cleveland of the first VF-J-R. Billy will be there, and it will be real nice to see him. It's been a while. Dolores has splurged on a beige wig for the occasion. I think I'll invite Harry Racker along, too, just to watch him turn green.

—James Stevenson

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Freed communicates the dilemma of urban man, his loneliness and loss of identity in an increasingly depersonalized society. Converting familiar scenes into distinct patterns of life Freed's work reflects the individual's bewilderment and anxiety as he is engulfed in a maze of highway interchanges, housing developments or stereotyped cocktail parties.

The public is invited to the opening. Cocktails will be served.—*Mexico City News.*

And so it goes.

THE BIG ROCK-CANDY MOUNTAIN

(To the Memory of My Half Brother, Winfield Shannon, Itinerant Farmworker, 1909-69)

A mason times his mallet
to a lark's twitter . . .
till the stone spells a name
naming none,
a man abolished.
—*Basil Bunting.*

I. "On a Summer's Day in the Month of May,
A Jocker Come a-Hiking
Down a Shady Lane in the Sugar Cane,
A-Looking for His Liking. . . ."

The land was theirs after we were the land's,
The visionaries with prehensile hands—
The Wobblies, Okies, wetbacks—driven and drawn
To cross the land and see it, to select
A tree to lie out under: a Pound Sweet,
A Cox's Orange Pippin, a pecan,
Persimmon, Bartlett, quince, Bing, freestone, fig,
Grapefruit, Valencia. The trundling trains
That took their supercargo free are gone,
And so are they; a thousand circling camps
Down by the freight yards are dispersed, watch fires
Burnt out, inhabitants transshipped
To death or terminal respectability
In cold wards of the state, where their last rites
Are levied on the people, ritual
Gravediggers of the past, ratepayers for
A lot in potter's field. Old Gravensteins,
Bedight with morbid branches, shelter no
Transients at length. Our suburbs saw them go.

II. "As He Roamed Along, He Sang a Song
Of the Land of Milk and Honey,
Where a Bum Can Stay for Many a Day
And He Won't Need Any Money. . . ."

Uninterest in progress was their crime,
Short-circuited ambition. They came out
On a Traverse County hilltop one late-May
Morning and gave an involuntary shout
At those square miles of cherry blossom on
The slopes above the lake; exclaimed at wheat,
Fat in the ear and staggered in the wind,
In Hillsdale County; up in Washtenaw,
Spoke to the plough mules and the meadowlark
A little after dawn; in Lenawee,
Laughed at a foal's first grounding in the art
Of standing in the grass. Too tentative,
Too deferent to put down roots beside
Us in our towns, outcast, outcaste, they rode
Out of our sight into the sheltering storm
Of their irrelevant reality:
Those leagues of fields out there beyond the pale
Fretting of cities, where, in prison clothes,
We cultivate our gardens for the rose
Of self redoubled, for the florid green
Of money succulent as cabbage leaves.
They have gone out to pasture. No one grieves.

III. "Oh, the Buzzing of the Bees in the Cigarette Trees,
The Soda-Water Fountain,
The Lemonade Springs Where the Bluebird Sings
In the Big Rock-Candy Mountain . . ."

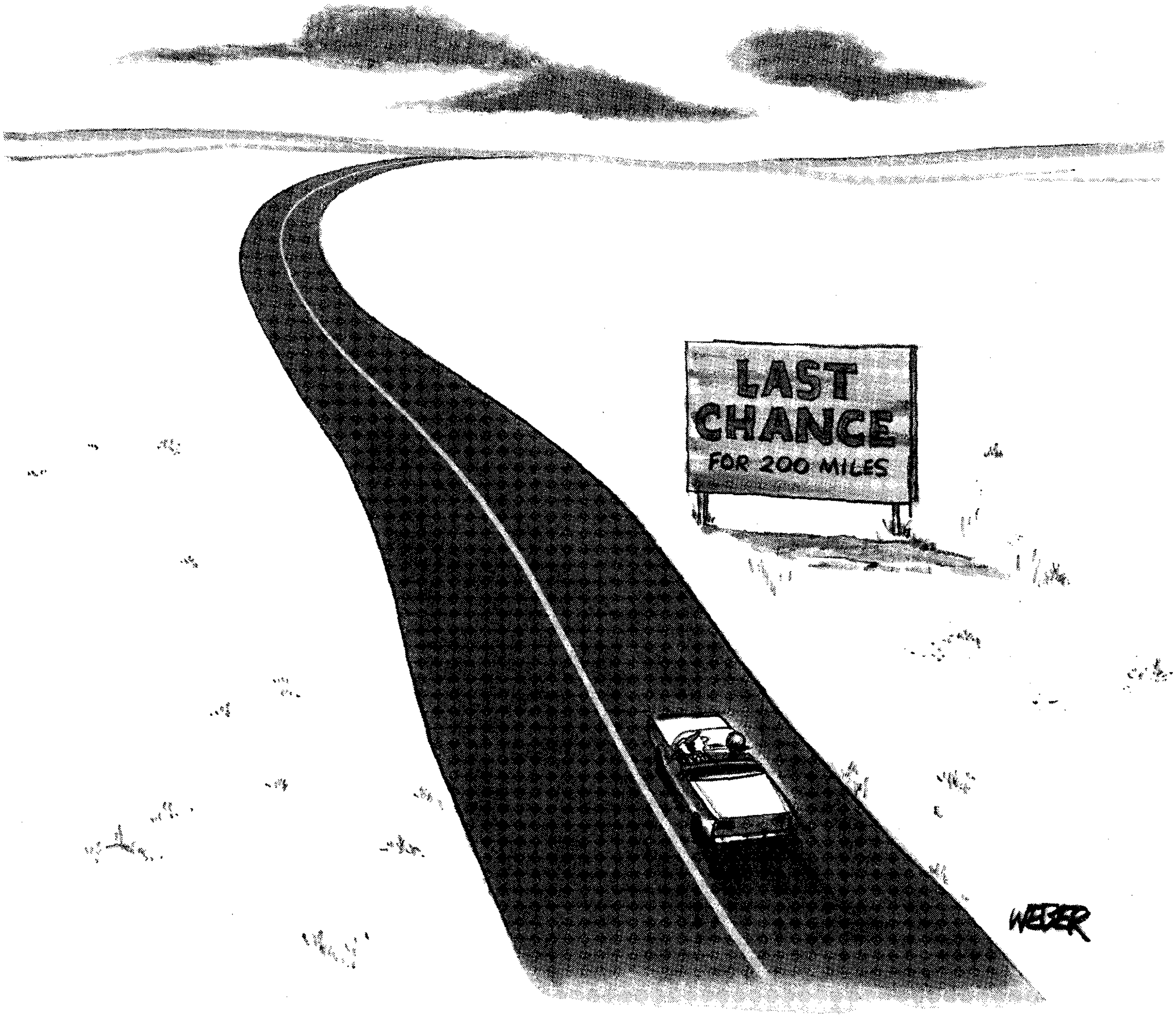
A young man on a Harley-Davidson
(An old one painted olive drab, with long-
Horn handlebars and a slab-sided tank),
You pushed your blond hair back one-handed when
You stopped and lit a Camel cigarette.
You laughed and showed white teeth; you had a blond
Mustache; wore cardigans and knickerbockers; wowed
The farm-town girls; drank beer; drew gracefully;
Fell, frothing at the mouth, in a *grand-mal*
Seizure from time to time. In your small room
In Grandpa's house, you kept your goods: pastels,
A sketching block, a superheterodyne
Kit radio, a tin can full of parts,
A stack of *Popular Mechanics*, three
Kaywoodie pipes, an old Antonio
Y Cleopatra box for letters and
Receipts, a Rexall calendar with fat
Full moons controlling 1933.

IV. "Oh, the Farmer and His Son, They Were on the Run,
To the Hayfield They Were Bounding.
Said the Bum to the Son, 'Why Don't You Come
To That Big Rock-Candy Mountain?' . . ."

When Grandpa died and your employer died,
And the widow sold off his tax-loss horse farm
(Those Morgans being auctioned, going meek
To new grooms less deft-handed than you were,
To new frame stables and new riding rings),
You hit the road at fifty and alone
Struck out cross-country lamely, too damned old
To keep up with the kids or keep out cold
Except with whiskey, cheap and strong. Too long
You hiked from job to picking job, and when
Snow plastered stubble laths, you holed up in
The Myers Hotel for winter; did odd jobs
To keep in nips of Richmond Rye; dozed through
The night till spring; fared forward once again
To summer's manufactory, a mill
Of insect tickings on a field of gold,
And fall's great remnant store. Last winter, you
Spent your last winter in a coffining
Dead room on Third Street in Ann Arbor, where
Only the landlady climbed up your stair
And passed your unknocked door in sateen mules.

V. "So the Very Next Day They Hiked Away;
The Mileposts They Kept Counting.
But They Never Arrived at the Lemonade Tide
On the Big Rock-Candy Mountain. . . ."

In Goebel's Funeral Home, where row on row
Of coffins lie at anchor, burning dark
Hulls (walnut, rosewood) on a light-blue tide
Of broadloom, we select Economy—
Gray fibre glass with a white rayon shroud
And mainsheets—and stand out into the street,
Becalmed already in the April heat
That conjures greenness out of earthen fields,
Tips black twigs pink on trees, starts habit's sweat
Out of Midwestern brows. In Winfield's room,
A cave of unstirred air kept in the dark
By pinholed shades, we shift his transient
Things in a foredoomed hunt for permanent
Memorials. No photograph, no ring,
No watch, no diary, no effects. Nothing—



"Let's risk it. Two hundred miles isn't so far."

• •

Beyond a mildewed pile of mackinaws
(On top) and boots (precipitated out)—
Except the lone cigar box. On its lid
A rampant Anthony advances on
Bare-breasted Cleopatra, areoles
Red as lit panatelas, but inside,
Only a heap of fingered rent receipts
On pale-green check stock weights a linen pad
Of Woolworth letter paper. Here begins
Winfield's last letter, in a corn-grain-round
School Palmer-Method hand riven by age,
Drink, sickness: "April 17. Dear Folks—
The weather has warmed up some but I don't"
No more. The hospital bed intervened.
Peritonitis. Coma. Peaceful death.
In truth it is. In Goebel's viewing room
The guest has been laid out, now neat, now dressed—
In shirt, tie, jacket—as if for a feast.
It is not overstressed. He looks his age
(Not brotherly at all; avuncular,
Judicious, a thought sallow, robbed of the
Talent of his two straight and sky-blue eyes)
And takes his silent part upon the stage
Miming repose, an unemotional
Exit dictated by the prompter's page.
Later, in the three-car processional
To the old graveyard, we ride just behind
His Stygian Superior hearse, a Cadillac.
The grave has been dug under tamaracks;
The young Episcopalian minister
Dispassionately, as he should for one unknown
To him, says the set words designed to send
The dead off; soon the open grave will close,
The mason test his chisel and begin,
Tabula rasa, to cut that name in-
To his blank slab of granite, much as that
Void grave will take the imprint of his weight,
And all his travels will be at an end.

ENVOY

But, prince that fortune turned into a toad,
Instead I see you—camped beside a road
Between old fruit trees in full bloom in May—
Lie out under an agèd Pound Sweet and
Sleep soundly on the last night of your way
Out of a rifled and abandoned land.

—L. E. SISSMAN

UT AN DON AN AL ARON

ONE day recently, my oldest sister and her husband stopped by our New York apartment on their way to visit his relatives. During the course of catching up with the news of our other brothers and sisters living in various parts of the country, my sister, whom I shall call Evangeline (no purpose would be served by using her real name, or mine, or anybody else's, and the place names also are fictitious), inadvertently gave me the answer to a riddle that has baffled me for twenty years or more—why I have scarcely any memories of my life before I was ten. We were talking of our youngest brother, Floyd, who is now past the age of thirty and still talks baby talk, which I find almost impossible to understand, although my wife, with more patience and less irritation, manages to make some sense out of his conversations with us, which are usually by telephone. With her customary bluntness, Evangeline said, "We never worried about Floyd's speech when he was little because you and Lionel talked the same way until you were about ten. We thought he'd outgrow it as you did."

I didn't believe her. The scramble for attention in a large family often means that the only person one ever really listens to is oneself. Very likely the reason she believed that I (never mind about Lionel) didn't talk clearly was that she didn't listen closely. But then she went on to recite, to the amusement of my own children, a little jingle of incomprehensible vowels and consonants that Lionel and I chanted as we brushed our teeth:

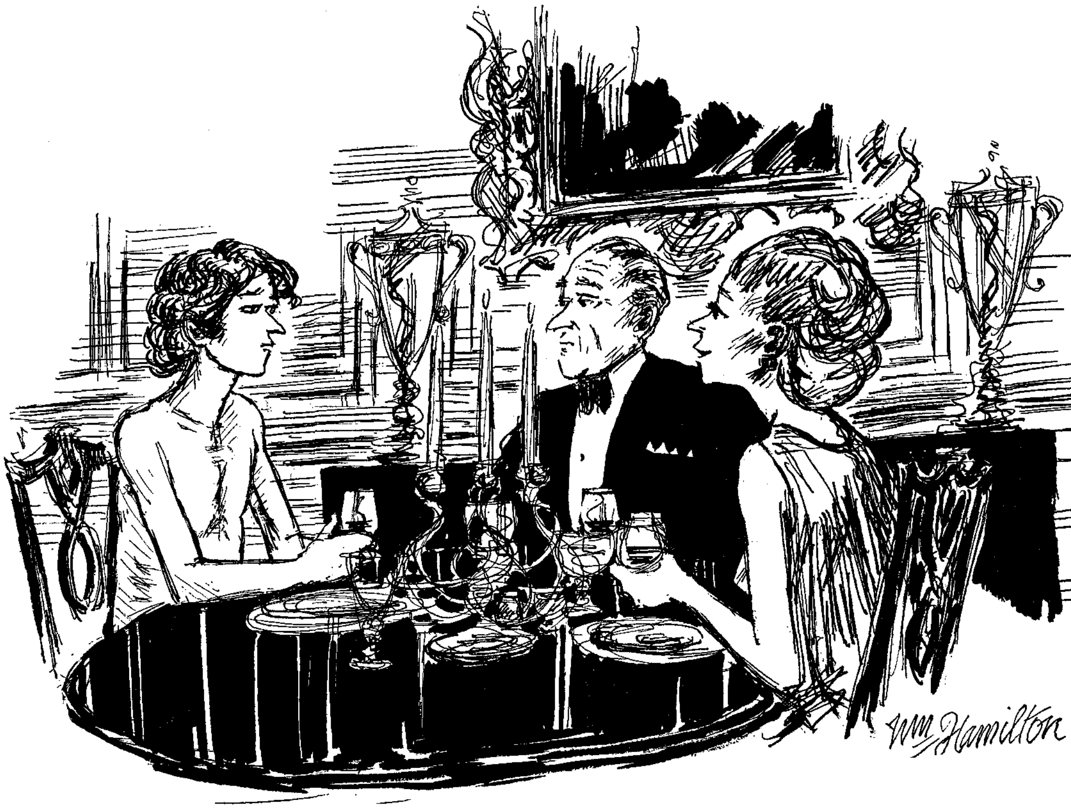
"Ut an don an al aron
We bus or tee al day.
Ut an don an al aron
To tate de pec away."

I could no longer deny it. And the explanation of why I have so few early memories was suddenly clear to me. It may or may not be true for other people, but I am certain that my own memories began when I learned to speak clearly. Such early recollections as I do have are of books I read and movies I saw, for my attention was not on what was happening around me but was fixed unwaveringly on the printed page and the silver screen.

I was born in 1922, wedged into the fifth place of thirteen children, most of whom were given names unusual in the predominantly French-Canadian community in northern New England where we lived. Since Catholic children at that time and in that place (and perhaps still and in all places) were obliged to be christened with at least one saint's name, we all bore those as middle names, but were called by the first names my mother chose for us. The three oldest boys were Rudolph, Ambrose, and Lionel. After me, in my early childhood, came Annabelle and Clarence. There were six more. The thirteenth child, Cyril, was born just before I ran away from home, in 1939. He was my godson, and he lived for a little over a year. Lionel (whom we called Frenchie) was killed in Korea shortly before my mother's death, in 1953. So there are eleven of us now. We do not see each other often, and when we do come together we tend to talk about our childhoods. For each of us there is a different childhood, with quite different and sometimes contradictory memories.

CASHIER
Internal Revenue Service
Smilby

Big families were not uncommon where we lived. Ours was by no means the largest in the community. Every hand nature provided was needed for chores and in the fields. The more hands at work outdoors, the more hands were needed in the kitchen, so girls as well as boys were welcome. Since children were, in most cases, less expensive to come by than horses and cows, they were often treated with an indifference no sensible farmer would display toward his livestock. My father, however, was not a sensible farmer. I doubt whether he was, by inclination, a farmer at all. He had managed creameries in various towns in the immediate vicinity, and in the early twenties he bought his own, standing by a crossroads some ways out of town, and made a fairly successful business of it. Rumor, within the family and outside of it, says that he added to his income by occasional bootlegging; a delivery of freshly churned butter to farms and towns in Quebec became a delivery of unlabelled bottles of whiskey on the way back. Whether or not this is true, one of my few very early memories is of automobiles roaring down a dirt road behind the creamery, and of the clanging of the gate in the arcade of sorts that connected the creamery with the house we lived in. Bootlegging was far from unknown to most border families; my mother's younger brother, Charlie, was shot and killed near Montreal by a border patrol while running whiskey illegally to the States.



"But, darling, many very successful young revolutionaries—our own Thomas Jefferson among them—dressed for dinner."

• •

My mother had been brought up on a farm that was part of an Indian reservation (my great-great-grandmother or great-great-grandfather was half Indian, so far as I can make out; Evangeline says it was a generation earlier, which makes the fraction of Indian blood fairly minute), and she persuaded my father to sell the creamery and buy a hundred-and-fifty-acre farm, where the boys could grow up under the benign influences of country life. My older brothers were already showing a tendency to get into trouble. They had drowned several of her prize Plymouth Rocks in the stream behind the creamery. (They wanted to see if hens could swim.) When they were tired of having Evangeline tag along behind them, they left her soaking head first in the rain barrel and went off fishing. They also locked me, at the age of four, in the automatic electric churn in the deserted creamery and turned on the switch. Even when all the evidence proved her wrong, my mother still wouldn't admit that her boys were anything worse than prankish. "They're not bad boys," she told a schoolteacher who had been tripped up from behind while going down a flight of stairs. "They're just mischievous." She thought, I suppose, that a farm was a safer place for mischievous boys in that at least they could be put to use.

So in the fall of 1929, when I was seven, the family, with six boys and two girls, moved to the big farmhouse where I spent all but one of the years I remember before I left home. In the pastures there were cows, horses, and goats, and in the barnyards there were pigs, chickens, ducks, dogs, and cats. As for all farm children, there was a never-ending round of chores, of course, and when I could escape from them I did. There was a swimming hole, down past the cornfields, with beaver-made dams and boy-made rafts, and, best of all, there were three ponies, to be shared among the six oldest children.

It was not really an unpleasant life, but a gradual sense of deprivation is inevitable, I think, in a large family. There are, in effect, no parents, since parental attentiveness and concern can be stretched only so far and no farther. When I recall my childhood now, I realize that very early I was searching elsewhere for (and very often finding) the attention I craved at home. A serious little boy with good manners fills a considerable void in the lives of aging spinster schoolteachers and childless country wives. And, to a child accustomed to women drudging in the kitchen and the barn, the very sight of a woman in a flowered dress and high heels is inexplicably touching—the unfamiliar kind of beauty that only town women have. I remember a teacher in the one-room schoolhouse we all attended until the sixth grade who wore a different dress every day. I don't know whether the women who teach in country schools now are what they were in my childhood: plain, strong, capable farm girls who stood up against bullies sometimes bigger and stronger than they were, and who, with good humor and a fierce determination, conveyed the rudiments of reading, arithmetic, geography, and spelling. I particularly remember two sisters, Florence and Beatrice Baxter, who, one after the other, taught the eighteen to twenty children (five of whom seemed always to be various Durels) in the school. One Miss Baxter was dark-haired and the other was red-haired, but which was which, and which one held me on her lap and told me stories, I long ago forgot. When I was in Europe as a soldier during the Second World War, a friend in New York sent me the Iliad and several of the Greek tragedies, and, although reading them for the first time, I had the feeling that I recognized the characters and situations. Finally, I came to the conclusion that Miss Baxter had told me stories from Greek mythology (holding the little boy who couldn't speak properly on her lap), and that those bigger-than-life-size people had been tucked away in my mind ever since, waiting to be rediscovered.

Unlike my brothers, I spent as little time as possible in the barn and in the fields, and I did not have the country boy's interest in hunting and fishing. I was the quiet one in a family of noisy boys, and it must have been that inability to speak properly that clamped me early and permanently into the safety of books and movies. Listening to Rudolph and Ambrose recite, haltingly and with inaccuracies, sections of "Il Penseroso" and "The Ancient Mariner," I knew that if those two were able to do it at all I could do it better, and I did. Perhaps it was at this point that I began to speak clearly. Stretched out on a plank at the top of the silo, I read Sir Walter Scott and Grace Livingston Hill and Gene

Stratton Porter and whatever other books I could borrow from my teachers or from the neighbors. When I wanted to go to the movies, I told my mother that I was going to play with a farm boy up the road and sneaked out through the pastures to the highway that led to the Schine movie palace in Crescent, ten miles away. I watched Norma Shearer, in a white wedding gown and a blond wig, gently slide into Leslie Howard's arms in "Smilin' Through" after Fredric March, crazed with jealousy, had shot her at the altar. I saw the red stain spreading through the white satin, even though it was some years before Technicolor; they provided the stain, I provided the color.

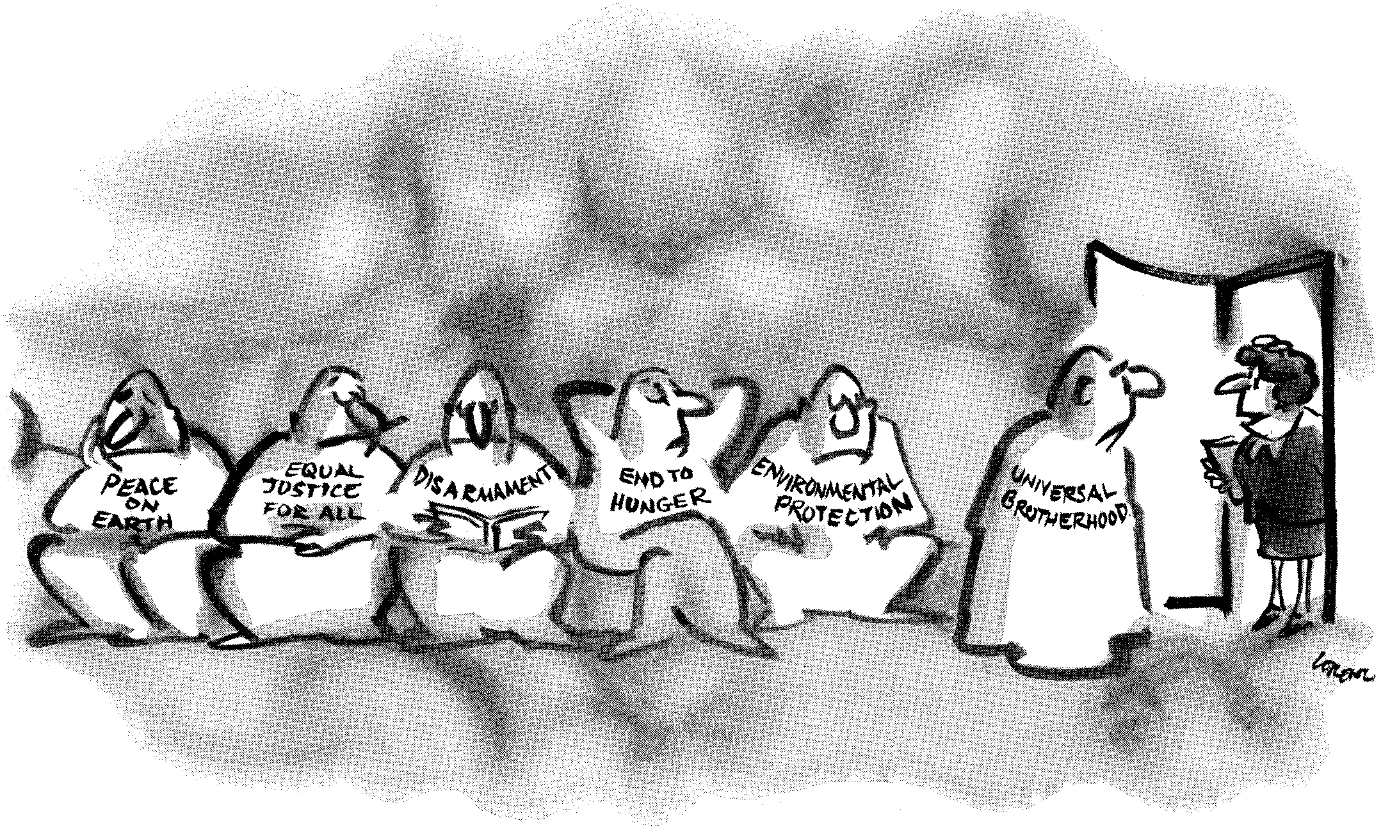
My brothers also went to the movies, driven by my father on Saturdays, to the Westerns and the "boys' films," and had their favorites—George Raft, Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney—and patterned much of their later behavior as men upon these actors. What appealed to my brothers—the world of guns and gambling, racketeers and prison wardens—was not what appealed to me. In the darkened movie theatre, with synthetic stars twinkling in the deep blue of the artificial sky above me, or in the dove-surrounded solitude of the silo, I absorbed a distinct and cherished model of behavior and attitudes that made me an alien whenever I moved among actual people. I was hardly more than twelve when, walking along the deserted highway after seeing Ann Harding and Robert Montgomery in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," I realized that I, too, could live as they did, wearing a suit and tie every day and eating dinner with lighted candles and a tablecloth beneath the plates. At that moment I decided to run away from the overalls and the oilcloth. For the next five years I hugged my secret to myself as I watched Kay Francis and Ruth Chatterton enduring their personal troubles with graceful, mute-voiced dignity, and my own mother drifted, unnoticed, into insanity.

During the long dark winter evenings, when the rest of the house was chilly, the family gathered in the kitchen. My mother sat at the table, surrounded by unwashed pots and pans. My sisters ironed their dresses or did their homework, and the boys sat sullenly staring out the window, hoping to see an automobile flash its headlights from the country road, or a distant barn afire against the snow. I lay on the floor behind the woodburning cookstove reading. I read about white boys who were kidnapped and raised by the Indians, society ladies adrift on a sea of immorality, orphans who turned out to be heirs to a lavish English county estate. I read anything that fell into my hands, much of it trash, and, reading, I forgot the constant humiliation of being the only frail boy in the family, whose eyes, gradually failing (no doubt partly because of reading in the dim light behind the stove), excluded him from playing ballgames in the fields during the warm months, and from doing acrobatic stunts on the swings and trapezes my father devised in the hayloft for winter afternoons. After a while, I no longer envied my brothers their games. And, once having learned to speak clearly, I found my weapon in a quick and bitter tongue, which I used often and indiscriminately, secure in the protective shield my mother threw around me: "Leave him alone, Rudolph; he's sickly. . . ." Sometimes, on the road coming home from school, or in the pastures on my own solitary excursions, Rudolph, or one of the others, found me and, if I didn't run away quickly enough, taught me how little protection an absent shield provides.

As approval from my teachers increased, the approval of my brothers and of my father at home decreased. I could ignore the opinions of my brothers, but no boy wants to be disliked by his father. Mine was a mystery to me then, as he still is today. I remember him as a slight, wiry man with small hands and feet, and I also remember that he was always working—cutting down the trees in the woods, sharpening scythes against the grindstone, mending fences in the pastures—and that he punished me almost daily because I didn't do my chores around the house and barn, but he let Ambrose, Rudolph, and Frenchie off with shouted warnings of future punishment. He had his favorites, and Evangeline was the favorite of them all. If Rudolph and Ambrose asked him for money to spend, he would give a quarter to Rudolph and a dime to Ambrose, and turn away, stony-faced, from the latter's protests. As his sons grew older, he encouraged them openly to take up the vices of men—I remember seeing Rudolph standing in the barn with four or five of my father's friends sharing a bottle of whiskey, passed from hand to hand, when he was no more than thirteen. Quick-witted and opinionated, my father ridiculed my mother's family for their pretensions (all the girls had gone to secretarial or normal school) and spoke maliciously of their Indian blood before all us children. My mother, easily inflamed, usually threw something at him in reply. On the dining-room wallpaper there was a large brown splotch where she had once hurled a cup of coffee at him, but I don't remember that he ever struck her. He reserved such treatment for his sons. Once, as a very small boy, I picked myself up from the farther end of the woodshed, where he had kicked me after I had innocently repeated a word I had heard one of my brothers use. I began to avoid him by the time I was twelve. At meals or in the barn, if I saw his face—with its long nose, thin lips, and dark, inscrutable eyes behind his glasses—turned in my direction, my heart stopped still until he looked away.

Long after he was dead, I learned from one of his sisters that he had run away from home when he was thirteen and worked from daylight to dark on farms and in factories, until he married my mother, who was a teacher in a one-room schoolhouse. The years passed, the children came, and he was the man I knew, or refused to know, or the man who refused to let his children know him. Long before we moved from the creamery, I remember coming around the corner and seeing my young mother standing beside a rain barrel, dipping a comb in the water and running it through her long, black hair. The sun struck her features, and I saw her turn before my love-filled gaze, face aglow, toward my father coming from the creamery door. He put his arms around her and they kissed with a tender intimacy while I watched, warmed by the love that drew them together as I was later to be chilled by the anguish that split them apart.

THERE is nothing more destructive in childhood than a boy's sense that his father doesn't like him. It turns the boy into a craven creature, afraid to ask the questions he must ask of the only man he can ask, desperately longing for an encouraging smile that



"Be patient. When your time comes, we'll call you."

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never comes, and always expecting, if not inviting, criticism he cannot answer. The man that boy turns into can seldom display genuine affection toward older men, and unknowingly locks himself away from those whose experience and generosity might offer support in times of bitter hardships. If I have come to any terms at all with the memory of my father, it is because I now have a son of my own. And I wouldn't dare have as many sons as my father had, because I suspect that one disliked and disaffected son (for the lack of feeling hardens into a mutual pact of distrust and contempt) cancels out the admiration and respect of all the rest.

My interest in other grown-up men was slight, in any case. In the movies, men were only dim satellites in an orbit dominated by women. Warner Baxter, William Powell, and Herbert Marshall existed only to provide reasonable escorts and acceptable mates for Janet Gaynor, Myrna Loy, and Miriam Hopkins.

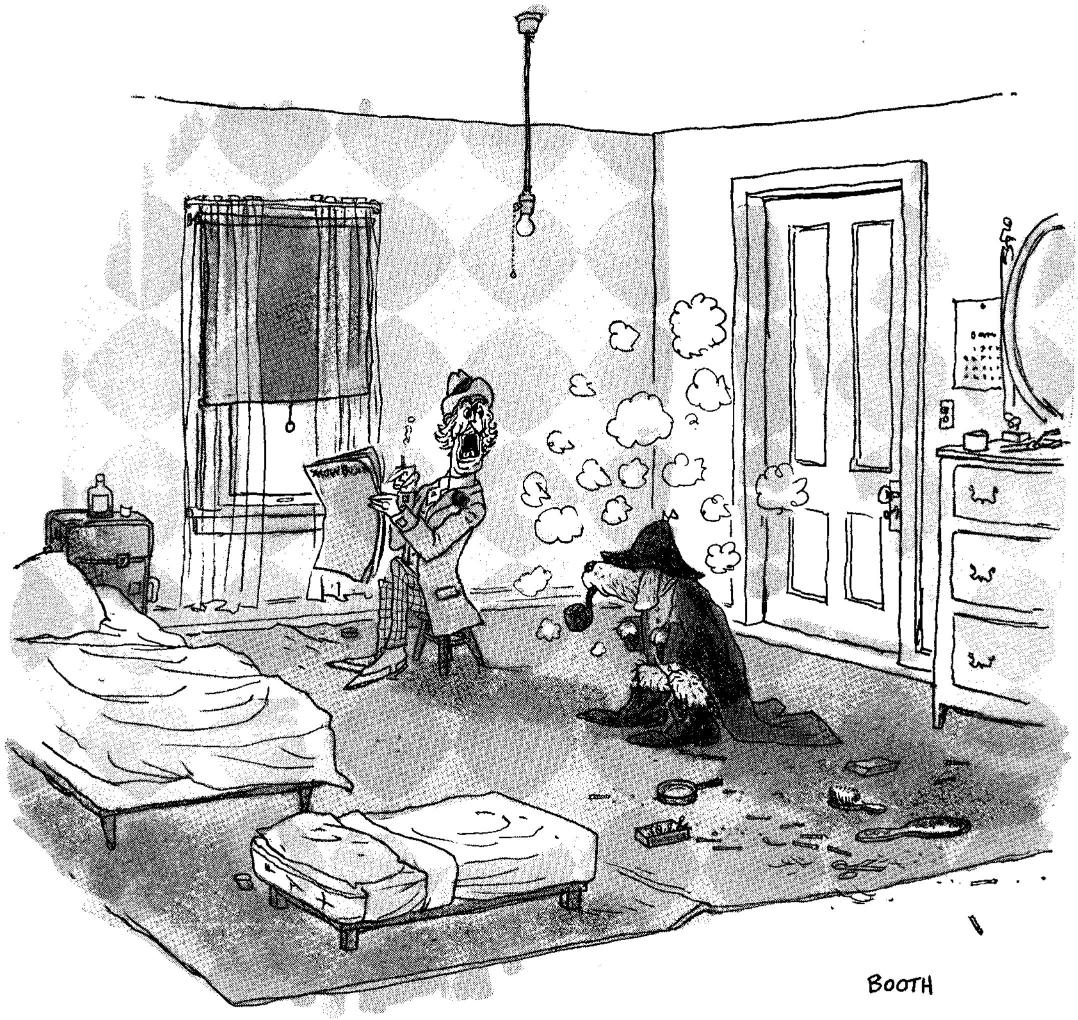
At a family reunion several years ago, my brother Clarence and I for the first time were able to talk candidly about the way we felt about each other as children. "What I remember about you," I told him, "is that if you caught me on the road coming home from school, you'd jump out from under a culvert or behind a tree and rub my nose in cow manure."

"And all I remember about you," he replied, "is that you always held your nose so high in the air I wanted to rub it in the filthiest thing I could find."

The boy with the book is the enemy in such a family—an enemy to the boys with the guns and the fishing rods, an enemy to the girls, who believe that books belong to girls, not to boys, and, eventually, an enemy to the father and mother, for from his books he learns about a life that denies and then defies theirs.

One of my father's brothers worked for a railroad line, in I don't know what capacity. One Sunday afternoon we drove to Crescent, where he lived in a boxcar, cheerfully furnished with cushions on narrow couches and flowered curtains at the windows. There I discovered, to my astonishment, magazines devoted totally to the movies. I spent the entire afternoon reading them avidly, and when we left, my uncle gave them to me. I hid them in the top of the silo. For several intoxicated summer months, I gazed heavy-lidded into the limpid eyes, in full-page photographs, of Nancy Carroll, Dolores Del Rio, and Constance Bennett. I couldn't have been more than ten, but I remember an advertisement in which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer boasted of "more stars than there are in Heaven," and there they all were: Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Marie Dressler, and many more that I had never seen at all. I could steal away to Crescent without arousing curiosity at home only on Sunday afternoons, and the feature at the movie house changed every other day. So there was a vast population I was ignorant of but could at least now read about, and I began to memorize the faces and read the gossip about them as if my life depended on it. I knew the names of Gloria Swanson's many husbands, and that Lilyan Tashman was Mrs. Edmund Lowe. I studied the cast lists of new films so attentively that I can still reel off the names of most of the players in the major motion pictures from 1932 to 1939.

My feverish mania for the movies led me into stealing the dime my mother doled out to me for the Sunday Mass collection plate and substituting a penny I managed to get my hands on during the week. Movies cost only a dime for those under twelve, and the wicked sensation of robbing my morning piety to pay for my afternoon pleasure made me so nervous that my mother thought for some months that I had the "call" to study for the priest-



"Say! The Purple Onion wants impersonators."

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hood. Our village priest often ended his sermons with exhortations against the films showing in Crescent. "That Mae West," he once intoned hoarsely to his openmouthed congregation, "is nothing but a wiggler." Mae West was, unfortunately, beyond my view, since her films were "for adults only." But many Sunday afternoons the main highway was lined with boys, most of them older than myself, thumbing rides toward the much publicized sinfulness of "Back Street" and "The Animal Kingdom." I watched Irene Dunne and Ann Harding with more bafflement than enjoyment. If that was sin, why were the ladies so lovely? And John Boles and Leslie Howard so gallant? In the end, I decided to ignore the teachings of the Church in favor of the teachings of the movies.

One day, after school, stopping in the stationery store to buy a pad of school paper, I went giddy with the discovery that movie magazines were sold there. For ten cents (the price of the paper tablet), I bought one. It was the first of hundreds, and it started me stealing paper from my sisters' notebooks and becoming the chronic borrower of other people's pencils and paper in the classroom. When I could, I cajoled my mother into giving me extra money. She thought I spent those nickels and dimes on candy bars, as other boys did. The stack of *Silver Screens* in the silo grew too high for safety. Somebody forking out ensilage below might glance up and see Mary Brian smiling down at him from a brightly colored cover and come up to investigate. I found new hiding places, under fallen trees in the woods in the summer and in secret recesses in the hayloft in the winter. There, my fantasy world peopled with bejewelled women and pomaded men, I retreated, leaving my brothers to satisfy themselves with what transitory pleasures they could derive from unwashed farm girls and opened bottles of whiskey stolen from my parents' supply, or from others.

I was beginning to notice the girls in the upper grades at school with whom my brothers disappeared in the late afternoons, into the woods and sheds. They were not the kind of girls I was going to waste my time with. As a matter of fact, by the time I was fourteen I knew what the main obstacle to my leaving home could be: it wouldn't be my parents, or my brothers and sisters; it would be a girl if I wasn't careful. Already boys my brothers' ages were getting married and settling down to produce their own large families on neighboring farms. The conversations around the kitchen table, as I read behind the stove, hinted at the reasons. I determined to avoid any such entrapment. Like many adolescent resolutions, mine faltered now and then, and occasional furtive lapses in henhouses, corncribs, and haylofts afforded a mine-infested route I survived largely by luck.

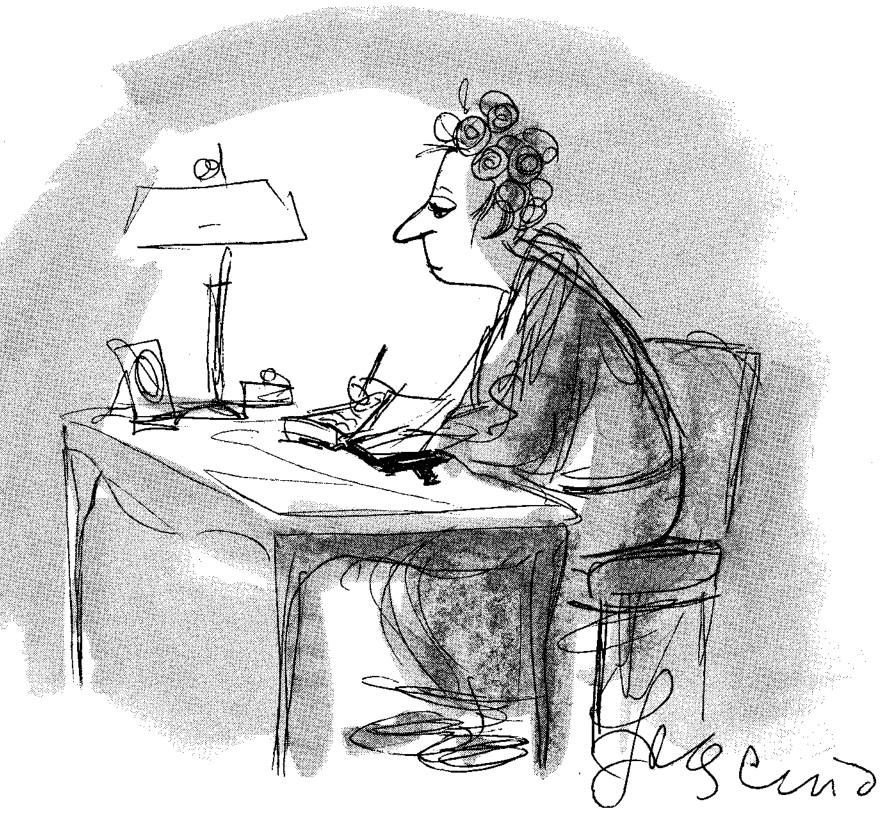
OUTSIDE the silo was a noisy world of energetic people which, no matter how deep my preoccupations with the dream of Hollywood, enticed me now and then from my self-imposed isolation. My maternal grandparents, Gaston and Cecile Beaupré, still lived on the farm on the Indian reservation, and during my early childhood we could all squeeze into the car and drive off to see them. While my grandparents and parents, uncles, cousins, and occasional visiting aunts exchanged gossip in broken English, and probably even more broken French, the children scattered through the fields and outbuildings to play. When my grandmother was not looking, we stole her dandelion wine from the cellar and cookies from the cookie jar in her sun-drenched kitchen, which looked out over a river, and, sitting under a shady tree in the pasture, we stuffed ourselves.

Eventually my grandparents turned the farm on the reservation over to their oldest son, and moved to a small town near us. My cousin Jean-Pierre lived with them. Jean-Pierre was my age, a physically active but taciturn boy. With that inexplicable chemistry of boyhood, we complemented each other, and I was fonder of him than I have ever been of any male my own age. We rode our ponies bareback together through the woods and over the fields and along the railroad tracks, whooping crazily at the engineers in order to persuade ourselves that we weren't as terrified of the steaming, whistling monster as the ponies were. He went to school in the town where he lived, but on Saturday and Sunday mornings and during summer vacations he would appear, scowling, at our kitchen door, and I would lay aside my magazines and books and canter off with him. I accepted his limited responses to my constant, thoughtless monologues as something perfectly natural, and was pleased when an ingratiating grin or a sudden spasm of merriment broke through his habitual, touching sadness.

His mother, my Aunt Leila, had divorced or been separated from his father soon after he was born, and she was now married to a man whose name, I think, was Krim, but he never accompanied her on her annual visits East to see her family and her son. My father said, behind her back, that she was "fast." She was a private secretary to a businessman in Detroit. I had seen private secretaries, of course, in the movies, but my Aunt Leila outclassed them all. She looked like Mary Astor, who, with a strong resemblance to the women in my mother's family, had become, in fleeting visions on the screen, my ideal of mature feminine beauty. Any woman who drew more than a passing glance from me had to resemble some movie actress or other, and Leila brought with her a glamorous exoticism of fur trim on her coats, marcelled hair, lipstick, and silk stockings, which defined for me (with my vast experience of fan-magazine photographs) the female nature. She was friendly and direct in manner, and spoke with a faint huskiness that suggested cocktails and night clubs to me. And when, pausing in her animated conversation, she smiled at me, the most attentive of her listeners, I trembled. Plump and pretty, she explored the farmyards in her suède pumps, followed by a troop of admiring nephews and nieces. In the evenings, she sat on the porch talking to my mother, smoking cigarettes and gently swinging her well-shaped legs, while my father hovered disapprovingly in the doorway. She swore mildly, with a casual, offhand ease, and told jokes that I later realized were more than slightly off-color. She was the first sophisticated woman I had ever seen. When she returned to Detroit, leaving us all presents (trinkets for the girls, a wristwatch once for me), I crept back to the silo, desolate and exhausted by so much exhilaration. Jean-Pierre, sullen and unpredictable, answered with an obscenity when I tried to talk to him about his glamorous mother.

Every summer my father's younger sister, Maude Duncan, who lived in Providence, appeared with her stout husband and three pale city children. She, too, wore expensive, stylish clothes—velvet in the humid summer, once—and an abundance of jewelry and makeup. Even though, with the strong, somewhat irregular Durel features, she didn't look like any movie star I admired, I listened closely to what she said and watched carefully how she behaved. Her well-mannered sons and daughter were frightened by the animals in the barn, and must have been even more intimidated by their country cousins. Rudolph and Ambrose once got my cousin Neil drunk on dandelion wine and jeered him into jumping the pony over a barbed-wire fence. He fell off, with thin shrieks, and ran to the house with bleeding knees, while Frenchie and I raced behind him to assign the blame and watch the punishment. In the evening, the three Duncan children sat politely in the parlor, and we snickered behind our fingers at them. Aunt Maude sat down at the piano and accompanied my father in a dolorous, self-pitying song entitled "The Little Rosewood Casket." My mother sang loudly along with them, in the off-key monotone most of her children inherited, nodding her head and staring with thinly disguised ill will at the back of her husband's favorite sister. On the last day of the visit, Aunt Maude brought out her camera, and a sudden bone-crunching jostling of eight or nine children, all determined to be the single focal point in the group, produced vicious jabs and tears, frozen smiles and unseen pinching fingers. To my knowledge, none of us ever saw the photographs. Or, if we did, they have all disappeared, along with most of the memories they were meant to record forever.

When the Duncans drove off, waving smugly from the car windows, a repressed hysteria sped us all in opposite directions. The younger children posted themselves at various windows throughout the house and waited for the final flash of sunlight on the black car disappearing down the dirt road that led to the main highway. Rudolph, Ambrose, and Frenchie went off to the barn to tease the cows and horses, and, failing to arouse more than tail twitchings and warning kicks, turned their brutality upon each other. Evangeline, upstairs behind a locked



"Dear Diary:

Took Lisa to the dentist this P.M. No cavities, thank goodness. Peter has a sore throat. No temperature. Waxed the kitchen floor. Looks nice. Tried a new recipe for dinner—meat loaf Milanese. Not bad. Harvey fell asleep watching 'High Chaparral.' . ."

door, stained her nails with scarlet polish left behind in a nearly empty bottle, and rouged her cheeks with cosmetics swiped from my aunt's dresser top. Annabelle sulked in the kitchen, washing the dishes, resentful that she had, as usual, to do the dirty work, and slamming cabinet doors shut because no one, in the entire two weeks, had once told her she was pretty—which she wasn't. She was, however, and still is, extraordinarily handsome, but being pretty and being handsome are in no way reconcilable to a ten-year-old girl with a boy's haircut (my father included her in the monthly kitchen barberings of his many sons) and a proud nature. In the winter, boxes of used clothing arrived from Providence, and were distributed by my mother, with caustic remarks about the colors, style, and condition of the gifts. All one winter in the seventh grade, I sat at my desk with one too tight shoe masking the ripped seam of the other, locked in shame, and flinching at the pain in my toes.

It was during one of these summer visits, when the other children were all off swimming, that, passing through the darkened parlor, I heard my Aunt Maude say, "Not another one! Jeanne, you can't keep doing this to Maurice!" My mother, flushing, shouted, "You don't think I'm the one who wants them, do you?" I tiptoed away, unseen. Of course she didn't want them. She didn't want me.

My wife finds it odd that all of us always refer to our parents as "my mother" and "my father." And Evangeline once said that we all act as if we were only children. Not one of us admits that we shared our parents with each other. As adolescents, we avoided the words "mother" and "father," and referred to our parents, in moments of affection as well as derision, as Maurice and Jeanne—never, of course, to their faces.

The older girls became mothers to the younger children. In my case, it was Annabelle who became my guardian, even though she was younger than I. After a beating in the woodshed for having talked back to my father, I'd be sent to bed without supper, and Annabelle would come upstairs with a piece of chicken or a saucer of blackberry pie. Sitting on the side of my bed as I ate, she would mutter, "You'll show 'em. Just you wait." I have seen her only twice in the last twenty years, but she is still the one I feel closest to. When Floyd was born, during my fifteenth year, it was I who fed him, bathed him (not very often, for none of us bathed very often), put him to bed, and sat with him under the trees in the front lawn and, holding him in my arms, sang him to sleep. When I left home—his father and mother, not his brother—he was talking baby talk. Hard as it is for me to accept, he still does.

When Jean Harlow died, I mourned secretly and inconsolably. But the day Floyd was born I was no more—and perhaps even less—moved by that event than I would have been by one of the cows calving in the barn.

Most of my brothers and sisters were born at home. Only one—I think it was Marianne—was not. Trudging home from school one October afternoon, I stopped in my reveries as a car slowed down to give me a lift. Inside, pale but smiling, sat my mother, and in her arms, enveloped in blankets, was my baby sister. I rode home with them, in silence, jealous of that sleeping infant, who, of all of us, had been born specially in a hospital.

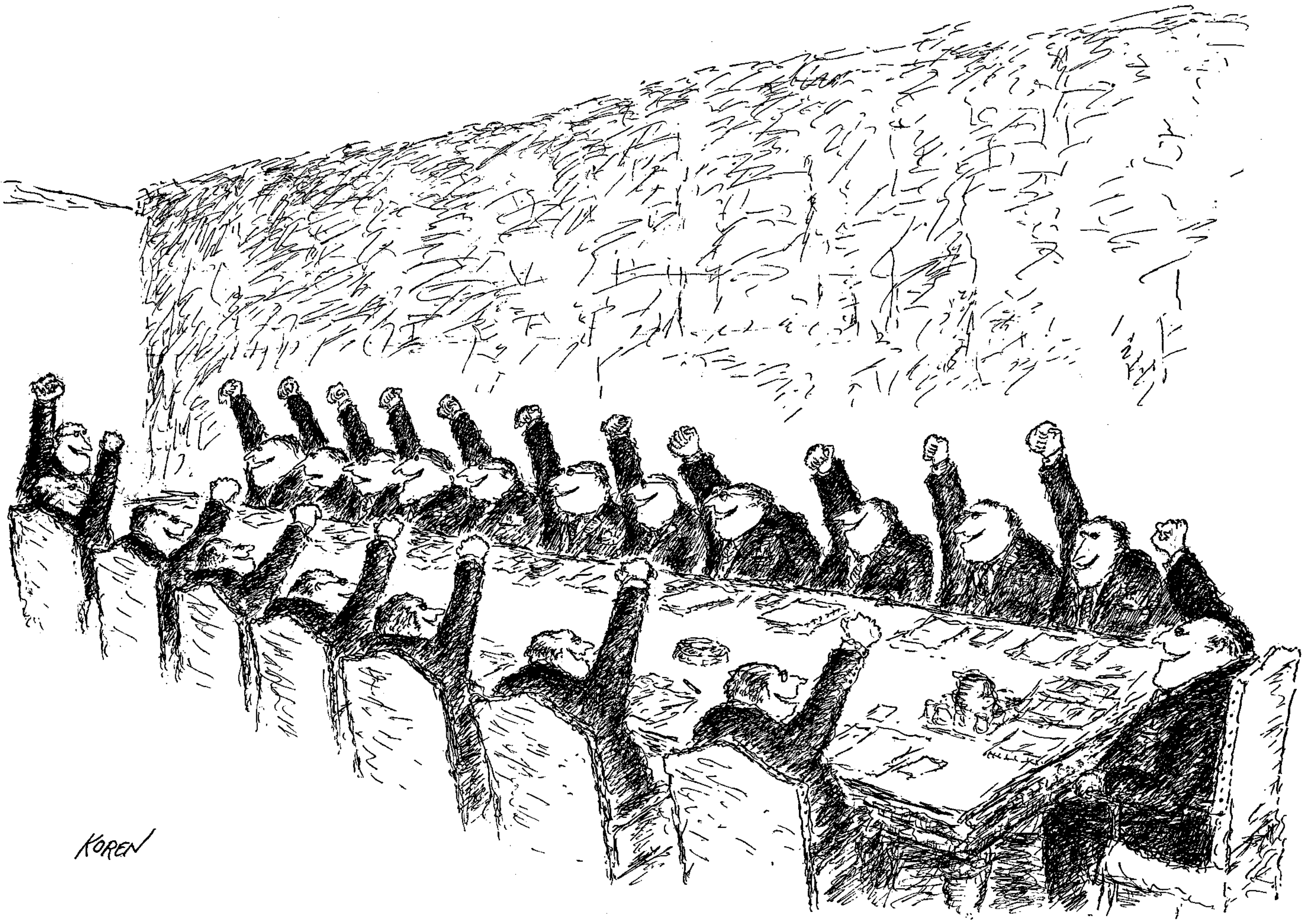
Seven of the thirteen children were born in March, and March along the Canadian border was still harsh winter, with the roads all but impassable and the one town doctor often out on call for cases of pneumonia and virulent childhood diseases. Sleeping in the large room above the kitchen, in the double bed that I shared with Rudolph and Ambrose, I awoke to grunts and groans, and screams that pierced the chilled, dark air, and hurried footsteps. Terrified, we all three made our way furtively down the back stairs and sat on the bottom steps until the screams ended and the footsteps subsided. In the quiet, we stumbled back into our bed and slept until morning, when we were led into my parents' bedroom, off the parlor, to see the new baby.

IT must have been in the fall of 1934 that I entered the sixth grade in the Longview school, where Rudolph, Ambrose, and Evangeline had already preceded me. My memories of Frenchie's childhood, though he was only a year older and the most pugnacious threat to my daily peace, are even dimmer than of my own. I think, however, that by the sixth grade he had dropped back into my class.

Longview was a town of about five hundred people, mostly not French-Canadian. They seldom had more than three or four children to a family, and their names were Baldwin, Flint, Owens, Hamilton, Langdon, Rich. They were a different breed from us, as we were each to learn, through their nicknames for us and their doggerel insults of unthinking country prejudice. The fraction of Mohawk blood, however remote, was an additional stigma. Annabelle, who came to the town school a year after me, was chased home nearly every afternoon by little boys shouting "Squaw! Squaw!" One day, goaded beyond her usual stoic good sense, she turned and struck out at one of them with her lunch pail, and he had to have several stitches in his head. After that, they didn't bother her anymore.

In good weather, we walked through the pastures behind the barn and, hopping from slippery stone to slippery stone, across the stream at the foot of the hill and through the woods to school. In the winter, when the snow came, some of us put on skis and were pulled along by ropes tied around the waists of the others, who were riding the three ponies. We stabled the ponies in a shed near the school, put our skis up in the loft above them, and hurried into the brightly lit warmth of the spacious classrooms of the Longview school, a palace of brick and glass and highly polished corridors. Fresh from the nestlike closeness of the one-room schoolhouse, we found ourselves thrust among children who were all roughly the same age, and we edged into competition and companionship with them. We were later taught by women of various ages and temperaments, but in the beginning all of us were introduced to the sterner discipline and higher standards of town education by the sixth-grade teacher, Agnes Clark, a neat, fragile little woman with curly blond hair and piercing blue eyes that never missed anything that happened in her room.

I lost my heart to her almost immediately, when she clasped her thin, pale fingers together and announced, "I am going to read you 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' by Lord Byron. I love Byron." Only a moron or a woman so enveloped in a love of her own (which she certainly wasn't) could have ignored the adoration I directed unblinkingly at her all day long. It was no time at all before she was reading my compositions out loud to the class, primly articulating each syllable and smiling with conspiratorial pride as she handed the ink-scrawled sheets back to me. She corrected my grammar, widened my vocabulary, listened to my incessant conversation, and described the



"All power to the board of directors!"

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movies *she* saw nearly every night (she had a car of her own) in Crescent. I became that anathema of the classroom, the teacher's pet, intent on her every word, my eager hand raised before her questions left her mouth, and smiling smugly as she praised me for my answers. I studied hard and happily at night, back of the kitchen stove, to earn the grades that put me, and kept me, at the top of the honor rolls (published each month in the Longview weekly newspaper) during all my school years.

In the schoolyard, quite understandably, I was nobody's pet. One particular boy, larger than I was, and older, taunted me loudly and unceasingly from the moment the recess bell shrilled through the building until we came back into the room, his face flushed with the gloating pride of the tormentor and mine with the shame of the victim. Months went by and I pretended I didn't hear his insults and dodged meekly and unsuccessfully the blows aimed at the softer parts of my body, until one day, enraged beyond all caution, I charged into him, head down. A crowing, cheering crowd surrounded us, and since I had started it, there was nothing to do but continue. He knocked me down over and over again, and over and over again I got up, my teeth rattling in my head, and charged him once more. My clothes were muddied and torn, my nose bloody, and both eyes swelling when he gave up and sauntered off. But he had waited just a little too long. For from three different directions of the schoolyard came three older Durel brothers, who took turns in making him look even worse than I did. If anyone was going to bully the boy who at home they called "sissy," "bookworm," "squaw," and "doggie," it was going to be his brothers, not a stranger. Eventually, the school principal, his mild voice twittering in the sudden stillness, arrived to carry off the attacker and the defenders alike. The bully never bothered me again; nor did anyone else. The other boys kept their distance, and, in time, turned to me for help with their homework. In the flattering capacity of a tutor, I was invited into houses in town that my brothers and sisters were never allowed into, and for a while I enjoyed my social superiority. But one evening, walking home from a hard hour's wrestling with a classmate's inability to write a grammatical sentence, I suddenly realized that it was not I who was welcomed by the boys' smiling, anxious mothers but my mind. I was being used. I never accepted another invitation to accompany a boy home after school.

IT was an indication of Miss Clark's perceptiveness that, having both Frenchie and me in her class, she put the entire distance of the classroom between us. From our earliest days in school, we had sat on the same double bench before the same double desk (probably so we could share the same schoolbooks), and several times each day I had to pick myself up from the floor where Frenchie shoved me whenever the teacher turned her back. Sometimes I pushed him off the seat in retaliation. Once, the teacher spun around and snapped, "The next one of you two who pushes the other one off that seat is going to stand in the corner for the rest of the day." As soon as she turned back to the blackboard, Frenchie threw himself, bawling, to the floor.

Agnes Clark never for a moment pretended that Frenchie and I could be harnessed to the same whippletree. She taught me my way, and Frenchie his, but he—then or a year or two later—fell behind me, and, like most of my brothers, never finished high school. They did not like school, and since I did, I can't take much credit for doing well in it.

Miss Clark held up her hand when I spoke too rapidly, and told me to speak with my mouth opened wider so the nasal tones that issued from between my clenched teeth would be softened. She grimaced at my dirty fingernails, and sewed buttons on my shirt as I stood, embarrassed and impatient, before her. Then, smiling, she released me.

When I passed from her sixth grade into the higher ones, I managed not to let go of her by becoming a sort of unofficial assistant in her extracurricular activities. She was the faculty adviser for the school newspaper. After classes were finished for the day, I stood in a cramped, airless closet helping her run the mimeograph machine and collate pages. As we worked, we talked. She seldom mentioned my brothers and sisters, though the younger ones turned up in her class year after year. Or my parents. I'm not even sure she knew who my mother was.

Stapling the drying sheets of paper together, she fixed her grave eyes upon me and answered patiently those questions I had the courage to put to her. There were many I didn't dare ask. I was fourteen by then, and the questions surging through my head could never have found their way into our conversations, so I skirted them by sharing my opinions of movie stars. I had, somewhere in the preceding year, discarded the gallant ladies who atoned so nobly for their transgressions and the romanticized mother figures in favor of women in love. While love could be tragic, as it always was with Garbo, it could also be slyly wicked (Carole Lombard lounging in silk pajamas) or archly mischievous (Claudette Colbert teasing a reluctant Gary Cooper into marriage). Those adroit, scantily clad comediennes were leading me toward the answers my suddenly perplexing body was demanding.

My brothers, more observant about such matters than I, told me that Carole Lombard never wore anything under her dresses. How they could tell I never learned, but I took their word for it. They had discovered my passion for the movies, and, with typical brotherly inconsistency, sometimes tolerated it and sometimes ridiculed it. Behind the barn one afternoon, Rudolph demonstrated to me the use of a contraceptive, tried to teach me how to smoke a cigarette, and then discussed, with unfamiliar seriousness, his concern that Joan Crawford, a particular favorite of his but not of mine, was so alarmingly thin. Ambrose, who was more malicious, came racing to the barn one night as I was milking the cows and said, "Greta Garbo is dead; I just heard it on the radio." I dropped the milk pail and fled, sobbing, to the woods. At night, lying between them in the bed we shared, I dreamed of scented, velvet arms around my shoulders and soft, accented voices murmuring in my ear. I would wake to the warmth of my brothers' sleeping bodies sprawled carelessly beside me.

One of Agnes Clark's weekly chores was lining up the lower classes in the corridors for the Friday-morning assembly. I used to stand and watch her as she went up and down the line of unruly children, her high heels tapping and a faint perfume preceding and following her presence. I was shocked when I heard boys whisper obscenities after her—as shocked as I would have been if they had been whispered after my own mother. I admired her poised pretense that she didn't hear, and I would have gladly risked my life to punch the boy in the nose, but she wouldn't have approved of that. "Gentlemen," she once told me, "never have to fight."

But what place was there for a gentleman in the kitchen at home, or in the barns and fields? And what kind of mothers and fathers do gentlemen have? Walking past the town barroom one afternoon with some boys from my class, I stopped with them to snigger when a woman barely able to walk was helped into a car by several boisterous men. As we passed the car, I saw, slumped in the seat, my drunken mother. The other boys, who hardly knew me, probably didn't know who she was, and I, her favorite of her many sons, pretended that I didn't, either.

My mother drank. So did my father, and so did my brothers. One of them told me in later years that he was a confirmed alcoholic by the time he was fourteen. In the late afternoon, coming into the kitchen from school, I would see

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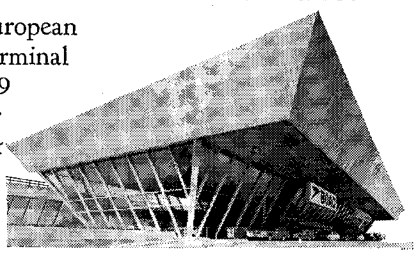

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BONWIT TELLER

my mother, sitting slackly at the table with the uncapped bottle before her and a loose-lipped, apologetic smile upon her reddened face. But there were in those years, as there always are, pressing reasons for finding the solace of obliteration. The Depression, late in reaching the backward rural areas, had wiped out any possibility of supporting twelve children adequately on a dairy farm when the price of milk had dropped so low that it seemed pointless to deliver it to the local creamery. Our barn had burned, one spring afternoon, and from the smoldering ruins of the building the acrid stink of charred animal flesh lingered about the farmhouse in which my parents drank and cursed and fought. One by one, the boys were accused of smoking in the barn. Since I was the only one over the age of twelve who didn't smoke or drink in secret, my name was never mentioned in that heated roll call of shouted accusations and yelping denials.

The boys left home, to work in C.C.C. camps or on neighboring farms, and returned tanned and brazen and too big to be punished by their parents. One day, in the upstairs bedroom, I was shown what a case of gonorrhea looks like. That sight stiffened my resolve not to tumble in the hayloft anymore with girls eager to match yet another Durel boy against the performances of his brothers. For I was growing up, too.

Once I was old enough to be out-of-doors late at night, I would hitchhike to the movies after supper, and coming home afterward I was exposed to casual encounters with women driving alone (the highway was a main route to Montreal), who picked me up and then parked by deserted or sleeping farmhouses and, with explosive ferocity, extracted payment for the lift. My lips bruised and my shoulders lacerated, I was dropped off in front of our porch, and sneaked up the kitchen stairway to fall into bed, numbed by my evening's amorous variety, one as unreal as the other. Whiskey and cigarettes fouled my breath through the breaths of others, and the smell of rancid perfumes mingled with the smells of the barnyard, which never left my person, it seemed to me, until I had been away from home for months. Life on the farm, contrary to what my mother had believed, is not a haven for innocent growth into life. The inescapable confrontation with birth and death among the animals brutally discloses the precious transiency of life and plunges the eager boy into whatever urgent pleasures are at hand. Rather than run the risk of venereal infection, I chose the back-seat embraces of women who seemed to know how to protect themselves (and me) by reaching into glove compartments that were travelling drug counters, and whom I never had to see again. I doubt if there is any easy way to enter manhood, and no doubt there are worse initiations than mine.

AMONG Miss Clark's many extracurricular activities were directing the spring school play and coaching students for the annual prize speaking contest. The plays were rehearsed in the auditorium after school, and sometimes Evangeline, who was pretty and articulate, played the heroine. I was usually assigned to character roles—grandfathers, comic Negroes, and sinister fast-speaking villains. I don't remember much about the performances except the overwhelming gratification of hearing the audience laugh at something I said or did, and sensing the acute attention that meant I was being watched with approval by every person in the audience. For the prize speaking contests, which I won every year, I wrote my own material. It cost a dollar, I think, to send away for the skits usually performed, and all the money I could steal or beg from my parents I spent on the movies. It may have been Miss Clark who suggested that I write my own. In any case, she helped me devise a piece about a white boy and a Negro friend coming home after dark and running into a ghost—a sheet flapping on the clothesline. Evangeline recited a monologue from "Anne of Green Gables" and won second prize. In her diary, which I habitually read, standing behind her open bedroom door, I found that she detested me, not only for having won but, in her unshakable (and possibly accurate) belief, for having stolen the idea from a book.

By the time I was fifteen, I knew that I was going to be an actor. I didn't tell anyone, not even Miss Clark, for the ambition to be an actor, in that community of storekeepers' sons and farm boys, would have aroused more ridicule than I could have faced. I began to study the technique of Leslie Howard and Ronald Colman, and practiced speaking in a clipped English accent when I was alone. Then, with an enormous leap of ambition, I

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These and other programs of special interest are listed below.

Discovery. America's Oldest City; Land at Flaming Gorge; Part Way to Majors; Lights, Cameras, Underwater Adventure; Plain People; Hong Kong—Parts 1 & 2; Greenfield Village; School for Snowfighters. Sundays, Jan. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; Feb. 7, 14, 21, 28 (11:30 am-12 Noon).

Wild Kingdom. Secret of Rock Ridge; Rulers of the Kalahari; Lions Under the Net; Hippo!; Great Barrier Reef—Parts 1 & 2; To Rope a Grizzly; Roundup on the Outback; Killers of the Rupununi. Sundays, Jan. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31; Feb. 7, 14, 21, 28 (7-7:30 pm).

Family Specials. Say Goodbye to Endangered Species; Elephant Country; American Wilderness; Ringling Bros. Circus; Wildfire!; They've Killed President Lincoln! Fridays, Jan. 8, 15, 22, 29; Feb. 5, 12 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Lions Are Free. Documentary sequel to motion picture *Born Free*. Friday, Jan. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Issues and Answers. Report and forecast by ABC News correspondents. Sunday, Jan. 10 (1-2 pm).

Projection '71. NBC News correspondents' predictions. Sunday, Jan. 10 (5-6:30 pm).

Lagoon of Lost Ships. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau—Exploring island group of Truk. Monday, Jan. 11 (7:30-8:30 pm).

National Polling Day: What Americans Think. Live, nationwide poll by Louis Harris on current issues. Wednesday, Jan. 13 (10-11 pm).

Jack and the Beanstalk. Musical production. Friday, Jan. 15 (7:30-8:30 pm.)

Arthur Godfrey's America: The Everglades. A tour of the national park. Saturday, Jan. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Meet the New Senators. Interviews with newly elected senators. Sunday, Jan. 17 (6-7 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television. What Color is the Wind?; A Bad Case of Shakespeare; Buckminster Fuller; The Cube; The Engagement. Sundays, Jan. 24, 31; Feb. 7, 21, 28 (5-6 pm).

The Children's Health Test. Report on youth's health problems, including addiction. Wednesday, Jan. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Man's Thumb on Nature's Balance. Study of the complexity of conservation problems. Wednesday, Jan. 27 (10-11 pm).

NBC Children's Theatre. Super Plastic Elastic Goggles; Circus Town. Saturdays, Jan. 30 (12 Noon-1 pm); Feb. 27 (11 am-12 Noon).

CBS Children's Film Festival. Miguel, Felipa and Geronimo Jones; Lionheart; Tiko and the Shark; Ransom of Red Chief; Little Wooden Horse and Glamador. Sundays, Jan. 31; Feb. 7, 14, 21, 28 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Price. Hallmark Hall of Fame—Arthur Miller's drama, starring George C. Scott, Colleen Dewhurst, David Burns, Barry Sullivan. Wednesday, Feb. 3 (7:30-9 pm).

It Couldn't Be Done. Salute to Americans who turned "impossible" projects into realities. Tuesday, Feb. 9 (8-9 pm).

It's Your Dog, Charlie Brown. Snoopy goes to obedience school. Saturday, Feb. 13 (7:30-8 pm).

The Great Mojave Desert, National Geographic Society—Struggle for survival in the desert. Saturday, Feb. 13 (8-9 pm).

Everglades National Park. Exploration of area's ecological problems. Tuesday, Feb. 16 (7:30-8:30 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS Reports/60 minutes

Saturday: In the Know/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/The Tomfoolery Show/Hot Dog/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/TheWonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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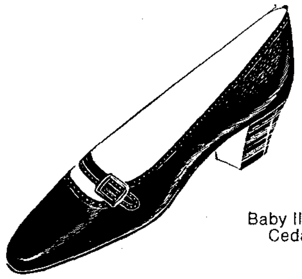

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settled on Paul Muni, whose fussy gestures and eccentric postures, caught in the headlights of a lonely motorist, must have been an eerie sight. On the highway and in the silo, making faces in a hand mirror stolen from Evangeline's dresser, and reciting snatches of poetry in other people's voices, I secretly formed my plans.

AFTER struggling for several years to earn a living on a farm without a barn or livestock, my father took a job in a creamery in the nearby town of Clairepont, and we moved there. I was the oldest boy still living at home. Rudolph, Ambrose, and Frenchie would be there for several days at a time and then wander off again, to odd jobs and mystifying errands across the border, with unknown companions. Rudolph and Ambrose were extraordinarily handsome young men. Frenchie, with the long nose and narrow eyes of a Durel, was not. My brothers would come home, change their clothes and take a steaming hot bath, shouting, cursing, singing, and laughing, and rush out again. They were not welcome in the houses of the more respectable families in Clairepont, especially those whose daughters looked after them with hot-eyed invitation. Occasionally, one of them would bring a girl home with him. My mother once broke down the bathroom door in the middle of the night to find a grown son naked in the bathtub with a swarthy, loudmouthed creature my younger sisters called Black Beauty. Holding a scanty towel before her, she was chased from the house by my mother's full-volumed rage. My brother dressed quickly and followed her, shrugging off my mother's curses.

Evangeline had gone away to normal school, and Annabelle had become the moving force in the household. She fed the children, made the beds, and cleaned the house, as well as attending school. I was in the senior class, quick-tempered and moody, indifferent to anything but the book in my hand and the fantasies in my head.

Clairepont was a bleak border town. Knowing I would not stay there any longer than it took to get my high-school diploma, I didn't bother to make friends. I had only six months or so to go, and nothing was going to stand in my way. But something almost did. The moment I saw Vina in the gymnasium, where the students danced to the high-school band at lunchtime, I fell head over heels in love. Her brother was in my classes. A handsome, indolent boy, he sat next to me and

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openly copied my answers to test questions on his own paper, and I encouraged him to. At first, Vina ignored me as she glided by in the arms of other boys (I had never learned to dance), but then, wrenching up from the depths of my cautious nature more courage than I had ever called upon before, I succeeded in carrying her books home along the tree-shaded sidewalks, stealing unreturned glances at her averted face, and delivering, for her edification, all my half-baked opinions. Gradually, she came to tolerate my adoration. By midwinter, she talked to me with that halting, skittish confidence of the untouched adolescent girl. We went to movies together. Clairepont was about double the size of Longview, and films were shown in the town hall. Sitting in the dim light, with her older brother behind us and my younger ones scattered throughout the hall, I held her hand and stared unseeing at movies I had seen the year before in Crescent. I sat on her porch in the early evenings, sometimes helping her brother with his homework, and listening to her practice the piano inside. One night, alone in the house with her, I reached across the keyboard and took her hands, but she twisted them away from me and went on playing, her head high with pride. Finally, I gave up and went home. After that, she didn't speak to me again. I had, I can only suppose, revealed in some way or another that I would never marry her, or even give her the customary pleasures of a country courtship. In the weeks that followed, she crossed the street whenever she saw me coming.

The following winter, when I was in New York, Annabelle wrote saying Vina had married one of my classmates. Ten years later, Rudolph picked me up at the railroad station in Crescent to drive me home for the funeral of my father, who had been found hanging from a beam in the cellar. Approaching Clairepont, Rudolph stopped the car to pick up a woman floundering through the snowdrifts by the side of the road with sacks of groceries in her arms. As she got in the back, she looked at me, and I saw that it was Vina and turned away, unable to bear the sight of teeth missing in her mouth and the gray in her hair. She had, by then, six children, Marianne told me, and her husband drank.

When winter came to Clairepont, it was not winter as I had known it on the farm. The snow turned to slush and mud, and the houses in town seemed more isolated from each other

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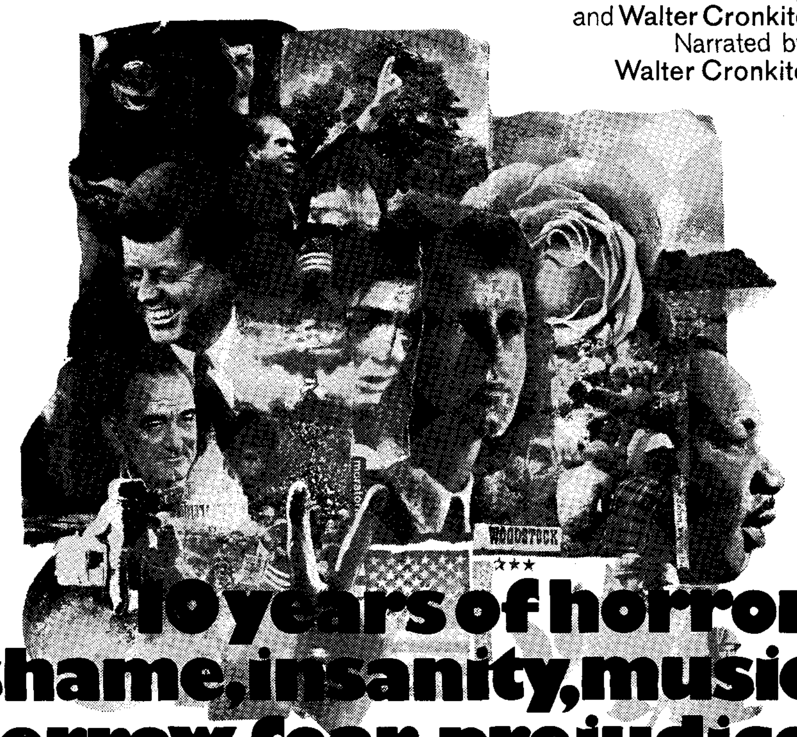

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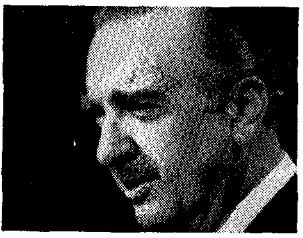

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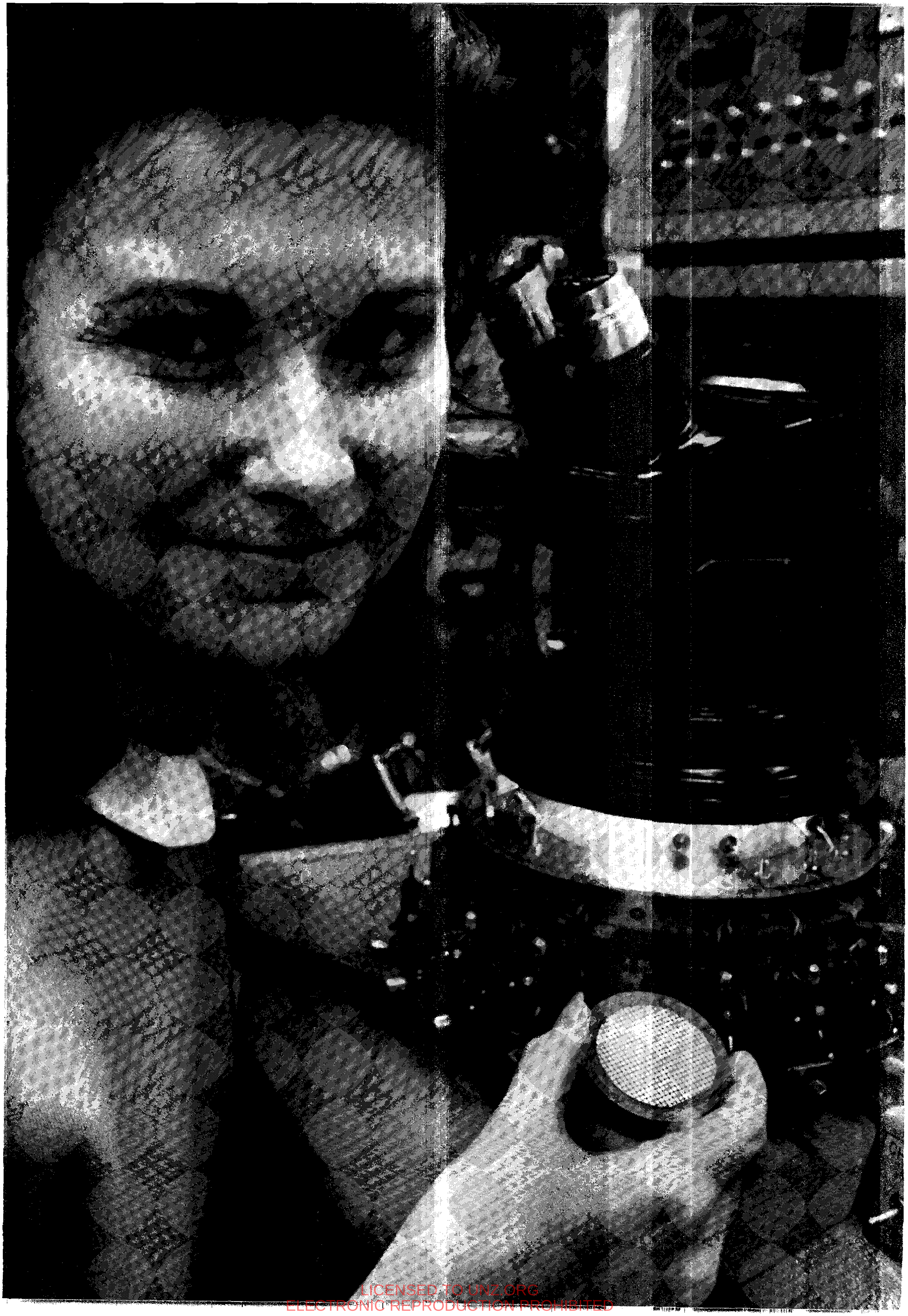

than the distant farms had been. There was no silo or hayloft to read in secretly. There was nothing to occupy an unhappy sixteen-year-old boy except making trouble in a family that had already more trouble than it could manage. I refused to go to church on Sundays. It had been a long time since I had taken anything in church seriously, but I had always gone to Mass. Now, in a new town, with a new priest, I adamantly refused to accompany my family. My mother was distressed by this shift in me she couldn't comprehend, and received visits from the priest, who told her, and me, that I would return to the faith; Catholics always do. Rudely, I replied that I couldn't return to a faith I'd never had. My father, recognizing, I'm sure, that I had at last found the club to batter him over the head with, left the room whenever I entered it. Swinging my club with blinding cruelty, I followed him silently wherever he went, my contemptuous eyes watching as he folded his paper and retreated into another room, and I crossed that threshold, too, my book in my hand, to force him out again. However that harassed man coped with his other growing sons, he never found the clue to me. I was too big then to beat, and my mother would not have permitted it anyway. Nothing in his parental experience supplied a weapon with which to turn aside my defiance.

In the spring, my youngest brother, Cyril, was born—a fair-skinned baby who whimpered but seldom actually cried. He died several months after I left home. My mother, who must have been in menopause, withdrew into the comparative safety of a mumbling insanity. Annabelle took care of the baby. My mother insisted that I be my youngest brother's godfather, and by tears and tight-mouthed, silent supplication she persuaded me to go to confession, take communion, and kneel before the altar again. A few months later, Rudolph woke me from a sound sleep and flung my clothes at me, and I dressed and went with him to witness his secret wedding to a girl my parents objected to. So my last two appearances in church were as a religious witness, one to a christening and the other to a wedding.

Floyd, then three years old, was my strongest link to the household. Babbling excited monosyllables and dribbling half-chewed bits of food, he stood waving to me as I left for school in the morning and raced to meet me when I returned in the afternoon. I loved him fiercely, with an unhealthy,

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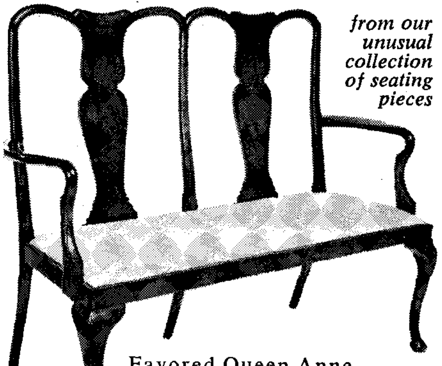

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premature guilt, because I knew I was going to abandon him. That love, in the intervening thirty years, has been masked by irritation and cold anger, and was not fully acknowledged until I stood changing diapers once again, this time my own son's, the day we brought him home from the hospital. I can *look* at my brothers with some composure, but the *thought* of them, now that they and I are older, brings tears of rage into my eyes: rage at the waste of beautiful young men, driven by demons of lust, alcoholism, larceny, and outrage. One of them attended both my parents' funerals with a prison guard at his side. Another spent over a year in a state asylum because he shot up a bar where the woman he had been living with was sitting inside with her new consort, the bartender. But my brothers are not those deadbeats and jailbirds to me. Oh no, my brothers are the slim athletes I envied as they rode off in brightly repainted second-hand cars, with laughing, willing girls. In the middle of the night, they pulled themselves up and crawled through the window above the farmhouse kitchen to come to bed, smelling of musky female odors, and boasted to each other of easy conquests and sweet surrenders, while I feigned sleep, until, innocent in their exhaustion, they slept beside me. And I, of the three of us, appeared listless and spent the next morning.

My youngest sisters, Gabrielle and Marianne, were vivacious, pretty little things who squabbled with each other in the upstairs bedrooms, after having exhausted their father's frayed patience or aroused my mother from her nodding lethargy downstairs. Evangeline came home on brief vacations from normal school, wearing lipstick and silk stockings like Aunt Leila and Aunt Maude (who no longer visited us), and peered disdainfully around at the kitchen and the dirty bedrooms before hurrying back to her classes.

At my high-school graduation exercises, I recited a poem I had written for the occasion, but my scholastic record would have been a disappointment to Miss Clark. The boundless misery of thwarted love, and my increasing impatience to get away, had driven me to reading books instead of studying them. But I graduated and put the diploma among those few personal effects that would accompany me out into the world. I knew, without being told, that it would help me get the kind of job I would need. After graduation, I worked in a summer camp on Clairepont Lake, with a

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classmate whose name I have forgotten. We peeled potatoes, mopped floors, washed dishes, and sneered at the city boys who were the counsellors and the campers. Late at night, we swam naked in their lake and plunged from their diving board, and urinated in their recreational waters as a gesture against the enemy world of the privileged. I saved the money I earned each week for my escape into that world.

At the end of the season, I returned to Clairepont. The first night home, in the kitchen, my father and I erupted into a sarcastic quarrel over one of my brothers, who had been arrested for smuggling cattle across the border. My father had somehow scraped together the money to keep him out of jail. With all the moral fervor of my seventeen years, I told him that he was encouraging his sons to be gangsters. He replied that he'd rather have gangster sons than fairies. I knocked him down. Crouching over him, I pounded his head against the floor until, looking at him, I saw that I had broken his glasses. The anguish in his eyes lifted me to my feet and I ran upstairs.

Later that night, when they were all sleeping, I changed into my graduation suit, took my high-school diploma and the hundred dollars I had earned that summer, stole a suitcase and a pair of black-and-white sports shoes my brothers had left in a closet, and crept down the stairs and out of the house. Hurrying down the driveway in the moonlight, I turned for a last look at the house, and there, in one of the front-room windows, was my mother, watching me. Was she pleading with me to stay? Or urging me to leave?

With the suitcase banging against my knees, and tears streaming down my face, I walked toward the highway. Headed, this time, not for Crescent but for New York, I told myself that no matter what happened to me among strangers, it could not be worse than what I was leaving.

And it hasn't been, ever.

—RENÉ DUREL

•

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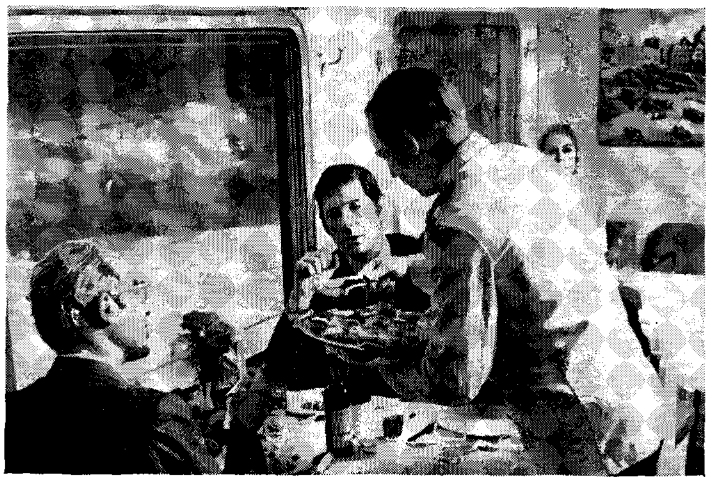

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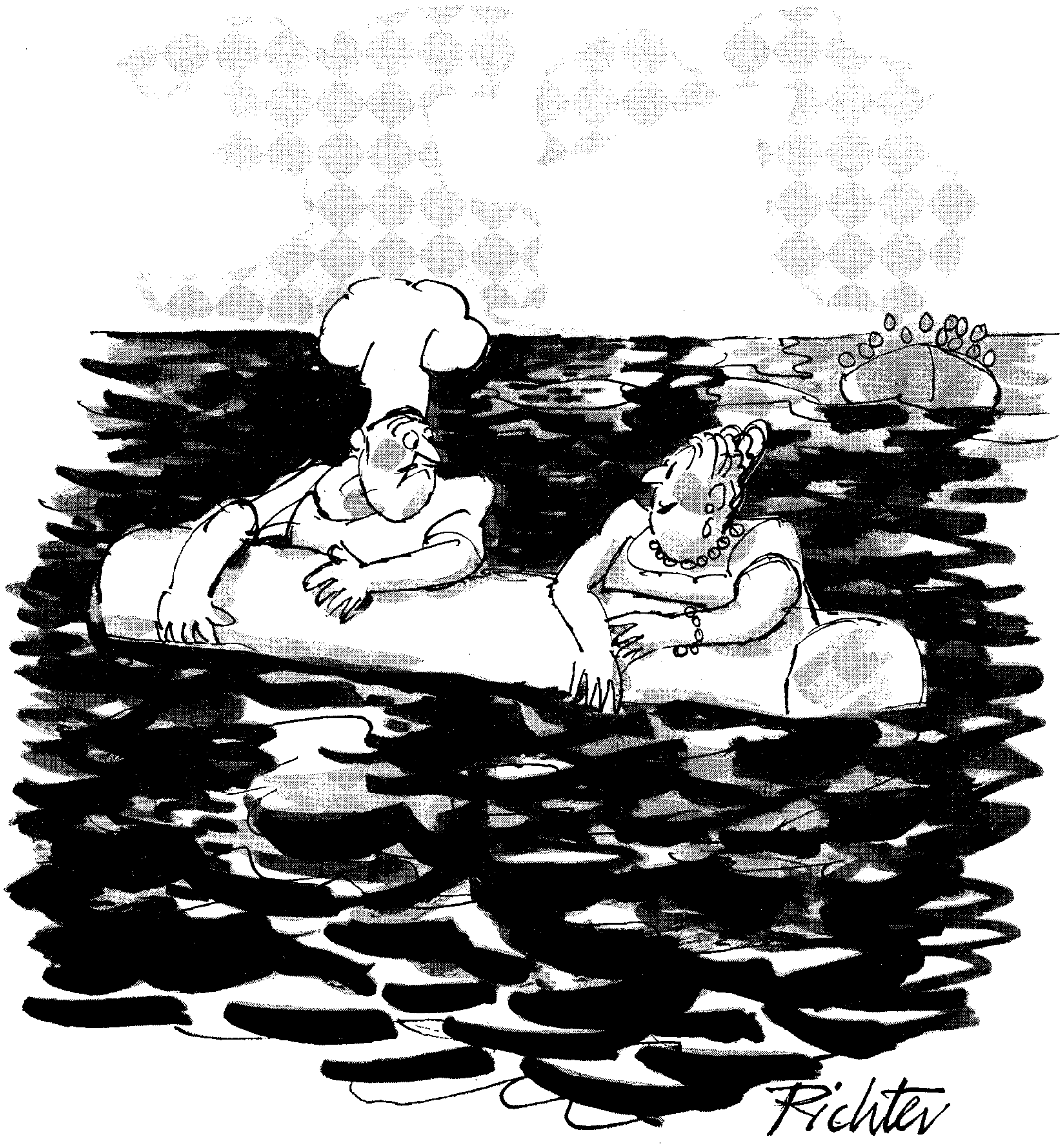
THE THEATRE

TOO LATE

A COROLLARY of the principle that nothing can stop an idea whose time has come is the principle that nothing can revive an idea whose time has passed. Take, for example, "Lovely Ladies, Kind Gentlemen," at the Majestic, a musical comedy based on the 1953 play "The Teahouse of the August Moon," which was based, in turn, on the 1951 novel of the same name. The period of the musical is carefully noted to be a few months in the year 1946; the place is Okinawa. The simpleminded frolics that make up the body of the show are supposed to have occurred in—and to have been characteristic of—what is described to us, only half mockingly, as an age of innocence. Now, it is just infinitesimally possible that a Gilbert-and-Sullivan view of quaint Okinawans outwitting a host of loutish G.I.s could have been thought charming as late as 1953, but many burdens of knowledge and suffering have been added to our minds and hearts since then. Not least among them is the longest war in our history, in which more than forty thousand American lives and no telling how many Vietnamese lives have been wantonly consumed under geographical and cultural circumstances not very different from those depicted on the stage of the Majestic. By an ironic coincidence, that vicious war was "celebrating" its tenth anniversary last week even as the curtain was going up on "Lovely Ladies, Kind Gentlemen." A number of lines in the show carried a ring of truth apparently unrecognized by the authors, and perhaps by some of the audience as well. To my astonishment, a local newspaper columnist cited as a specimen of the sparkling wit to be found in the show a line bawled by a moronic colonel to a well-meaning captain on his staff, to the effect that the captain was to go to a certain village and teach the natives there democracy, if he had to shoot every last one of them. Since this is precisely what moronic officers, some of them higher in rank than colonels, have been bawling for a full decade, with unparalleled acts of mass murder as a result, where is the sparkle? Where the wit?

Given that what was intended to be a delightful daydream bears, instead, the unmistakable lineaments of nightmare, there is little I care to say about the musical itself, but I am able to praise several members of the cast. Kenneth Nelson makes a delightful Okinawan interpreter-cum-scamp, and David Burns brings down the house with a fantastic nightlong demonstration of super-hamming, in the course of which he sings, Jolson-fashion, a ballad entitled "You've Broken a Fine Woman's Heart." Remak Ramsay as a neurotic psychoanalyst with a passion for organic gardening is a droll counter to Mr. Burns, being as tall and thin and cheerful as Mr. Burns is short and fat and pretend-angry. The pretty and ingenious sets are by Oliver Smith, the vivid costumes are by Freddy Wittop, and the lighting is by Thomas Skelton. Stan Freeman and Franklin Underwood wrote the music and lyrics for this unlucky enterprise, and John Patrick wrote the book. Lawrence Kasha was the director, and I wouldn't have been in his shoes for anything.

—BRENDAN GILL



"What would have been the soupe du jour?"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SUPREME OPTION

THESE wartime days, with our fortunes in Asia still in the balance, when the President warns the North Vietnamese that they are courting "grave risks" and threatens, as he did last month, to "destroy" military sites and supporting areas in North Vietnam, it crosses my mind—and no doubt the minds of other Americans—that eventually our country might choose to drop an atom bomb on Indo-China. It is a deeply disquieting speculation, but one, alas, that is founded in the past behavior of nations. When was it in pre-nuclear times that a country locked in combat with another failed to let fly with its most powerful weapon? What is going on in Vietnam that we should refrain from totally demolishing our enemy? Given our use of napalm, aerial explosives, and howitzers in that distant land, would it make any essential difference if we resorted to nuclear bombs? Like everyone else, I am aware that their destructive force far exceeds that of ordinary explosives, but what is one to make of this? That nuclear bombs have made the world safe for so-called conventional warfare? Prompted by such questions, I recently tried to find out why it is that we have not unloosed what is considered our knockout punch.

In Washington, I talked with numerous officials of the present Administration as well as of the preceding one, including former Secretary of State Dean Rusk. My interviews took me to the Pentagon, to the State Department, and to Capitol Hill, where one of the legislators I saw at some length was Representative Chet Holifield, the chairman of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy. In academic communities far from Washington, I talked with political and physical scientists—individuals without governmental ties who have devoted long study to the riddles of arms control. In addition, I talked with consultants of the Rand Corporation, a think tank in Santa Monica, California, whose thinkers seek answers to policy questions confronting the Air Force and other federal agencies. Though these men and women were often in disagreement with one another, they gave the impression of holding membership in a closed club, their principal qualification being an assiduous, and admirable, willingness to "think about the unthinkable;" it was this, more than anything else, that marked them as experts. A few demurred at discussing the efficacy of dropping the bomb. "People might get worried," one told me, evidently persuaded that the country's prevailing mood was a carefree one. In the main, though, the experts proved coöperative, apprising me of many complexities that would necessarily attend the release of a "nuke," in the trade term. These complexities were often dilemma-ridden—so much so that in the course of my interviewing I heard more than one expert wonder aloud whether owning these weapons was not more risk than advantage. Touching on this, a biochemistry professor told me, "Use a nuke and you go from an analytical situation to a mythological one, from tested military doctrine to an uncharted realm where it's only dreams that count."

According to a "back-of-the-envelope estimate" given me by a former Defense Department official, four hundred one-megaton bombs would destroy every structure in North Vietnam and every one of the twenty-one million people there. None of his fellow-experts disputed the estimate, although most of them seemed to have their own pet formulas for achieving the same result. No one doubted that nukes could quickly and expeditiously lay North Vietnam open to invasion. Less sweepingly, some confined themselves to explaining how nuclear weapons could be used to close off mountain roads that are at present vital to the southward movement of enemy troops and equipment. Hanoi's war effort would be seriously hampered, I was informed, if the Mu Gia Pass, which winds through Laos at the north end of the Ho Chi Minh Trail, were sealed. An Air Force man told me, "We've dumped tons of conventional stuff there, but it hasn't given us the massive rockslides we need." It was also suggested to me that nuclear weapons could enable us to place a radioactive curtain across the Demilitarized Zone, making it impenetrable to the North Vietnamese ground troops. In the Red River Delta, not far from the Chinese border, I learned, there was an attractive target consisting of a network of dikes covering several hundred square miles, the destruction of which could cause a catastrophic flooding of agricultural lands. Haiphong, North Vietnam's main harbor for receiving foreign supplies, could be demolished beyond repair. The

"Sometimes I wonder if you ever really were the you I used to think you were."

same fate could overtake Hanoi, with its one million two hundred thousand inhabitants—not that anyone I interviewed saw much military point in this. Conventional weapons could also do great damage to the capital, I was told, but they would not pack the "shock value" of nukes. "There's nothing like them for demoralizing an enemy," a mild-mannered physicist at M.I.T. said.

No one advocated, in so many words, that we employ an atomic bomb. Even those few individuals who still thought in terms of victory were inclined to grant that a nuclear bomb might start a chain of ungovernable consequences. Predicting one such possibility, a Harvard professor of international affairs told me, "Even if it were only an unpopulated section of the Mu Gia Pass that we hit, there would be reactions—both violent and nonviolent—here in the United States the like of which we've never known. The demonstrators would take up acres." Abroad, it was foreseen, not only would a similar outcry arise but the leaders of foreign governments would be quick to heed it sympathetically. Most of the experts I saw believed that Britain, for one, would withdraw forthwith from NATO, the key to our system for defending Western Europe from Russian invasion. "The only allies we'd have left would be military dictatorships like Spain and Greece," a retired ambassador told me.

In Asia, it was stated, we would suddenly appear in a different light. "In the Orient, they think of us as having the stamina to see things through, with a little left over in reserve," a State Department analyst told me. Our alliances there would be devalued. For the Japanese, painful historical memories would be aroused. Nor would the nationals of other Asian countries fail to realize that once again we had used a nuclear weapon against a yellow people. Thailand and Indonesia would be eager to get out from under our wing, which would seem anything but protective; every Asian nation that had been friendly would dread experiencing Indo-China's fate. "And I certainly wouldn't want to be in Saigon," the State Department man remarked. He went on to point out that it would be a simple matter for the other side to retaliate by smuggling a bomb into the South Vietnamese capital. A cyclist could do it, or a boatman in an innocuous-looking sampan. Even a slow, outmoded plane could suffice as a delivery vehicle, my informant said, for we are so accustomed to monopo-

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toby tanner

lizing the Vietnamese skies that we would probably mistake the aircraft for one of our own.

But nuclear reprisal was far too momentous a development to happen covertly. If it came, the experts said, it would signal Russian intervention on Hanoi's behalf, and our rival superpower, like us, wasn't given to fooling around with bicycles and sampans but with ICBMs and submarines, multiple warheads and early-warning systems. As for China, it was discounted for the moment as a full-fledged nuclear force, although no one doubted that it would soon be one. Reprisal, or the imminent prospect of it, I was told, would surely set off a wave of bomb-building in countries that had not yet gone nuclear. Fearful of becoming nuclear battlefields, these countries would see acquiring bombs of their own as their only means of self-protection. A weapons researcher at the Livermore Laboratory, in California, who discussed this with me said that ten years ago it had been expected that by now there would be fifteen nations with nukes, and that this hadn't come about because so far the superpowers had deterred each other from using the weapons. He added, "As long as that holds, other countries figure they may as well save themselves the expense of going nuclear."

Reprisal could easily lead to an exchange of nuclear strikes between us and the Soviet Union, but the resulting casualties would be so appalling that, according to government officials, we, for our part, might not necessarily hit back even if a limited attack on our mainland cost us as many as ten million dead. We would first want to investigate the nature of the impact, which might have been accidental, and then explore the possibility of calling a halt to nuclear shooting. But if an all-out exchange—"wargasm," in the jargon—were to take place, it would end, in Mr. Rusk's words, "with a handful of miserable survivors contemplating the folly of man." On the subject of casualties, Ambassador Cyrus R. Vance, a former Deputy Secretary of Defense, said, "When you stop to think of their numbers, you're simply in another world." The estimates I heard most frequently were that blast and radiation would account for a total of two hundred million deaths in both the United States and Russia, and fire and fallout might kill almost everyone else in the two countries. Government officials told me that both we and the Kremlin regard casualties of this magnitude as "unacceptable." In the mind of one expert, it wasn't at all certain that retaliation would necessarily occur even if orders for it were given. The expert was Paul C. Warnke, a former Assistant Secretary of Defense, who said, "If one superpower were to hit another with everything it had, I can well imagine submarine commanders lying at the bottom of the sea and wondering whether to carry out their preplanned orders to strike back. With their country and their families gone, suicide might seem attractive."

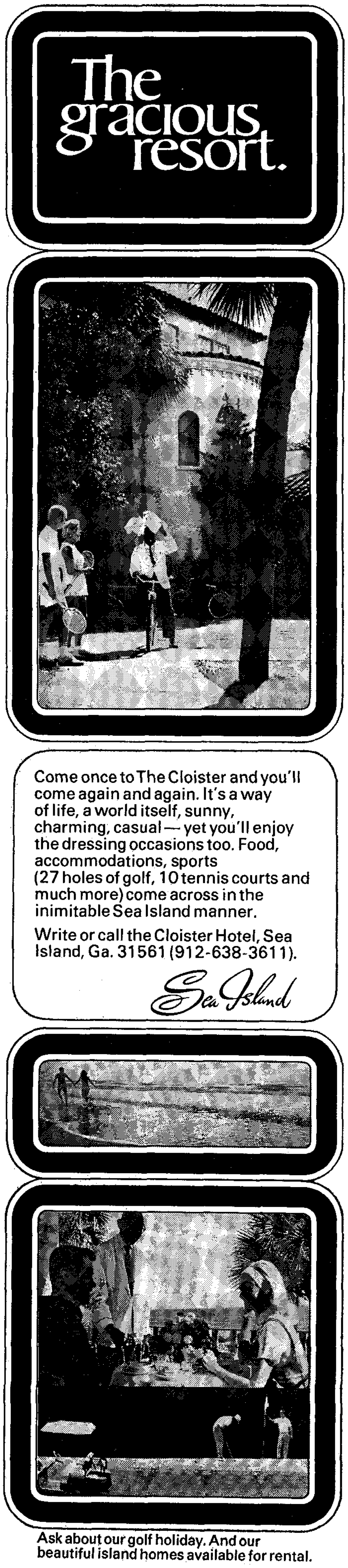
PRACTICALLY everybody I talked with doubted that nukes would be used in Indo-China. For one thing, the terrain was too densely covered with jungle to permit the spread of the immense fires that accompany atomic bombings. Another mitigating factor was the modesty of Hanoi's war effort, which, it was explained, gave the enemy great mobility and resilience. Discussing this, a well-known "defense intellectual" who had served under Secretary McNamara told me that if a nuke destroyed Hanoi the North Vietnamese would carry on from their back country. "They don't need a capital," he said. "Their leaders have right along wanted the war on the ground—the ground that's familiar to their people. Bigness isn't their style. The smaller the scale of operations, the better it suits their temperament." Conversely, it was said, our flair for bigness made us extremely vulnerable in Vietnam; if the enemy were able to mount a sizable attack—even one consisting of conventional weapons—the enormous bases we have constructed would present fat, concentrated targets. Another authority who felt that an atomic bomb wouldn't be very useful in Indo-China was an important Pentagon scientist, a man widely known in Washington as Dr. Strangelove. Addressing himself solely to the problem of killing enemy troops, he emphasized their talent for concealment and dispersal. A nuclear weapon, he insisted, would not work well against invisible troops numbering only a few hundred per square mile. Small targets called for small ordnance, he went on, and it did not have to be nuclear. Speaking vigorously, he said, "Bomblets! Clusters of those little bombs—that's what works in Vietnam. In that place, I'll take a thousand one-pound hunks of exploding steel any day over a single thousand-pounder. One of those hunks is sure to search out the target you're after. There's no wasteful overkill to bomblets—just a nice, uniform distribution of energy.”

In these discussions, the initial responses to my question about using nuclear bombs in Indo-China were invariably of a pragmatic sort. No one raised the question of moral objections. When I myself did, however, responses were quickly forthcoming. A well-known statesman commented, “In diplomacy, one prefers to say ‘political,’ which I believe absorbs your word ‘moral.’ ” A senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, in Washington, thought of morality as method, describing it as “flat rules of generalization based on practical reasons.” Occasionally, the responses had a defensive note, as in the case of a Rand physicist who denounced a Harvard professor for having refused to do any further work as a consultant for the National Security Council in protest over our invasion of Cambodia. The Rand man said, “Imagine his acting holier than thou! Why, he’s written the most cold-blooded battle scenarios I’ve ever read!” General Maxwell D. Taylor’s reaction was to defend his profession from any and all insinuations. “I have never heard a military man propose the use of a nuclear weapon,” he told me. The late Robert F. Kennedy bore different witness. Describing a White House conference in “Thirteen Days,” his account of the Cuban missile crisis, in 1962, he wrote, “One member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, for example, argued that we could use nuclear weapons, on the basis that our adversaries would use theirs against us in an attack. I thought, as I listened, of the many times that I had heard the military take positions which, if wrong, had the advantage that no one would be around at the end to know.”

More often than not, I found that my mention of moral aspects drew silence, some people eying me warily or waiting indulgently for me to get on with the day’s business. There were those, however, in whom my query seemed to rekindle old crusading fires, and the burden of their sentiments was that whatever it was that had thus far inhibited the nuclear powers from dropping an atomic bomb constituted the firebreak that was keeping the world in one piece. If an atomic bomb were to fall in Vietnam, they said, it would destroy not only its target but the hope that Hiroshima had bequeathed a life-preserving taboo. Illusory or not, it was said, once its sanctity was violated, nuclear weapons would acquire the status of standard, or conventional, instruments of warmaking. “They must be regarded as weapons of last resort, on which there lies a curse,” Mr. Rusk, a principal architect of the war, told me. “As Secretary of State, I was determined that while I was in office no nuclear weapon would be fired in anger. It is a quarter of a century since that has occurred. The country that ends that interval will carry the mark of Cain on its brow for the rest of its history.”

Inevitably, perhaps, the attitude of young people was brought into the conversations. Young people, it was said, have a tendency to think in terms of moral absolutes, and this might do more harm than good in respect to nuclear weapons. One State Department official discussed the thinking of his undergraduate son: “All or none, good or evil, that’s the way he and his friends argue. They lump nukes with napalm. It’s idealistic, sure—until a nuke hits Vietnam, or anywhere else.” A middle-aged senator told me that young people think of the Second World War “as though it were bygone history, like the Wars of the Roses,” and said he feared that this outlook might result in a relaxation of our present controls over the use of nuclear weapons. After pointing out that almost half our population had yet to be born at the time of Japan’s surrender, he went on, “The average age of us legislators is fifty-four, so most of us can remember the shock we knew when Hiroshima was wiped out. But there’s no way we can pass that memory on to the young people who are going to be sitting where we now are.”

A few semesters ago, Professor I. I. Rabi, a Nobel laureate in physics, gave a special course at Columbia for gifted students in science and other fields who had evinced interest in the social and philosophical implications of twentieth-century physics, and he told me that he had found it a dispiriting experience. The students didn’t recognize the so-called “ultimate weapon” as a unique menace to the species. “They kept spouting that society was corrupt,” Dr. Rabi told me. Conceivably, he suggested, the students may have imagined that there was no chance of the bomb’s ever being used again. “Many older people think that, too. It’s a mistake,” he continued. “It leaves out human nature. We’re always tempted to hope that problems will go away, and here we are, still faced with those Russian and Asian problems, after spending so much treasure on weaponry. Are we Americans all that exceptional? Aren’t



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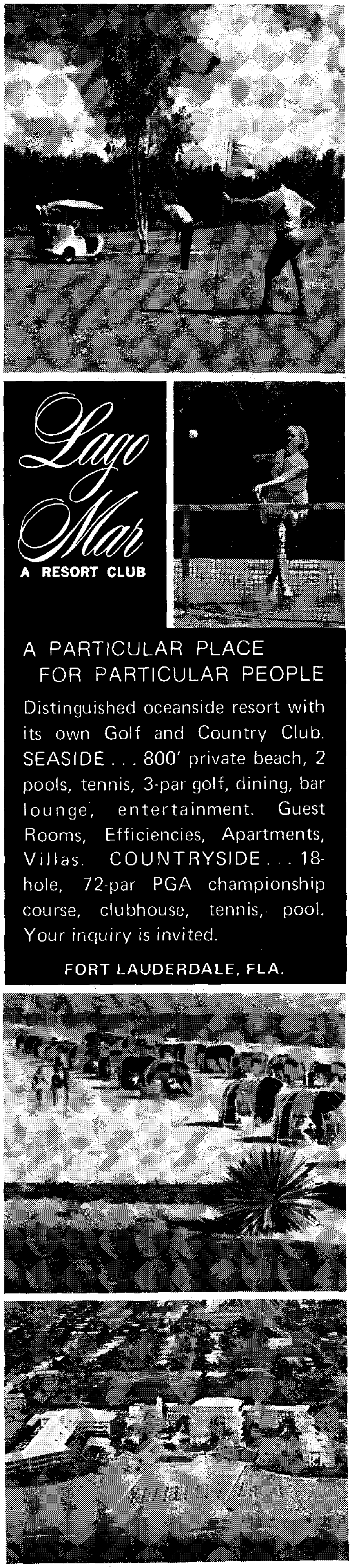
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we just as capable as anyone else of finally getting fed up?"

Though the consensus was definitely that we would refrain from using atomic bombs in Indo-China, the experts often hedged on their assertions, making the point that we were in an "unusual" war and that there was no telling how it would end. One imponderable that appeared to be very much on the minds of several of them had to do with our current pullout from Vietnam. Paradoxically, perhaps, they saw the pullout not as a harbinger of peace but as a dangerous gamble that might radically intensify the fighting. These people expressed concern over the fact that the pullout had been initiated at a moment when the war could scarcely be described as running in our favor. It was no time to weaken ourselves, they maintained, and if we continued to do so while being fought to a standstill we might be asking for an American Dunkirk. Elaborating on this, a State Department consultant said to me, "What will be done when we get down to between a hundred thousand and zero men in Vietnam? No scenario for that has yet been worked through, but do it yourself. Here's the situation: The enemy is closing in on our troops, who are outnumbered and trapped. Think of the domestic pressures that would be exerted on the President. Think of the Joint Chiefs of Staff telling the country they need a free hand to save our boys. Think of the bind the President would be in. Whoever he is, he might not find it unthinkable to drop a nuke."

I was reminded that the spectre of a glorious nuclear retreat had already loomed before in Vietnam. In 1954, when the French were besieged at Dien Bien Phu, Admiral Arthur W. Radford, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, suggested that we could rescue them with nuclear weapons. Far more recently—in the winter of 1968—high-ranking officers were reported to have applied similar pressure on President Johnson when five thousand American Marines appeared to be hopelessly surrounded at Khe Sanh. As the Marines' plight grew worse, press dispatches made it increasingly clear that military commanders in Vietnam wanted permission to use nuclear weapons. In America, senators confirmed the reports. Prime Minister Harold Wilson voiced alarm while he was on an official visit here. Many private initiatives were undertaken, among them one by three eminent scientists—Professor Rabi, Professor George B. Kistiakowsky, of Harvard, and Dr. James R. Killian, chairman of the corporation of M.I.T. Both Kistiakowsky and Killian had served as chief science adviser to President Eisenhower. Taking advantage of this relationship, the three scientists sent the following telegram to General Eisenhower, then on a winter holiday in Palm Springs, California:

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

THE IMPLICATIONS OF CURRENT PUBLIC STATEMENTS BY SOME GOVERNMENT SPOKESMEN COULD BE THAT USE OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS IN VIETNAM SPECIFICALLY AROUND KHE SANH IS TO BE CONSIDERED IF OUR MILITARY SITUATION WORSENS. WE ARE DEEPLY CONCERNED ABOUT GRAVE AND IMMEDIATE DANGER THAT THE ENEMY WOULD RECIPROCATE AGAINST OUR FLEET AND VULNERABLE SHORE FACILITIES AND THAT THIS EXCHANGE DISADVANTAGEOUS TO US COULD LEAD TO GENERAL NUCLEAR WAR. IN ADDITION OUR USE OF SUCH WEAPONS WILL DO IRREPARABLE DAMAGE TO OUR INTERNATIONAL POSITION INCLUDING PROGRESS OF THE NON-PROLIFERATION TREATY AND TO DOMESTIC TRANQUILLITY. WE RESPECTFULLY RECOMMEND THAT YOU URGE ON ADMINISTRATION SUCH MILITARY POLICIES IN VIETNAM AS TO MAKE THE USE OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS ASSUREDLY UNNECESSARY.

IF YOU WISH ANY ONE OF US WOULD HAPPILY COME TO PRESENT DETAILED CONSIDERATIONS.

WARM PERSONAL REGARDS.

Fortuitously, just after the telegram reached Palm Springs, President Johnson arrived to visit General Eisenhower, who showed him the message. Three days later, Secretary McNamara phoned each of the scientists to dispel his fears about Khe Sanh. Afterward, thanking General Eisenhower for his intervention, Professor Kistiakowsky wrote, "Of course [Secretary McNamara] was in no position to say anything about the future."

IN the final analysis, it is the President alone who, as Commander-in-Chief, has the power to decide whether an American nuclear bomb shall be dropped. It is a fearsome privacy. Wherever the President travels, he is shadowed by "the man with the football," an individual whose single function is to carry a bag holding a variety of codes that pertain to the release—or recall—of one or more bombs. On any given day, a President knows, a Soviet warhead may land here fifteen minutes after its launching, and in those minutes he will have to make up his mind about our response, if any, with or without consulting his Russian counterpart on the hot line. In that pressured interval, the comprehensive briefings that all Presidents are periodically given by military and scientific instructors must stand him in good stead. It is then that he must choose from the repertory of "contingency plans" he has been taught—plans that are in large part the product of so-called war games, in which random teams of government officials, armed with computers, have done battle in Pentagon conference rooms.

A President is under no obligation to seek congressional approval of a decision to use atomic weapons; nor, several congressmen told me, is he likely to, since it would only invite debate and perhaps keep the President from following his own best judgment. "No President cares to give up options," one New York legislator assured me. Thus, if a President sees fit to do so, he may order the launching of a nuclear missile. A high-ranking officer told me that the chances are slim that his companions at the time would try to talk him out of it. "The President would want sympathetic souls around, fellows who saw things the way he did," he said. For all practical purposes, then, a President is answerable solely to his own tenets of responsibility in using the bomb, and these, needless to say, vary from President to President. John F. Kennedy, for example, was remembered by one man I talked to as having possessed an "internalized" determination never to release a bomb—a resolve that was severely tested during the Cuban missile crisis. Mr. Rusk told me, "John Kennedy never brooded over the possibility of assassination, but he did brood over the thought that certain situations might cause him to press the button." In the opinion of Professor Thomas C. Schelling, of the Harvard Center for International Affairs, a President who is genuinely resistant to the idea of using nuclear weapons will treat the possibility with "a ritualistic abhorrence" and remain deaf to argument. There have been instances, though—notably in the Korean war—when mere "reason" and expediency appeared to motivate Presidents. In November, 1950, after Chinese forces intervened in Korea, President Truman told a press conference that we were giving "active consideration" to "the use of the atomic bomb." In a "clarifying" statement, Mr. Truman authorized his press secretary to say, "Consideration of the use of any weapon is always implicit in the very possession of that weapon." In no time, Prime Minister Clement Attlee, of Britain—one of our allies in Korea—announced to a cheering Parliament that he was leaving forthwith to see Mr. Truman. A few days later, a British-American communiqué dealing with numerous aspects of the war included this paragraph: "The President stated that it was his hope that world conditions would never call for the use of the atomic bomb. The President told

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the Prime Minister that it was also his desire to keep the Prime Minister at all times informed of developments which might bring about a change in the situation."

President Eisenhower made it plain in his memoirs that he did not regard possible use of the bomb with "ritualistic abhorrence." He recalled that upon being asked at a press conference whether we would use tactical atomic weapons in a general war in Asia, he replied, "Against a strictly military target, the answer would be yes." Later, speaking broadly on the same subject, he told a reporter that he knew only two things about war: "The most unpredictable factor in war was human nature, but the only unchanging factor in war was human nature. . . . And the next thing is that every war is going to astonish you in the way it occurred, and in the way it is carried out." Contemplating the outbreak of a general Asian war, he wrote, "It was clear that we would have to use atomic weapons." Another entry tells of a meeting with Prime Minister Churchill in Bermuda in 1953: "The only part of the discussion that led to definite opposition from Winston was our announcement that in the event of renewed attack [by the Chinese in Korea] we would feel free to use the atomic bomb against military targets, whenever military advantages dictated such use. This awakened in Winston many fears. Britain, he argued, was a small crowded island; one good nuclear bombing could destroy it, and recklessness might provoke such a catastrophe. I earnestly assured Winston that I had no intention of acting rashly, saying that I merely wanted our friends to know that past limitations on our actions . . . would not necessarily be observed."

Richard Nixon, while campaigning for office in 1968, spoke with approbation of President Eisenhower's desire to let our friends know how seriously we took the Korean war. A similar approach might work for the Vietnam war, Nixon implied. Talking to Southern delegates at the Republican Convention, in Miami Beach, he said, "How do you bring a war to a conclusion? I'll tell you how Korea was ended. We got in there and had this messy war on our hands. Eisenhower let the word go out—let the word go out diplomatically—to the Chinese and the North Koreans that we would not tolerate this continual ground war of attrition. And within a matter of months they negotiated." In March, 1955, while he was Vice-President, Mr. Nixon told the Executive Club of Chicago, "The weapons which were used during the Korean war and World War Two are obsolete. Our artillery and our tactical Air Force in the Pacific are now equipped with atomic explosives which can and will be used on military targets with precision and effectiveness. It is foolish to talk about the possibility that the weapons which might be used in the event war breaks out in the Pacific would be limited to the conventional Korean and World War Two types of explosives. Our forces could not fight an effective war in the Pacific with those types of explosives if they wanted to. Tactical atomic explosives are now conventional and will be used against the military targets of any aggressive force."

IF a President does decide to launch a nuclear warhead against Vietnam—or anywhere else—he will not lack willing hands to carry out his orders. This is the unsurprising impression I gained while wandering through the Pentagon, whose labyrinthine corridors led me to the offices of various military spokesmen. None of these men bluntly urged the use of nuclear bombs in the current war, but a number of them had a good deal to say about our failure to do so in the Korean war when hordes of Chinese troops were crossing the Yalu River—a time, it will be recalled, when Russia loved China but wasn't nearly the nuclear power it now is. In addition to representing a missed opportunity, it was asserted, the Korean war had probably conditioned us to think of atomic bombs as forbidden armament—an effect whose importance, it was said, may have transcended that of the war itself. One civilian official told me, "If the Chinese invaded Vietnam the way they did Korea, it would be a national disgrace if we didn't clobber them with nukes. And another thing—this time the Russians wouldn't mind it."

In the Pentagon, I listened to considerable talk about "tactical" nuclear weapons—weapons, it was stressed, that were not to be confused with "strategic" ones, in general our highest-yield systems, which were usually denounced there as monstrous city-killers. Compared to them, I gathered from Defense Department people, tacticals bordered on the humane, since, in theory, their use would be confined to military targets; thousands of tacticals are at present stored in South Korea, Guam, Okinawa, and other Far Eastern points within easy delivery distance of Indo-China. In contrast to most strategic weapons, whose explosive yields range from hundreds of thousands to millions of tons of TNT, tacticals start at tens of tons and go on up to many times the twenty-thousand-ton-yield that obliterated Hiroshima. An ordnance analyst who discussed tacticals with me said that if he were President and we were losing a war he would not have the slightest hesitation about availing himself of tacticals. "In a way, they're middle-of-the-road weapons—more powerful than conventional ones but not as devastating as strategics," he told me. He added parenthetically that he was generalizing, without reference to Vietnam.

Both in and out of the Pentagon, I found, tacticals were a rife topic, the interest in them turning on whether their utility offered a specious excuse for "crossing the nuclear threshold." People who had misgivings about them argued that the lower a weapon's yield, the more thinkable its use. Ambassador Vance told me, "Those who see merit in tacticals claim that they are nothing but large explosives whose use would result in limited casualties and limited contamination. I consider that a fantasy, and, fortunately, I believe that is also the view of many Soviet leaders. In my opinion, if tacticals were used, there would be retaliation in kind, and before very long strategics would be in the picture." A man who had been Assistant Secretary of Defense in the Johnson Administration told me, "I would destroy tacticals. Strategics are worth having. They keep both us and the Russians well behaved." He also said that the reputedly low yields of tacticals had a way of filling some people's heads with gimmicky notions; one such notion he had heard of was the fashioning of a nuclear hand grenade, its power to be the equivalent of five thousand tons of TNT—which, he recalled, "used to be a good night's yield over Berlin in World War Two." To a disarmament scholar at the Brookings Institution, however, the line of demarcation between tacticals and strategics was very much in the eye of the beholder. In practice, he told me, the likeliest use of tacticals would be to defend friendly soil, and thus, if Russian forces invaded West Germany, we, in keeping with NATO agreements, might throw tacticals at the invaders. The Germans, surveying the damage to themselves and their homeland, might easily feel that they had been defended

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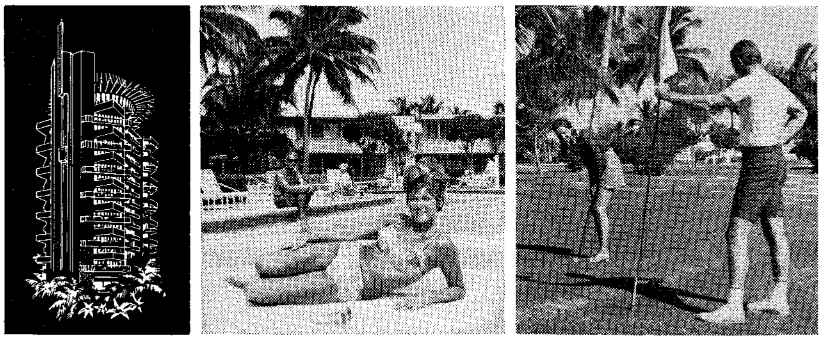

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by weapons that were more strategic than tactical. "One nation's tactical may well be another's strategic," the scholar remarked.

The proponents of tacticals saw little chance of having their way in the immediate future. Of the Vietnam war, a Pentagon official said, "Winning it with nukes is out." He spoke bleakly of our current policy of nonvictory, but then so did his colleagues, all of whom insisted that the military had fallen low in public esteem. A Defense physicist blamed this on the public's "emotional attitude" toward nuclear weapons. He was confident, however, that before too long the military would regain its good name. "I have faith in Americans," the physicist said. "We thrive on crises. That's when we're at our best. Take Cuba. Take the Sputnik. Look at how we rose to those crises. And if one comes along in Vietnam we'll do just as well."

IN the absence of any such crisis at present, our forces persevere in Vietnam with conventional arms, secure in the knowledge that our atomic bombs can spare us from total defeat. They represent our supreme military option, but, from everything I could learn, it is not clear whether they are a guarantee against defeat or against victory. In Washington, I found little interest in resolving this dilemma, with the minds of our leaders fixed on keeping our formidable option open, blurred though it may be. It is a familiar approach, its ends pursued with familiar means. The ultimate weapon continues to be made more ultimate, here and, no doubt, in Russia; in the Pentagon I heard enthusiastic reports of improved accuracy in our missiles. The guessing game of "enoughness" goes on unabated, its premise being "We must not have too many nukes or the enemy will feel threatened, but we must not have too few or he will attack." Contingency plans proliferate, their chief producer the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Pentagon's highest echelon. The Joint Chiefs are charged by the National Security Act with giving the President the benefit of their professional experience, but since there are no veterans of full-scale nuclear exchanges, the charge may be partly anachronistic. Having been permitted to enter the tightly guarded precincts of the Joint Chiefs, I sat in a Pentagon conference room with six officers who are members of the Studies, Analysis, and Gaming Agency, the unit that supervises war games. These are usually played by teams of ten, I was told, the opponents matching wits over a scenario "into which we build a crisis." The players are "an inter-agency mix," and it isn't easy to recruit them, for a game entails two or three sessions, each lasting hours, and, as a member of the games unit said, "Everyone's so busy. But once they get here, they go all out to win. They get to know each other under pressure." He also informed me that Vietnam war games pose special problems, saying, "It is harder to game a limited-war complex than it is an all-out deal." A colleague of his told me, "Something short of all-out war seems to be the thing ahead, but that's only my opinion. Nothing we come up with here is what you would call 'predictive.' It's just 'probable,' with a little 'maybe' thrown in." Another of the officers said that games sometimes allowed for the use of tacticals. When I asked whether these involved Vietnam, he said he preferred to remain unspecific. The same man informed me that the games depended on data regarding such factors as the enemy's system of command and control and his weapons, logistics, and established military habits. "We stick strictly to the enemy's capabilities," he told me. "We try to avoid thinking of things like intentions and public opinion."

As in the past, military requests for money continue to be made without letup. Listening to an official of a civilian agency that passes on such requests, I gathered that they were as abundant as contingency plans. The official, an old hand at his job, has the impression that the military thinks the end of the world is due tomorrow. He said, "The military doesn't like to take chances, which is understandable. But putting in for any and all weapons systems just as long as they don't defy the laws of physics is something else again. It's not the way to develop great military effectiveness." Perhaps because of its preoccupation with the future, he went on, the military was sometimes slow to recognize its cultural lags. In illustration, he informed me that a lot of money was going down the drain in Vietnam because our airmen missed their targets too often, the reason for this being that our crews were in planes that had been originally designed for dropping nuclear bombs. "With nukes, a near miss is as good as a direct hit, but our pilots aren't using nukes," the official said. One of his colleagues told me that appropriations for nuclear weapons rose again in 1970—a development that pleased the Air Force. "They think nukes are their turf," he said. On Capitol Hill, though, Representative Holifield reminded me that the Navy, too, had made the nuclear scene, with its fleet of forty-one Polaris submarines, each of which has much more firepower than we expended in the entire Second World War. The thought of the Polaris fleet left some Army theatre commanders unhappy, I was told by a staff investigator of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "A theatre commander wants control over his own bailiwick," he said. "He wants a piece of the action—meaning his own missiles. He doesn't want it on his mind that if Charlie, or whoever, is going to be disintegrated, it'll be some invisible skipper thousands of miles away who does the job."

TO sum up, there is no certainty that we won't drop an atomic bomb on Indo-China. Indeed, there hasn't been any such certainty since at least 1966, when all the nuclear powers failed to join in support of a United Nations resolution that would have restricted the use of nuclear weapons. However, nearly all the people I interviewed regard it as extremely unlikely that we will use nuclear bombs in Indo-China, their skepticism being based on their faith in the doctrine of deterrence, which stands or falls on the assumption that all of us—and not least heads of state—want to live. I met no one who saw deterrence in a redemptive light; it has made long-term hostages of the populations of this country as well as of Russia while fostering an increasing deployment of nuclear weapons everywhere, particularly in the vicinity of Indo-China. Nevertheless, the doctrine's gospel of "No news is good news" has a lot of disciples. A reluctant one told me, "The only trouble with deterrence is that it would take just a few fools to upset it." It may be assumed, by extension, that it is no foolproof proposition that Indo-China is safe from our nuclear bombs—at least, not while the details of how the fighting will end are unknown. Mr. Rusk, among many others, hopes devoutly that it will not have a nuclear finish. "It would destroy not only the answers but the questions. It might be our last political decision," he said.

—DANIEL LANG

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American poetry, however, as any reader of Ginsberg's "How!" can see, has spread out in many different directions.

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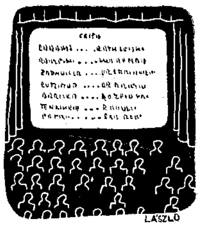
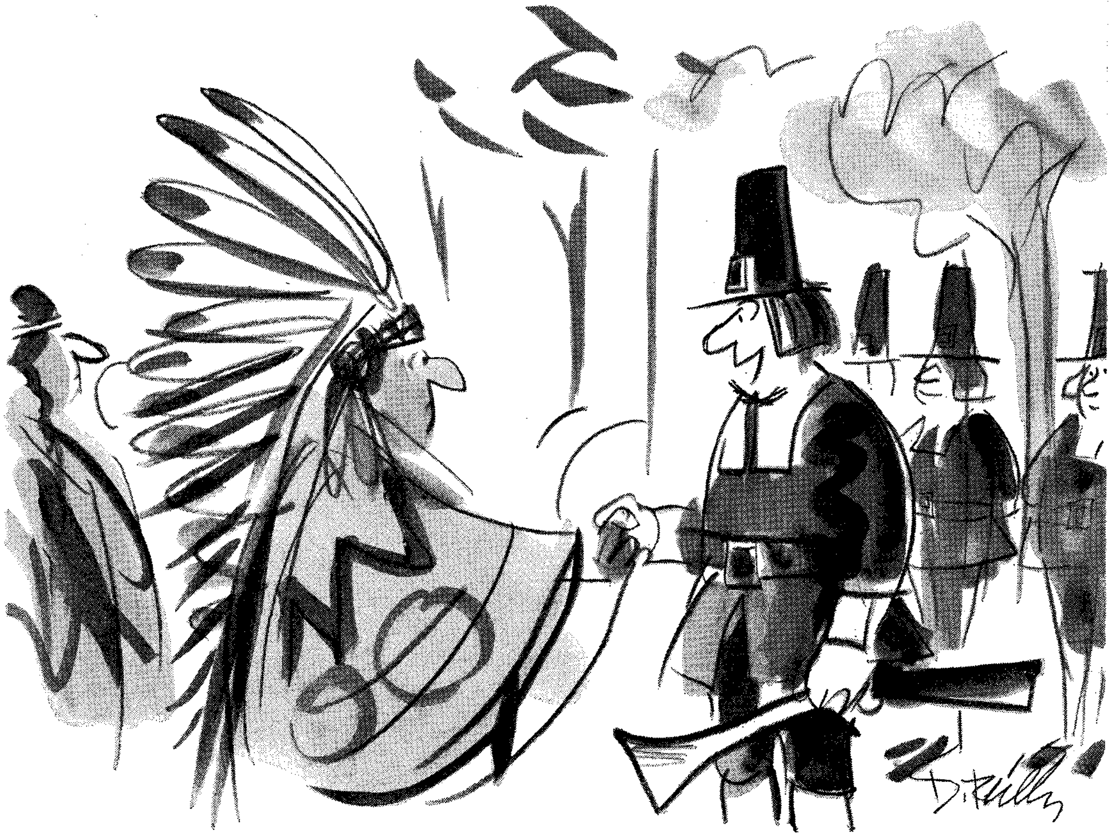


Alex (Donald Sutherland), a movie director, has made only one movie, which has been previewed but has not yet been released; his fretting and fantasying over his next project are the subject of “Alex in Wonderland.” It’s too bad that the writers, Paul Mazursky (who directed) and Larry Tucker (who produced), never chose to reveal what sort of first movie it was that Alex had directed, because if it was anything like “Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice,” the début film that made Mazursky’s and Tucker’s reputation, Alex’s Felliniesque fantasy sequences might have gained some badly needed comic resonance. But since Mazursky and Tucker don’t make the joke, it’s a joke on them that men with a talent for situation comedy and revue humor, men who are best when the camera barely moves, are busily creating fiery apocalyptic visions for their hero. It’s a bad joke, because their small satirical-comedy gift is rare.

If the imitation of “8½” were used for self-parody—as Alex’s way of putting himself down—the fantasies might reverberate in his everyday life, but as it has been done the fantasies don’t work on enough levels to be suggestive. Alex’s fantasy life has no intensity—it’s a series of emotionally antiseptic reveries, staged like the big production numbers in a musical. The flattery of Fellini is so sincere and single-edged that after Mazursky and Tucker went through God knows what machinations to get Fellini himself to appear in this film, they failed to provide him with good material. They must have thought his presence would work magic, but he adds nothing—he’s very tight, very dull.

Mazursky and Tucker had been on to something fresh—an affectionate, ambivalent way of observing the contradictions in how we live. Fortunately, some of that observation still shows in the nonfantasy sections of “Alex in Wonderland”: in the domestic scenes of Alex, his wife (Ellen Burstyn), and their two daughters; and in the ambience of the new Hollywood. The film comes out of a true wonderland—the chaotic new Hollywood, where the anti-Establishment filmmakers have become the Establishment and the Establishment executives pose as anti-Establishment. In this wonderland, some studio heads may actually have been appointed to make movies, but others appear to have been appointed to dismantle the studios. During the auction of M-G-M artifacts last spring, “Alex in Wonderland” and Roger Vadim’s “Pretty Maids All in a Row,” starring Rock Hudson, were the only movies in production on the lot. The ads for “Alex in Wonderland” show Sutherland’s great, hairy head in the M-G-M lion’s niche, and “Alex in Wonderland” captures for the first time on the screen the palmy-hip look of the new Hollywood. The sixties swingers have now adopted the prophetic-saintly style, which is super-relaxed. Bearded producers come out of their Polynesian-Tudor homes wearing Indian headbands and talking revolution with the fashionable pauses and non sequiturs of their Beverly Hills High stoned adolescents. Mazursky and Tucker, with their background in improvisational revue, slip into the new idioms and rhythms and wriggle around in them comfortably. M-G-M is cuddling vipers, and the vipers love being cuddled. Mazursky doesn’t overdo the waggish architecture of Los Angeles; the Spanish house that Alex considers buying is by some standards an atrocity, but it’s probably heaven to live in. The movie doesn’t put down the unbuttoned look of movie people; it accepts their adaptation to the sun. And it tries to do justice to the curious situation of talented Jews’ raising their children to believe in Martin Luther King and Gandhi while they themselves are harboring fantasies of an armed uprising of blacks taking over Beverly Hills, and are so divided against themselves that they are, of course, for the blacks.

The satire of Hollywood is exact, and it’s loving without losing its bite, though the film’s only real triumph is malicious—a long revue skit in which Alex goes to lunch with a producer, Hal Stern, played by Mazursky. Mazursky pulls the picture together in this sequence the way Mel Brooks’ brief appearance onscreen turns “The



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"Twelve Chairs" into what it should have been. Mazursky's Hal Stern, in his Richard III haircut, and with his shirt hanging out over his roll of flab, struts like a baby boy whose parents patted him on the head for every step he ever took; his personality is so clearly defined that we know his phony new "openness" to any idea as soon as we see him. The propositions he offers Alex—a script on a heart transplant, Don Quixote as a Western—*are* the projects that directors have been getting offered. If this level of satirical accuracy had been sustained, the movie might have been a classic. Even written as it is, if Mazursky had played Alex and played him as a sharp, tough hipster who's making it big in Hollywood, Alex's dreams of directing art films might have been exposed as the current Hollywood fashion in dreams. But Sutherland's Alex is nebulous and glamorous, and his dreams seem to be intended as expressions of creativity. Sutherland isn't bad—he's loose and he has a soft-spoken way with dialogue—but we get no sense of a person there, or of what kind of drive or talent is hidden in his flowing beard and picture hats. He's wonderful when he leans back in fatuous satisfaction as Jeanne Moreau (who appears briefly as herself) sings to him. But he's so cool he drifts away while you're watching him.

One of the dangers of Mazursky's casual style is that if a scene doesn't come off, it's really dead—like the supermarket scene here, or the hand-held-camera sequence in the empty Spanish house. But for a dithering film "Alex in Wonderland" has a surprising number of good things: a long travelling shot of the baroque ceiling of an old picture palace, ending at the popcorn counter; a vision of Alex and Jeanne Moreau in a carriage drawn by white horses on a Hollywood overpass; the offhand performance of Mazursky's daughter Meg as Alex's intelligent, sensible twelve-year-old; the accuracy of Ellen Burstyn's tight-jawed portrait of the competent yet distraught Hollywood wife—one of those wives whose jaws get a hard set from the nights when they sit soberly at parties waiting to take their sloshed geniuses home. (Hollywood wives often seem to have been chosen because they're great drivers.)

But, good as he is on the new Hollywood, Mazursky can't get a satirical grip on the old Hollywood. When the voice of a very young Doris Day is heard singing "Hooray for Hollywood" over a satirical fantasy of guerrilla vio-

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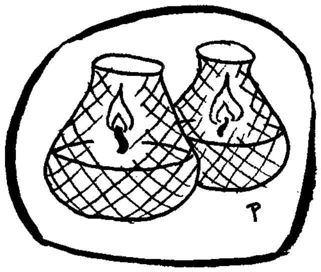
lence on Hollywood Boulevard, the device backfires, because at least she knew what she was doing and Mazursky doesn't. When a free-style conversation is going on in Alex's bedroom while Harlow and Tracy are on the TV screen in "Riff Raff," we want to listen to the voices on the box, because there isn't enough conviction on Mazursky's part or on Sutherland's part that Alex's conversation is worth listening to. The film's informality is promising, but it's almost as if the modern disintegration of drama and conventional movie structure had disoriented precisely those who might have been expected to use the flux creatively. The hacks go on as if nothing much had changed, while the talented people are so afraid of failing to be unconventional enough that they fall apart.



It is right, in a way, that Alex's ideas are not much better than the projects Hal Stern offers him; it is right that he is despondent, because all he has is the instinct to know how crummy Stern's ideas are. But this irony—that directors who finally get into a position to do what they want to do don't know what they want to do—which is potentially the biggest joke in the new Hollywood, isn't developed. It isn't developed even though "Alex in Wonderland" is a reflection of it. Afraid that any subject they might select would be considered square, student filmmakers (using "8½" as their model) often begin with a spoof of their own dilemma—their search for a great subject. The subject of the film thus becomes their own empty-headedness. And that's the subject of Mazursky's and Tucker's "Alex in Wonderland."

"BREWSTER MCCLOUD," directed by Robert Altman, whose last film was "M*A*S*H," opens with a derisive remark coming in over the M-G-M lion's roar. In "Alex in Wonderland," movie-colony schoolchildren sing "Over the Rainbow;" in this one the Wicked Witch herself, Margaret Hamilton, sings "The Star-Spangled Banner" off key at the Houston Astrodome, and dies in her ruby slippers. "Brewster McCloud" is almost as full of movie quotes and references as "Alex in Wonderland," but they're not linked to a director figure; they're not really linked to much of anything. The picture is irreverent and parodistic—like a Road Runner cartoon, though it doesn't have the clear pattern or the established characters of a cartoon. The conception is amorphous; there's no frame of reference beyond the general notion of the life of the imagination (represented by Brewster, building wings to fly with) versus the rude, soulless materialists (Stacy Keach as a miserly old billionaire; the patriotic, croaking witch; a racist-sadist narcotics agent; and so on). Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort) is a weird conceit: a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also the imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan or Rima the bird boy. It appears that he would be able to fly, with the help of his fairy godmother-guardian angel (Sally Kellerman), but she deserts him when he loses his virginity. She has lost her own wings; we are not told whether from the same cause, or why in this liberated atmosphere sex and taking flight are mutually exclusive—as in a Victorian fable. We should be able to grasp intuitively what Brewster is meant to represent, but whatever Altman had in mind doesn't emerge in Brewster's disconsolate baby face.

The picture has a demoralized, melancholy, yet silly tone; it isn't noisy, but it's somewhat manic. It's disconnected in a way that could be explained as social comment or as a new, free style, but I don't think it is either. Altman has a distinctive easygoing use of overlapping sound, and the track sometimes has an independent life; and he has a distinctive sense of film rhythm. But the individual sequences don't reveal what they're for—they can be taken in almost any way—and when they're all put together the picture has no driving impulse and no internal consistency. The ambiguities (such as whether Brewster or the fallen-angel-lady or a mysterious crow commits the murders) seem more like a form of indecision than like purposeful ambiguity. And yet it all appears to be done with considerable directorial confidence—as if Altman didn't know that the gags were schoolboy humor, the characterization vague, and the dialogue a shambles. Most of the members of the cast are weak—probably because they are playing almost unwritten roles, and the gaps haven't been plugged by improvisation. When an actor is supposed to parody a Steve McQueen hotshot San Francisco police detective but is given almost nothing to work with except the repeated exclamation "Jesus Christ!" the effect isn't parody and it isn't comedy. It's like a rehearsal, with the actors just saying anything while waiting for the script to arrive.

THE new Western "There Was a Crooked Man . . ." seems to have been written by an evil two-year-old, and it has been directed in the Grand Rapids style of filmmaking, but it's a movie pastiche, too. Everything in it is stolen from old movies and stood on its head. The clichés are just as stale upside-down, and are presented as leering realism. While the traditional Westerns gradually settled into the John Wayne mold—the strong, silent man of action for the silent majority—in the sixties the form began to be used in a new spirit of cynicism, as in the spaghetti Westerns and such American hits as "The Professionals." "There Was a Crooked Man . . ." represents a new low in cynicism. Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who directed, and David Newman and Robert Benton, who wrote the script, would probably say that it merely mirrored the meaninglessness of a corrupt, polluted world, but the sophisticated amorality of this picture, which glorifies a mercenary killer (Kirk Douglas) and makes cheap fun of prison reform, is fundamentally ugly, and the more so because it is done in such a self-satisfied, cutie-pie, aren't-we-clever style. This picture is far more reactionary than the John Wayne pictures, since it ridicules any beliefs or ideals beyond gratifying one's own greed.

Kirk Douglas—red-haired this time, as if he weren't flamboyant enough—is a smart, wisecracking robber-killer who is sent to a territorial prison in the Arizona desert in the eighteen-eighties; he becomes the leader of the prisoners and, for his own purposes, coöperates with Henry Fonda, the warden, in changing the prison from a brutalizing place into a decent one. The film, however, wouldn't dream of being square and standing for any kind of decency; it plays murderous double-crossing games until any characters with a decent impulse are dead fools or have become crooked. There's nobody to root for but Douglas, the charmer-jokester who cold-bloodedly wipes out all his buddies and most of the rest of the prison population. Kirk Douglas is maybe the least relaxed and least subtle of enduring screen stars. He's *on* all the time; he holds your attention without really interesting you. But he's a commanding presence, and Mankiewicz uses him for that cocky magnetism. The picture just keeps chugging along—but it has Douglas, and a group of actors working to steal as many scenes as possible (Hume Cronyn, playing a homosexual in the worked-up style that makes you certain he's played a homosexual on the stage recently; Martin Gabel; Burgess Meredith; Warren Oates; John Randolph). It isn't altogether boring, but it does seem as if the only rationale Mankiewicz and Newman and Benton had was to make a movie that wouldn't be boring.

Would the story have emerged as a spoof Western, kidding the heroic clichés, if it had been directed in a lighter spirit? I don't think so. The cynicism goes very deep: as flies to wanton boys are the characters to Newman and Benton. When the implications of a plot are not considered, when the writers and the director don't take the responsibility for the meaning of what they're working on, they are defining themselves as hacks. I thought it a despicable movie, not because I believe that audiences will take its commercialized nihilism very seriously but because of its clay heart. Is it naïve to ask how, when our prisons are packed with the uneducated, the addicted, and the retarded, thinking men can make such a picture? Look under the amorality and you'll find the true amorality. —PAULINE KAEL

• •

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before the fire man came with
coals cupped in smoking hands
his head an old wound wrapped
against cold

and the outbuildings
still kept to themselves
behind clouded windows waiting
by tethered goats for the first
chimney to smoke

I drew back
the curtain and saw the day
standing to one side in the forest
and above the trees the white
land lacking

bread, fire,
or water. I remembered how
in the night I looked south
and you were so far away
I couldn't breathe.

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LETTER FROM THE SPACE CENTER

SINCE the accident on the Apollo 13 spacecraft last April—when an oxygen tank blew up in the craft's service module, endangering the lives of the three astronauts and forcing them to come home without landing on the moon—the scientists and engineers at the Manned Spacecraft Center have been going about their preparations for the Apollo 14 mission, scheduled for launching on January 31st, somewhat warily. One geologist told me the other day, "The rocks are no longer our primary concern. Now we just hope that the astronauts will get back safely." The April accident did not result in the same degree of recrimination and reorganization around the National Aeronautics and Space Administration that followed the death of three astronauts in a launch-pad fire in January, 1967, but it did result in a number of changes in the spacecraft that the Apollo 14 astronauts will fly to the moon, especially in the two oxygen tanks in the service module, one of which exploded—or, in NASA's term, had a "failure." NASA doesn't like to use the word "exploded" in connection with its spacecraft, any more than an airline would like to apply the word to one of its aircraft. (The "failure" was in fact the result of a rapid increase of pressure inside the tank.) Explosion or not, the astronauts in the spacecraft reported hearing "a bang." The accident was later investigated by a commission appointed by Dr. Thomas O. Paine, then the NASA administrator, and headed by Edgar M. Cortright, the director of NASA's Langley Research Center, at Hampton, Virginia, and the investigators placed the blame on safety switches of the wrong voltage inside the oxygen tank and the subsequent application of too many volts to the switches while the spacecraft was on the ground. In consequence, the Teflon insulation on some wires inside the tank was burned off. Then, during the fifty-fifth hour of the flight, when an astronaut turned on a fan inside the tank to stir up the oxygen, two of the naked wires were close enough together for an arc of electricity to pass between them. The result was the first calamity in space. The rupture was forcible enough to damage the only other oxygen tank, and since the two oxygen tanks were part of the system for generating the spacecraft's electricity, the command and service modules quickly lost all except battery power. The astronauts could not have survived if it had not been for the lunar module, which they used as a lifeboat to bring them back to earth.

The Cortright commission completed its recommendations to NASA in June, and these have been carried out to the extent that the engineer chiefly responsible for spacecraft safety has said the oxygen system is "no longer a safety consideration." The inadequate safety switches have been removed from the two oxygen tanks, and so have the fans. All wires inside the tanks are now sheathed in stainless steel. A better alarm system for reporting any technical trouble has been installed both in the spacecraft and in the Mission Control Center at Houston. Moreover, a third oxygen tank has been put in the service module—far away from the others—and so has an auxiliary battery powerful enough to bring the astronauts home from any point on a trip to the moon. The extra oxygen tank and the battery in effect turn the command and service modules into a second lifeboat, supplementing the one provided by the lunar module. This is such a logical solution to the problem of the astronauts' safety that it is hard to understand why it wasn't thought of before. The NASA engineers are very much aware of the fact that if the accident had happened somewhat later in the mission—while the lunar module was on the moon or after the astronauts had jettisoned it on their way home—the flight of Apollo 13 would have had a different ending.

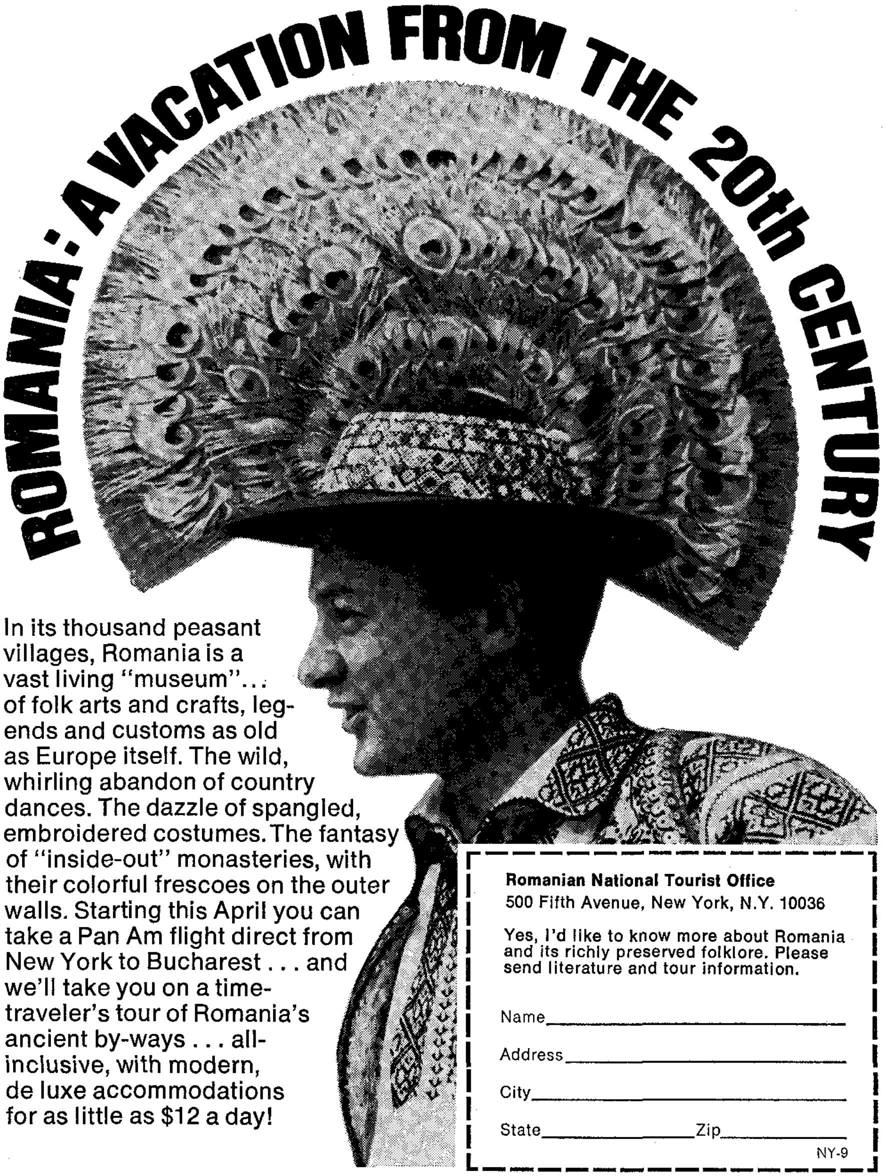
THE Space Center is in a state of transition. Because of budget cuts, the moon, which has been full for NASA for so long, is now a half moon, and it will soon become a tiny sliver, and may disappear altogether. As the moon wanes, NASA, with not altogether unmixed motives, has become interested in such non-space subjects as earth resources and ecology. Yet NASA's approach to the earth is very much like its approach to the moon, for in its view both are planets to be explored by spacecraft. And NASA is now planning to explore the beautiful blue planet that Neil Armstrong reported seeing from the Sea of Tranquillity back in July, 1969. Its chief manned vehicle for this exploration is the Skylab, which is a space station made of pieces left over from the Apollo program, and which will be put into orbit around the earth in late 1972. The space station will be built inside the third stage of a Saturn rocket, which will orbit the earth about two hundred and seventy miles out, and astronauts will travel to and from it in Apollo command modules. The Skylab is a stepping stone, for—if the Skylab project proves, as scientists are confident it will, that man can live in space for a long time without ill effects—in 1978 NASA is planning to orbit a huge space

W. Steig

station with room for a couple of dozen scientists and astronauts, who can come and go on weekly flights of a space shuttle, which will be about the size of a Boeing 747. It may be that much of NASA's new fascination with our planet—Spacecraft Earth, as ecology-minded space men call it—arises from the realization that the earth, with its closed ecological system, is far and away the biggest piece of space hardware of all.

At the Space Center, the tidal pull of earth and moon is creating strange crosscurrents. In the lobby outside the Space Center's auditorium, there is a full-sized dummy of an astronaut, all in white except for his golden helmet, walking on a lunar *mare*—only the background is no longer the moon but a long folding screen bearing photomurals of the earth and the Skylab. Inside the auditorium, where astronauts have held press conferences before going to the moon, there was recently a three-day meeting—the third annual Conference on Earth Resources. Most of the work on earth resources has, of course, been done with conventional aircraft, and one earth-resource scientist I talked with felt that NASA was horning in. The science of learning about earth resources from the air—or from space—is in its infancy, and the conference was concerned less with actual discoveries than with the kinds of things that might be discovered. During an intermission, when a couple of hundred earth scientists were milling about in the lobby and looking at pictures of the Skylab, I spotted Dr. John Dietrich, the geologist, who had helped train some of the astronauts sent to the moon, and who has also been working with photographs of the moon taken from lunar orbit. When I asked him what brought a lunar geologist to a conference on earth resources, he replied that he was "moving back to the earth out of a strong desire to be in a continuing program." He said he felt as if he had come full circle, because before coming to the Space Center he had worked in earth resources as a photogeologist for the Texas State Survey. Dr. Dietrich said he was having troubles with his reëntry to the earth, though, for the study of earth resources from space was developing so rapidly that at the conference he was "just sitting in the auditorium, wide-eyed and wide-eared."

After the intermission, I followed Dr. Dietrich into the auditorium and listened to an address by Dr. R. R. Anderson, a biologist at the American University, in Washington, D.C., on



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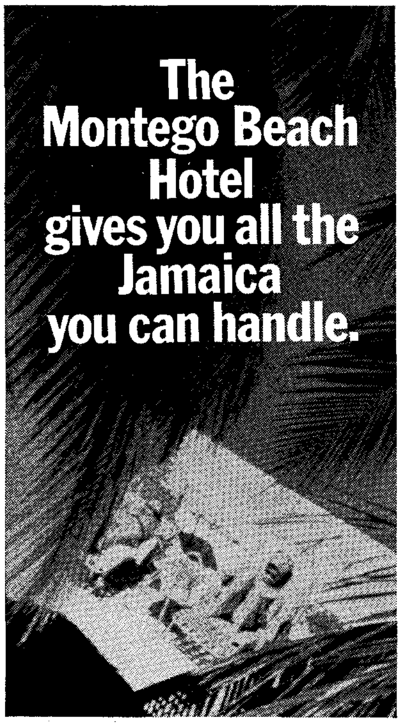

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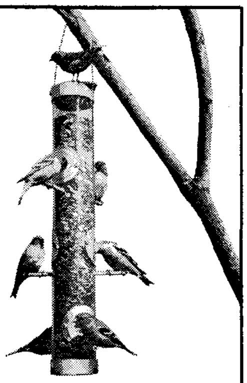

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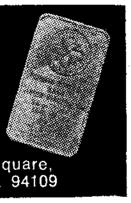

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how he had used an infrared sensor from an airplane to detect pollution that steel and chemical plants had discharged into Chesapeake Bay. He projected some color slides that made the bay look like an oil slick; with the infrared sensor, which is sensitive to heat, each swirl of color represented different temperature zones, caused by different types of pollution, and each swirl narrowed at its source, to point accusingly at the factory it came from. Next, Dr. F. E. Horton, of the United States Geological Survey, projected an infrared slide with bands of colors similar to the swirls in the pictures of Chesapeake Bay. This slide, he said, was the city of Washington, and the different colors represented not different types of pollution but different sections of the city, such as the commercial areas, areas of multi-unit dwellings, and areas of single-unit dwellings, each of which seemed to emit heat in its own characteristic way. He felt that a number of these pictures taken over a period of time could be combined with census statistics to indicate how urban areas grow and change, and that this information might make it possible to predict a city's future development.

TO make way for the Skylab, the space station, and the shuttle, three Apollo flights have been dropped—and one was lost, of course, when Apollo 13 failed to land on the moon. This leaves only four to go, and the lunar scientists are hardly pleased. Most scientists believe that NASA may initially have gone to the moon for the wrong reasons—among them a specious space race and pressure from the aerospace industry—but just the same it is hard for them to understand how the moon can be dismissed so quickly after men have learned to go there and study it. They regard the moon as a companion volume to the history of the earth, providing early chapters that are missing from ours, and now it is to be put aside with what seems to the scientists utter fickleness—a fickleness that confirms their worst suspicions of why we went there in the first place. They point out that the knowledge gained from the Apollo trips is cumulative, and that to cut the last few missions at this point could make the difference between a proper and an improper understanding of the moon. What is more, the country has already spent around twenty-five billion dollars in trying to learn about the moon, and the decision to cut missions now, for a relatively small saving, is penny-wise and pound-foolish.

Recently, in Houston, I talked with Dr. Paul Gast, the chief of planetary and earth sciences at the Space Center, who until a year ago was a geochemist at the Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, in Palisades, New York. Dr. Gast, who has an intense, lively face and an unruly shock of light-blond and gray hair, is a quick, nervous talker. He said, "Our basic objective should be to exploit the capability we've developed to explore the moon with a *man*, and so we must go on until we answer those basic questions about the moon which can be answered *only* by a man. How many trips we need to do this no one can say precisely. We know that the number must be greater than two, because we've had two landings and there's lots more to do; in fact, man is just beginning to be used on the moon in a meaningful way. And it's safe to say that we could achieve our goal with fewer than ten missions. After Apollo 14, our last three missions will have a greater capability—the astronauts can stay longer on the moon, they will be much better trained in what to look for, they will have better space suits, and they'll even have a car to drive. These three missions are the absolute minimum needed to get us to the stage where we can sit back and say that we've used the Apollo capability to the point of diminishing returns. It depends, of course, on what we learn. But if we don't have at least these three missions, we're handing the whole show over to the competitors."

I asked Dr. Gast about the unmanned car that the competitors landed on the moon in November. He said, "I wish we could get together with the Russians! They're obviously testing their moon car now. It's in an early stage of development, like our first Surveyor, and if it grows into the kind of vehicle they want, it would be fascinating to combine the Russian unmanned exploration, which is good for sampling wide areas of the moon, with followup American landing operations at the spots that seemed most promising. Using them together would substantially enhance the value of both. But an unmanned program like theirs is apt to reach a point of diminishing returns much sooner than ours. The real need for a man on the moon is that once you understand something, man becomes progressively more valuable. Man is able to build on his knowledge much better than a machine can, so that as the things you learn become more complex, the role of a man becomes more important. But now, with Apollo coming to an end and the Soviet unmanned program just getting under way, we're doing things the wrong way around. NASA can sell the Skylab program, because it appears to be related to the big environmental questions of the day. But whether it really *is* related to them remains to be proved."

WHEN the Apollo flights are over—the last one, Apollo 17, is scheduled for July, 1972—men will not be going to the moon again in the foreseeable future, so the scientists want to make the most of the four flights they have left. The Apollo 14 astronauts, led by Captain Alan B. Shepard, will go to the place on the moon where Apollo 13 was supposed to land—the Fra Mauro area, which is hilly country to the left of the center of the moon as it rises. There is a NASA committee that selects the lunar landing sites—it is called the Group for Lunar Exploration Planning, or GLEP—and it conceives of each flight as part of an overall design to throw a pattern of instruments around the moon and return rocks from spots that would give the best sampling of it. The meetings of GLEP are a little like auctions, with scientists whose instruments can be best set up on the lowland *maria* dickering with geologists who want rocks from the highlands—and even hot-mooners bargaining with cold-mooners to go to sites they think may be volcanic. The Fra Mauro landing site—the first landing site in the highlands—was thought to be such a crucial part of the pattern (or what was left of the pattern) that GLEP has decided to have another go at it with Apollo 14. It is only about twelve hundred yards higher than the two *maria* sites where the earlier astronauts landed, and although the area is called "the highlands," it is not craggy, as its name might imply, but rolling land that on another planet might have been pretty farming country. But when the astronauts walk about in its dirt, they may be doing so in dust laid down at the time the world began. The highlands, which are whitish areas that make up about eighty per cent of the moon's surface, are thought to be the original surface of the moon, with the black *maria* being holes punched through the crust by meteors so big that some scientists call them "planetoids"—the masses of some of them must have been comparable to continents—and the craters they made were so deep that (according to one theory) they later

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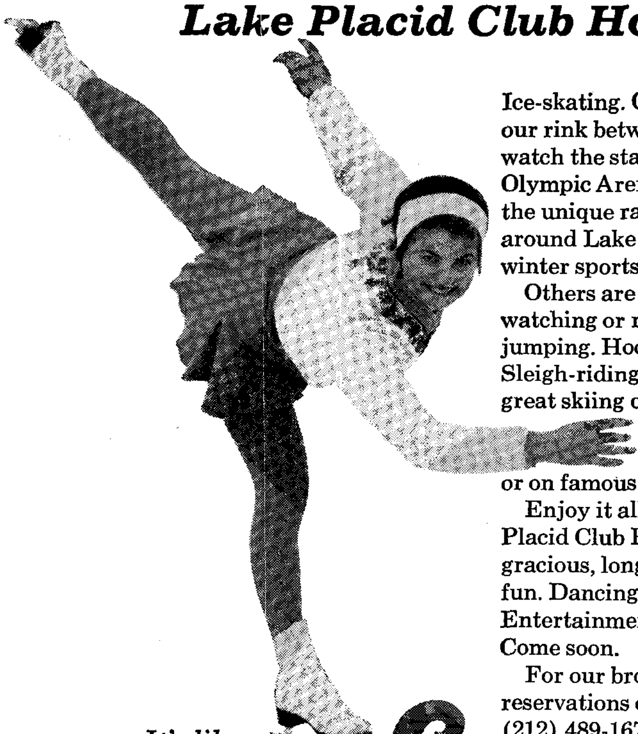

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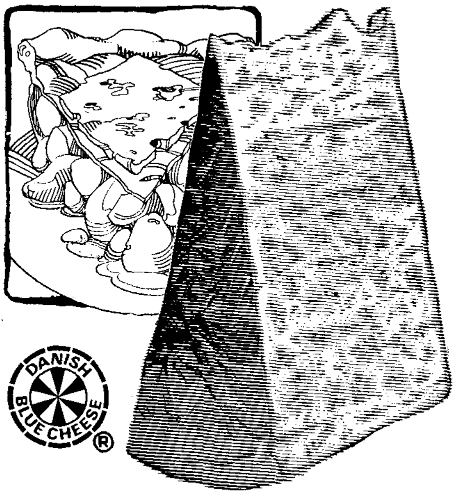

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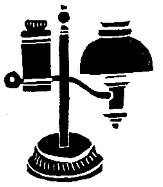
filled up with dark lava welling up from the moon's interior. The two batches of rocks that the Apollo 11 and 12 astronauts brought back from the two *maria* sites were three billion six hundred million and two billion five hundred million years old, respectively, but since the highlands presumably originated before the lowlands, they should prove to be older, and already some lunar scientists have predicted that the light-colored rocks there will turn out to be four billion six hundred million years old—the age of some Apollo 11 and 12 rock fragments that may have been scattered to the *maria* by impacts in the highlands. This is the age of many of the meteors that have hit the earth, and the coincidence (or *potential* coincidence, since the age of the highlands has not been proved yet) makes many of the lunar scientists think it to be the age of the solar system itself. But Fra Mauro may turn out to be a peculiar sort of highland, and not part of the original crust of the moon at all, because it is so placed in relation to the Mare Imbrium (the big black bull's-eye at the top of the moon as it rises) that some geologists think it may be material splashed out of the Mare Imbrium by the impact of the planetoid that made that *mare*. The Mare Imbrium is so circular and fresh-looking that it is believed to have been made by one of the last planetoids that hit the moon, and accordingly, it is thought, a rock from Fra Mauro might give a terminal date for the planetoid period. This date, in turn, would tell whether these big impacts occurred at the time of the creation of the moon and the planets or came at a later period in the history of the solar system. If they came later, traces of similar impacts might still be found on the earth, and a number of lunar geologists are hoping that the rocks from Fra Mauro will turn out to be the same age as the oldest rocks on earth.



IF the Apollo 14 astronauts are on target, the lunar module will pass over a group of three craters called Triplet and land just short of two craters called Doublet, setting the astronauts down within walking distance of a good-sized crater called Cone, which they will have come a quarter of a million miles to explore. On their first outing, of four hours, they will move about a hundred yards from the lunar module to set up their scientific instruments, which will again include a magnetometer, to detect the moon's magnetic field; a solar-wind experiment, to detect the components of solar radiation on the moon; and a seismometer, to detect moonquakes—real or artificial. This time, they will also have brought along a variety of ordnance to make different types of explosions for the benefit of the seismometer—a sort of walking stick called a "thumper," which sets off a small charge whenever it is tapped against the ground, and a mortar, which will fire charges to varying distances. (Lest a stray shot hit the lunar module, the mortar won't be fired until the astronauts are on their way back to earth—after which the empty LM will also be crashed into the moon, adding another chord to the symphony of seismic waves.) In the time that remains before the end of the first outing, the astronauts will walk to one of the Doublet craters, a little more than a hundred yards to the west of the LM, stopping to pick up rock samples on the way. They can cover so much ground because they will be towing a small cart, called the Modular Equipment Transporter, or MET, which will be piled high with items that the earlier astronauts had to carry by hand. The MET looks like an old-fashioned teacart, with two wheels in back and a knee-jointed leg in front, which swings up underneath when the astronauts pull on the cart. The wheels have rubber tires—somewhat soft, so that they won't sink into the lunar dust.

When the astronauts get back to the LM for the rest period before their second outing, they will have to be sure to leave the MET out in the sun, for on the moon the shade is so cold that if they left the cart in the LM's shadow they might find the rubber tires shattered when they got back to it. While they are having lunch inside the LM, they may have a closer look at the rocks they have gathered and perhaps even talk them over with geologists in Houston. After their lunch and a rest, the astronauts will climb a hill along a ridge that has a slope of seven or eight degrees. Halfway up, the slope gets steeper. At the top of the hill, they will be able to look into a spectacular crater about a thousand yards across, whose sides, plunging steeply down, come almost to a point two hundred yards below—hence the name Cone Crater. Its profile is so sharp that it must be relatively young. The astronauts will not go down into it. Instead, they will walk east a little way along its rim, where there are a number of huge blocks of rock greater than ten feet in diameter, and will photograph the blocks and knock some chips off them with their hammer, for these will be the first big boulders that astronauts will have seen on the moon, and the geologists want to know about their structure. After this, the astronauts will drop their rock chips into big Teflon bags, cut down across the outer slope, and pull the cart back to the LM.

THE cart to be used on the Apollo 14 mission was designed and produced by relatively few men. It was thought up about a year and a half ago by an engineer named Glenn Miller, who felt that the astronauts had too many things hanging from straps around their space suits. At NASA, where even the simplest design is never easy to come by, the Apollo 14 cart and five replicas—all that have been made—have cost a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. NASA engineers revel in lining up all conceivable ways of doing something and then testing each one out. With the cart, the first matter to settle was whether it should be pushed, like a wheelbarrow, or pulled, like a rickshaw, and for a time the engineers were divided into pushers and pullers. The pushers lost out after an astronaut tried a wheelbarrow in a one-sixth-gravity simulator in Houston and discovered, during the thirty-odd seconds he had available for the experiment, that if he tried to turn the wheelbarrow his own momentum made him keep on going straight, so that he and the wheelbarrow jackknifed. Miller, who was a puller from the start, says it is lucky that NASA didn't use what he calls "the wheelbarrow mode," because the cart is now piled so high that it would be hard for an astronaut to look over the top of it. With the wheelbarrow mode scrubbed and the rickshaw mode adopted, the next problem was how, exactly, the astronauts would pull the cart. Owing to the rigidity of the pressurized space suits, an astronaut couldn't simply grip a handle—it would take too much effort to keep his fingers bent. One suggestion was that the handle be clipped onto the wrist. The astronauts vetoed that idea, because they didn't want to be tied to anything. Another suggestion was to line the astronauts' gloves and the cart's handle with Velcro—the synthetic material that adheres strongly to itself—but the astronauts vetoed that one, too, on the ground that the Velcro would make their fingers clumsy. More important, dust could get into the Velcro and ruin it. The device that was finally adopted was a triangular

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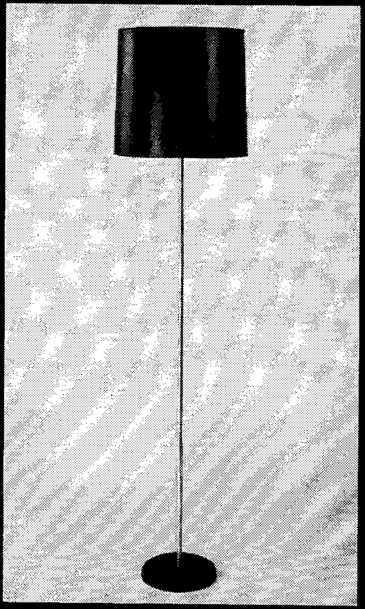

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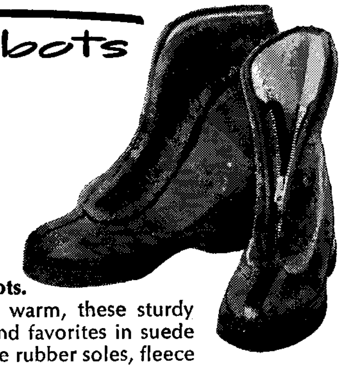

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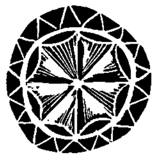
handle that an astronaut could stick his wrist through, wedging it in in such a way that he could pull the cart without having to close his fingers. Miller says he can't wait to see his cart rolling across the moon, and he may be in the Mission Control Center when the astronauts are using it, in case it breaks down and the astronauts need his advice. His enthusiasm has been dampened a little by the Russian moon car. He says, "The MET was going to be the first wheeled vehicle on the moon. Now we'll have to add an adjective. It will be the first *man-powered* wheeled vehicle on the moon."

WHEN the astronauts come back from the moon, they will go through quarantine procedures, just as the earlier astronauts did, even though no form of life has so far been found in any of the lunar samples—and since there are so few flights left, the quarantine will probably continue to the end of the Apollo program. NASA biologists, who, though they would like nothing better than to find life on the moon, say they never really expected to find any in the first place, have so far recovered from the shock of being right that in their reports on the lack of life on the moon they are cautiously leaving the door open to the possibility that lunar organisms might yet turn up. One official NASA report concludes that there are three possible reasons for the failure to find lunar micro-organisms among the Apollo 11 and Apollo 12 samples: "(i) the lunar material was free of viable micro-organisms, (ii) viable micro-organisms were present but inhibited by the lunar materials, or (iii) viable [micro-organisms] were present but their growth was not supported in the culture media employed." In other words, they *were* there but so far biologists hadn't been looking for them in the right way. The report concluded, "Additional testing is required to evaluate these and other interpretations." Accordingly, I went to the Lunar Receiving Laboratory and looked up Dr. Gerald Taylor, who was one of the co-authors of the report, to see what he had in mind. Apparently, one factor that had given moon organisms a new lease on life was Dr. Taylor's recent discovery that the soil in the core tube brought back by Colonel Edwin E. Aldrin from the Apollo 11 mission is toxic to bacteria. It is, in fact, downright lethal: Dr. Taylor found that all the bacteria he tested this particular moon dust against—and there were hundreds of millions of them—were dead within ten hours. (Although this dust was not toxic to some mice that other biologists in the Lunar Receiving Lab offered it to, there is no certainty that it wouldn't harm a man, and Dr. Taylor says they will have to run more tests on it to see "where it interrupts the enzyme pathway.") He was all the more surprised by the death of the bacteria because the rest of the material from the moon is absolutely harmless, and in some cases actually encourages the growth of plant cells.



I asked Dr. Taylor why he thought the discovery that some of the moon dust was poisonous encouraged, rather than discouraged, the possibility of life on the moon, and he replied that even though this particular lunar soil "inhibited" life, other soil on the moon might not. Dr. Taylor wants to try some new methods of looking for life when he searches the samples that the Apollo 14 astronauts bring back from the moon, on the assumption that NASA scientists may have gone about looking for lunar micro-organisms the wrong way. The basic method of search that Dr. Taylor has used, and will continue to use, is to attempt to make biological cultures from the lunar samples—a method that relies on the theory that if any "replicating material" (as biologists sometimes refer to life) is present, it will replicate itself. Of course, success in making a culture depends on whether a germ likes the nutrient it is offered, and in all the tests so far all the nutrients offered to the moon germs have been organic—or carbonaceous—substances, such as men and micro-organisms eat on earth. But, Dr. Taylor asks, what if the lunar micro-organisms don't like such food—a good possibility, in view of the lack of organic material to eat on the moon. Dr. Taylor believes that a type of organism logically to be found on the moon would be one similar to an autotroph—one of the few micro-organisms on earth that don't require organic carbons as food—and he is adding some experiments to his laboratory protocol for the Apollo 14 moon rocks to see if any autotrophs, or autotroph-like organisms, are lurking among them. Autotrophs use as nutrients a great variety of things—and so do many other bacteria, for that matter. One type of bacterium devours the supposedly inert nitrogen gas that fills the chambers in which the moon rocks are examined, and another bacterium makes use of jet fuel, and there is an autotroph that gets energy from iron. The search for the food that moon organisms like best could take a long time.

As it happens, an organism has been found on the moon, but it is one that man put there. A colleague of Dr. Taylor's in the Lunar Receiving Laboratory—an Air Force biologist named Major Frederick J. Mitchell—was given the job of examining the TV camera from the Surveyor 3 spacecraft, which was brought back by the Apollo 12 astronauts, to see whether a stowaway micro-organism from earth possibly inside the Surveyor when it was launched (the camera was decontaminated but not sterilized) could have survived the Surveyor's two-and-a-half-year stay on the moon. If one were found, it would be the first example of life known to have spent a long period of time on another planet, and Major Mitchell, Dr. Taylor, and other biologists are interested in seeing what changes, if any, living on another planet might make in a species of life from earth. When I visited him at his office recently, just a few doors beyond Dr. Taylor's, Major Mitchell flipped rapidly through a pile of NASA photographs showing first the Surveyor on earth—a spindly white craft that itself looked rather like a micro-organism magnified a million times—and then a photograph of the Surveyor as the astronauts saw it on the moon, and finally a photograph of the Surveyor's television camera. The exterior of the camera, which was photographed lying on its side in a chamber of filtered air at the Lunar Receiving Laboratory, was now brown instead of white—a change resulting in part from the LM rocket exhaust's spraying the Surveyor with dust. The inside of the camera, however, was clean and unchanged. Major Mitchell turned up a photograph of the camera's interior after it had been opened; it showed golden electronic parts shining as brightly as the day they went to the moon—a welcome sight to Major Mitchell, for it meant that the camera's casing might have protected a microscopic passenger from earth just as successfully. Accordingly, he attempted to make cultures from various parts of the inside of the camera, reaching into the most inaccessible crannies with a pair of needle-nose forceps. From a small circuit board were extracted bits of polyurethane foam, whose internal cavities he thought afforded the most hospitable shelter for micro-organisms. Sure enough, after four days of incubation, when one of the bits of foam in a culture medium

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was examined, a tiny tail was seen hanging from the polyurethane, and the next day streptococcus cells were growing all over the culture medium. The hostile conditions on the moon had evidently caused the stowaway to go into a state of suspended animation, for four days is much longer than it ordinarily takes a streptococcus to visibly replicate. In a photograph he showed me, the streptococci looked like microscopic basketballs and they tended to cling together in chains. Major Mitchell could detect no change in the micro-organism—*Streptococcus mitis*—as a result of its two-and-a-half-year stay on the moon. *Streptococcus mitis* is a benign bacterium that makes its home in people's throats. The presumption is that the stowaway entered the polyurethane foam on an exhaled breath or cough of one of the workmen who put the camera together. A cough could have sprayed millions of streptococci on the camera, and presumably many of them went to the moon initially, of which probably about two to fifty cells survived. Since the streptococcus was in such a deep state of suspended animation, there was clearly no chance of its contaminating the moon, but Major Mitchell says that in the future, if NASA ever sends spacecraft to land on a planet less hostile to life (such as Mars), it will take greater care to decontaminate the craft. Of course, biologists have nothing against micro-organisms' going to the moon, or elsewhere, as official passengers, and Dr. Taylor wants some to do exactly that. He is working on an experiment he hopes to send on a future Apollo flight—a tray containing two hundred and eighty small quartz chambers, with ten thousand micro-organisms in each, which an astronaut would expose on the moon or in orbit and then bring back to earth. Major Mitchell, for his part, hopes to send his streptococci—or, at least, some of their progeny—back to the moon in one of Dr. Taylor's quartz chambers.

BUDGET cuts notwithstanding, people at the Space Center still nurture the hope that man himself may live on the moon one day. Some of these people have devoted considerable time to making the lunar environment seem as homey and habitable as possible. Dr. W. Richard Downs, a chemist who is a technical assistant in advanced systems in the Structures and Mechanics Division at the Manned Spacecraft Center, is working on five ways to get oxygen and water out of moon rocks. Approximately forty-two per cent of the moon's surface consists of oxygen in the form of oxides, such as oxides of iron and aluminum, and once the oxygen is released chemically it can either be breathed or be combined with hydrogen to form water. One or another of the five ways of producing oxygen and water would be useful as part of a survival kit for astronauts stranded on the moon, but Dr. Downs, who is more interested in moon resources than in earth resources, is also thinking about a moon base. He points out that releasing the oxygen from the oxides would result in the production of metals—iron and aluminum, for example—which would be useful around a moon base. To Dr. Downs, the moon can be a fruitful place, too; he talks of constructing shelters on the moon—plastic domes inflated with oxygen made from moon rocks—inside which gardens could grow in beds of moon dust, irrigated with water from moon rocks and kept safe from frost during the long lunar nights by heat generated from moon rocks. The heat would come from the wasted energy produced in obtaining the chemical reaction that would separate the oxygen from the rocks, and Dr. Downs notes that in the case of one process—that of combining fluorine (which, like the hydrogen, would initially come from earth and then be recycled for further use) with moon rocks—the reaction is so vigorous that if an astronaut were to fill an empty rocket with moon rocks and add a little fluorine he would have an excellent solid-fuel rocket booster. All in all, Dr. Downs thinks of the moon as being at least as hospitable as some parts of the earth—Antarctica, say. The heat from the sun is greater on the moon, and there are no strong winds to disrupt operations, or to blow down a moon base. Like many of the scientists and engineers at the Space Center, where people like to think of NASA as a collective Columbus discovering a new world, Dr. Downs is disheartened by the thought that NASA won't be going to the moon many more times, or colonizing it. History is repeating itself, he says, for after Queen Isabella turned down Columbus's request for more money for ships to go back to the New World the explorer came to a sad end.

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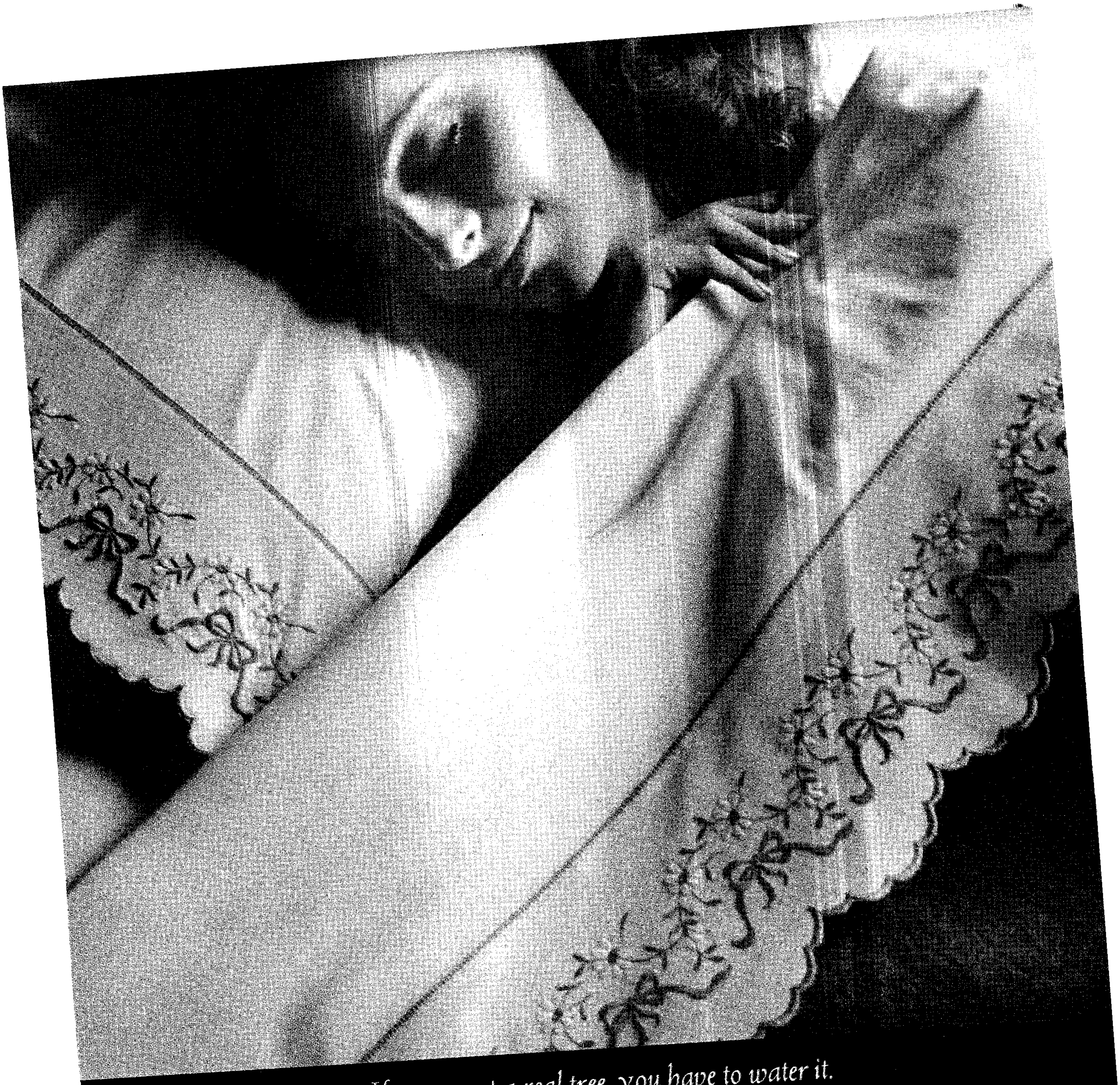

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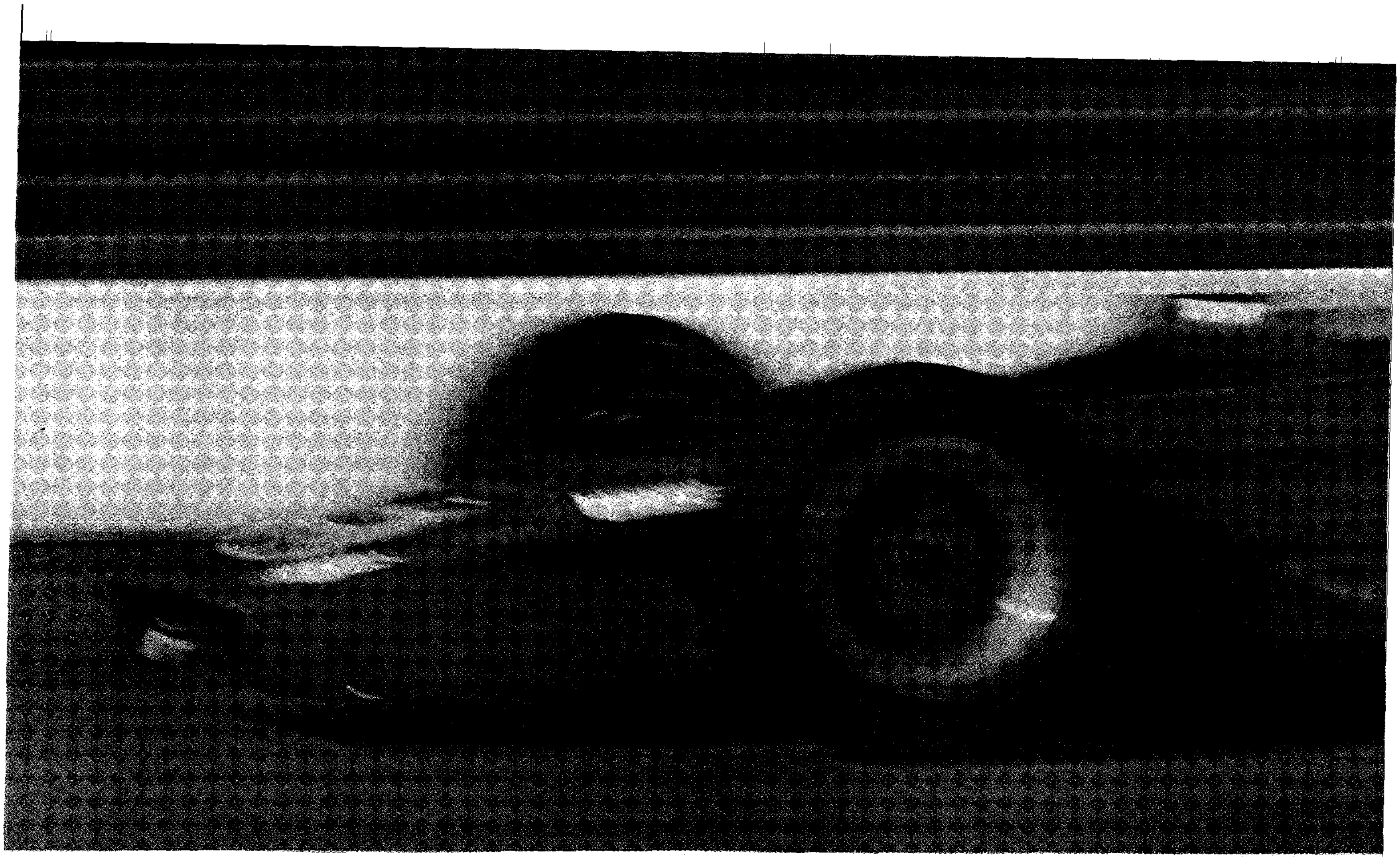

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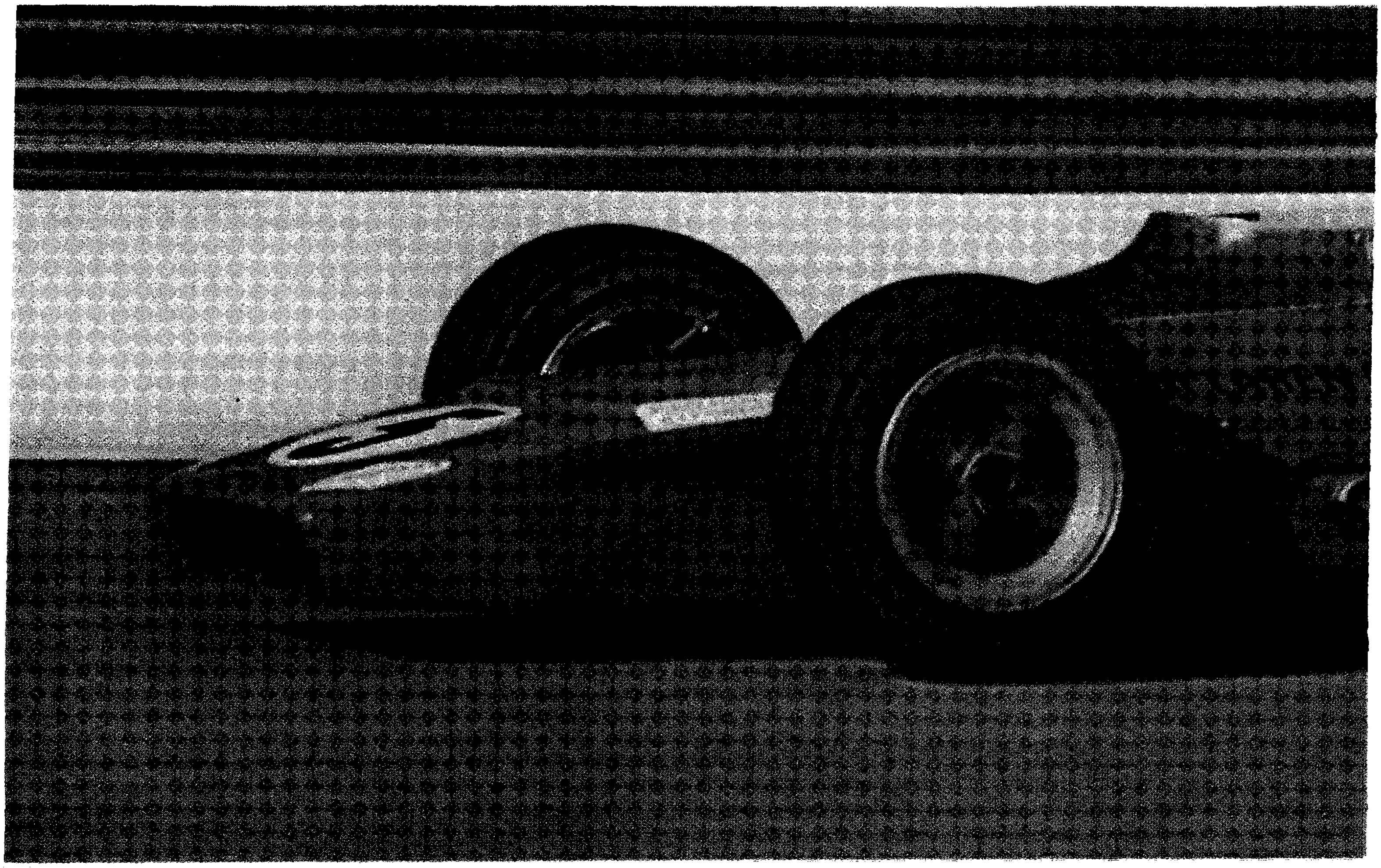

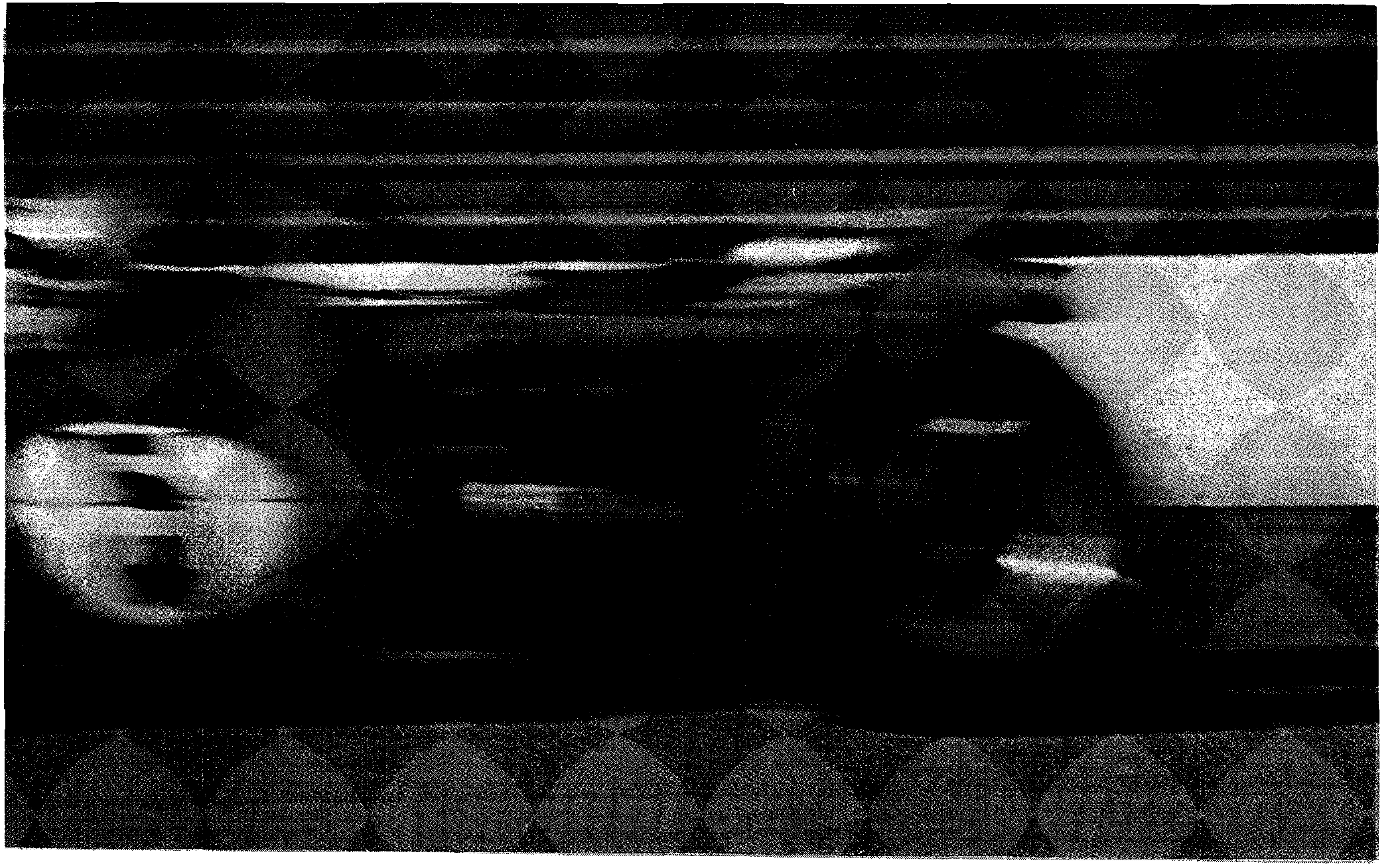

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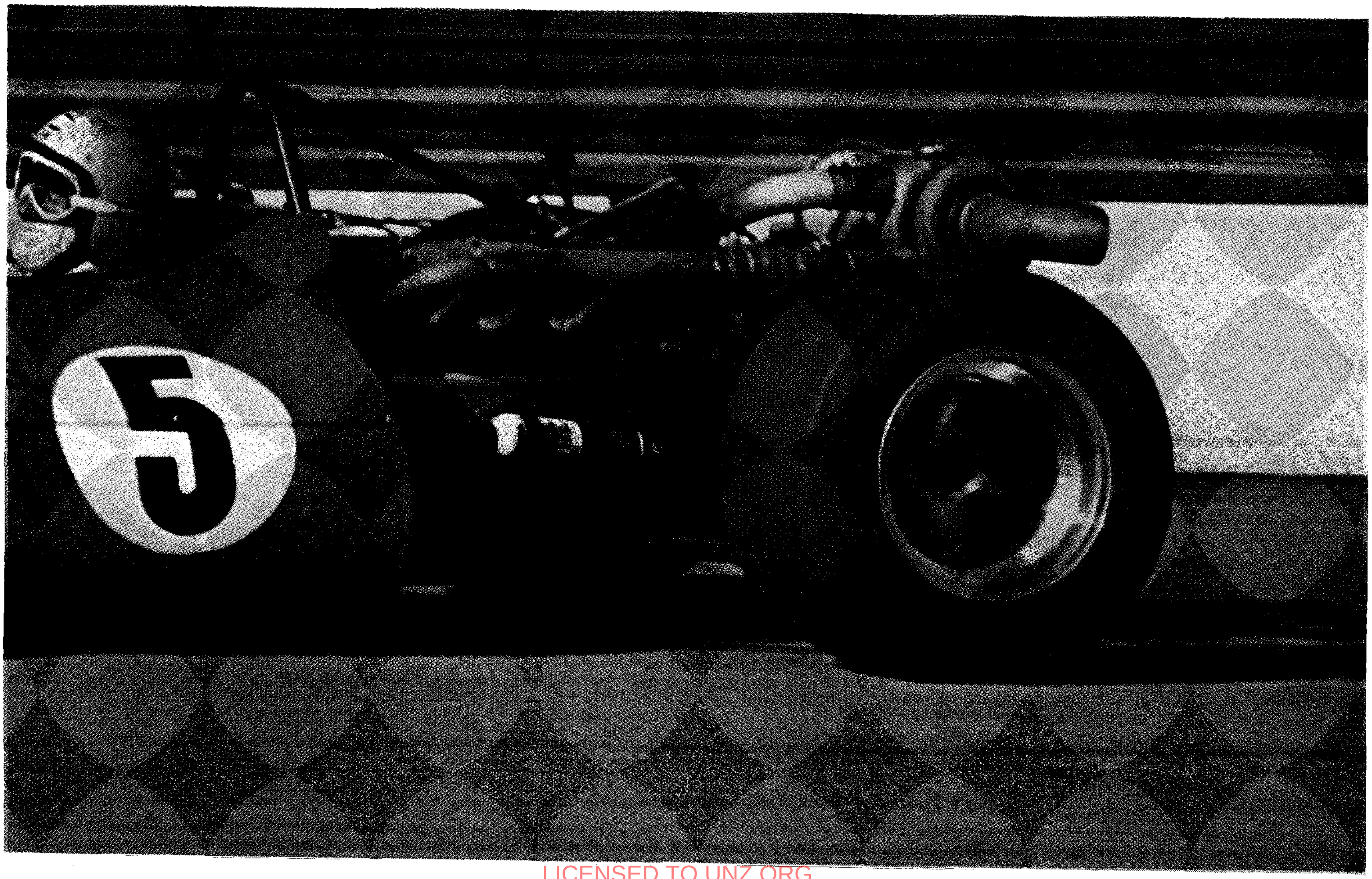

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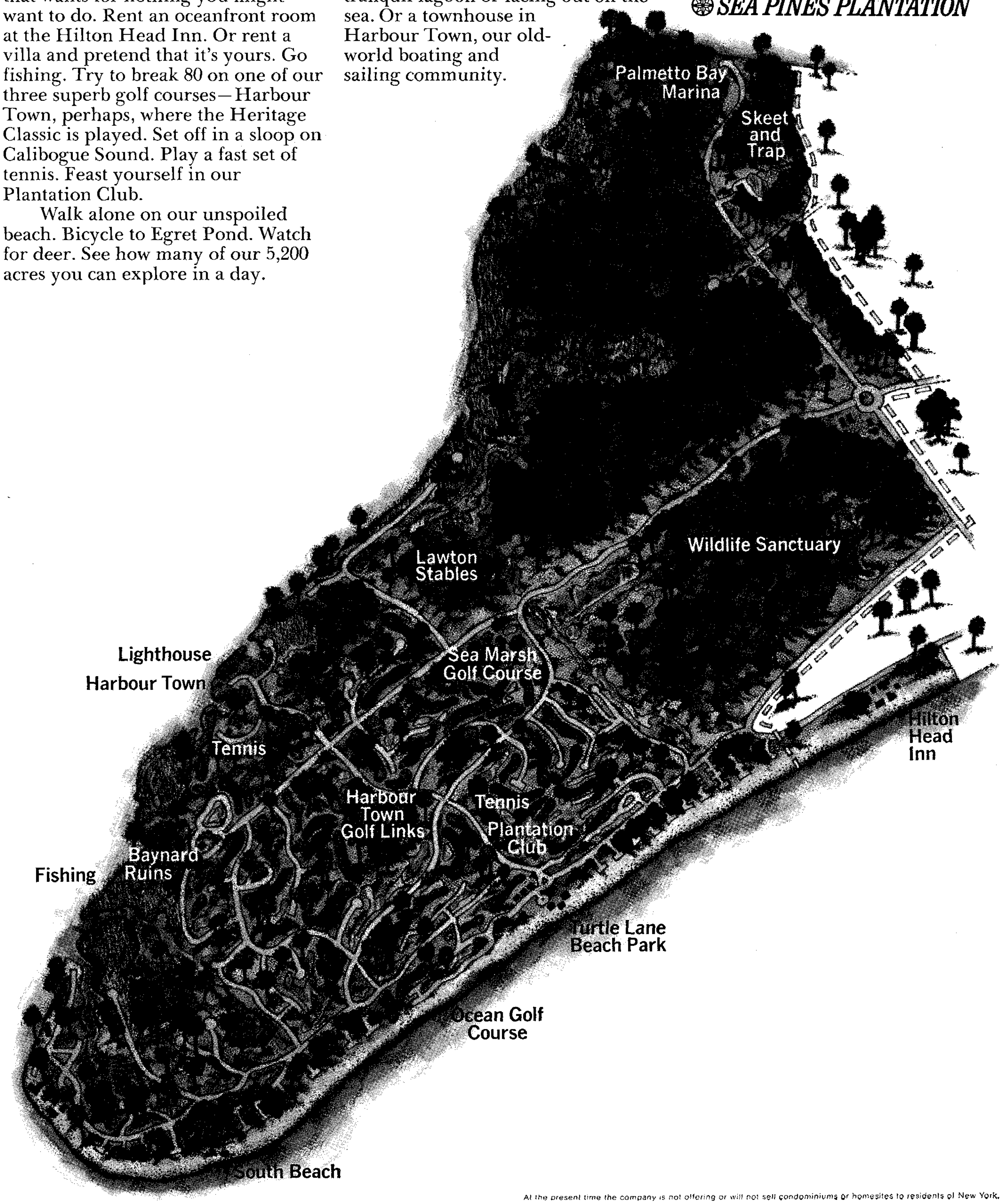
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Miss Emily Regrets

ONE way for a woman to keep her wayward lover all to herself is to murder him and preserve his body on the living-room couch. To be sure, the neighbors are likely to look askance at this sort of thing, but there is no doubt that the lady has got him (I will not, because it suggests itself too easily, add "cold"). This is the theme of Agnes de Mille's new ballet, "A Rose for Miss Emily," based on a story with a similar title by William Faulkner, which was unveiled here last Wednesday night by the American Ballet Theatre at the New York City Center. There is much more to this ballet than the bare situation I have indicated. Miss Emily (danced by that excellent dancing actress Sallie Wilson) has her visions, her fantasies, and her memories, and these are all brought before the audience like a private view into her disordered mind. She is a necrophile, but her necrophilia is understandable. She lives in a world that has passed, cherishing embalmed remembrances, and she is cut off from the world of what most people call reality. For her, time stopped at the point where she committed her crime. There is enough of her left to dream about the happiness she once experienced, and this dream is her reality. But in a sense she is already dead herself. Visions of her childhood friends and of her friends in old age appear to her. That dead man on the couch is as real to her as a living being. Ultimately, though, the neighbors break in to shatter her dreams, and place her now dead body beside that of her lover. It is a neat and shocking bit of theatre, and is as beautifully choreographed as a narrative ballet of its sort should be. The mythology of her mind is made real on the stage. The "mirror images" of her strangling the hero indicate a lingering sense of guilt even when she is in her happiest fantasies. A genuine sense of tragedy accompanies her death. I enjoyed "A Rose for Miss Emily," and I recommend it. The role of the lover was danced by Gayle Young. The characters of fantasy are too numerous to mention. The score, by Alan Hovhaness, is one of the better contemporary ones.

DANIEL BARENBOIM continues to impress me as a conductor. He appeared at the head of the New York Philharmonic last week in Philharmonic Hall (I heard the Thursday-night performance), and whatever reservations I had expressed about the tone he draws from an orchestra immediately disappeared. None of the other young conductors now before us has a greater respect for tradition, a greater ability to make his authority felt, or a taste that is closer to being infallible. These virtues show particularly in the classics, where Mr. Barenboim is sure of himself, is not afraid of a rubato, and is able to project the structure of a big work in all its architectural grandeur as well as its detail. He presented a noble reading of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, and a clear and brilliant one of Mendelssohn's Overture to "Ruy Blas." The other work on the program was Alexander Goehr's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, with Ruggiero Ricci as soloist. The concerto is a twelve-tone work, more skillful than most of its kind, and it was well performed. But it left me with no sense of really having heard anything at all.

NOW back to those books. Wilhelm Furtwängler has become a martyr and a hero, and the younger generation of conductors (including Mr. Barenboim) is busy studying and reconstructing his methods of interpretation. He has become a hero mainly because, during the recent World War, many people—including very particularly us Americans—misunderstood his role in Nazi Germany, where he remained and protected the life and property of one Jewish musician after another. When Toscanini suggested him as his successor at the head of the Philharmonic, New York music lovers, including, prominently, Ira Hirschmann, raised the roof in protest, and the Philharmonic's board had to give in and hire the young John Barbirolli for the post. Later on, the Chicago Symphony tried to negotiate for Furtwängler's services, only to find that many distinguished musicians, this time including Toscanini, were up in arms over any possible appointment. Toscanini, who had had no qualms about conducting in Fascist Italy, quarrelled with Furtwängler bitterly at the Salzburg Festival over his supposed Nazi connections. The whole story is told by Daniel Gillis in a small volume called "Furtwängler and America" (Manyland Books). The loss, it appears, was not so much Furtwängler's as it was America's, and it was based on our tendency to divide people into good guys and bad guys, with no qualifications or shades of difference.

Oleg Kerensky's "The World of Ballet" (Coward-McCann) is a good, readable history of its subject, with special emphasis on the revolutions and counter-revolutions that have taken place in the art from the time of Diaghilev, both in the West and in Soviet Russia. Meanwhile, our leading balletologue, Lincoln Kirstein, is out with a new book on the subject called "Movement & Metaphor: Four Centuries of Ballet" (Praeger; seventeen dollars and fifty cents). This book has such beautiful and unusual illustrations that it could qualify just as a picture book. But it is more than that. Mr. Kirstein analyzes fifty ballets that he thinks have been of crucial importance in ballet history, and he does this with an elegantly alliterative system. Each is seen in terms of (1) Priority (what it adds to the tradition); (2) Precedent (what it draws from previous influences); (3) Politics (the ballet's historical ambience); (4) Plot or Pretext (the story of the ballet, if there is one); (5) Production (what the ballet was like, who choreographed it, and who danced in it). Only about a third of the ballets Mr. Kirstein writes about are in the current repertory. The others are to be found recorded in history books. (He starts with "Le Ballet des Polonais," presented in 1573 at the court of Charles IX of France, where Catherine de Médicis was Queen Mother; the music for the ballet was by Orlando di Lasso.) The discussion ends with Sir Frederick Ashton's "Enigma Variations," first presented in London in 1968. Along the way, Mr. Kirstein expresses some interesting opinions—that ballet masters are distinct from, and superior to, mere choreographers; that music is almost as important to the survival of a ballet as the dancing itself; that the avant-garde is unfruitful because it is against history. I am sorry to find no mention of Jerome Robbins' "Dances at a Gathering," which seems to me a much more impressive bit of innovation than the Ashton work, but this is, after all, Mr. Kirstein's book, and his choices are absorbing and provocative.

Laurence Davies' "César Franck and his Circle" (Houghton Mifflin; ten dollars) is not a conventional biography but a detailed study of a fascinating period in French musical history—the one that included d'Indy, Chausson,

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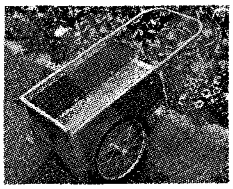

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Duparc, Dukas, Lekeu, Fauré, Ropartz, Roussel, and Pierné as well as the great figures Bizet and Debussy. Nearly all these men studied with, or were influenced by, Franck—a gentle organist and professor of that instrument at the Paris Conservatoire in addition to being a highly respectable composer. Mr. Davies points out that the city of Liège (now in Belgium) was Dutch at the time of Franck's birth there, and that Franck was of German origin on both his father's and his mother's side. Mr. Davies is not bent on exaggerating the importance of Franck and his circle; bolder Germans and Austrians, like Wagner and Bruckner, were holding the lead during Franck's lifetime. But he calls attention to the idealism, sterling craftsmanship, and admirable ideas of musical pedagogy that inspired the group, examining the life and work of each of its members in turn.

Among the remaining books on my desk are a superb life of Bruckner by Hans-Hubert Schönzeler (Grossman paperback); a fine study of "Benjamin Britten: His Life and Operas," by Eric Walter White (University of California Press; ten dollars); and a new, revised edition of Richard N. Coe's translation of Stendhal's delightful, if sometimes fantastic, "Life of Rossini" (Orion Press; ten dollars).

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Unemployment in California dropped slightly last month, although the number of people out of work increased.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Well, we have to take the bad news with the good.

•

KENNEBUNKPORT (AP)—Sen. Margaret Chase Smith has agreed to present to President Nixon a gold-plated medallion commemorating the 300th anniversary of the Kennebunkport town dump, the Kennebunkport Dump Association announced Monday.—*Waterville (Maine) Sentinel.*

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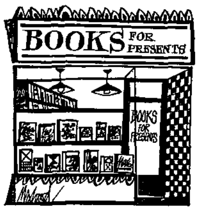
BOOKS

That Man in the White House



IT is possible that the magnitude of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's achievements obscures them, and that the transformations over which he presided between 1933 and 1945 were so vast that we cannot—for the present, at least—wholly understand them. One transformation that James MacGregor Burns mentioned in the first volume of his solid critical biography, "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox," was that the New Deal diminished the subservience of employees, tenants, and the aged; the Second World War, Burns now notes in his second volume, "Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom, 1940-1945" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, and a Book-of-the-Month Club selection; ten dollars), began to diminish the subservience of women, the young, and blacks. Then, too, Burns remarks, Roosevelt the man was "infinitely complex and almost incomprehensible"—in a word (Burns' word), "baffling." Burns does not claim that he has solved the enigma of his subject, but his engrossing book, which analyzes as it narrates, announces its author's analytic premise at the start:

> The proposition of this work is that Franklin D. Roosevelt as war leader was a deeply divided man—divided between the man of principle, of ideals, of faith, crusading for a distant vision, on the one hand; and, on the other, the man of Realpolitik, of prudence, of narrow, manageable, short-run goals, intent always on protecting his power and authority in a world of shifting moods and capricious fortune. This dualism . . . divided the American people themselves, who were vacillating between the evangelical moods of idealism, sentimentalism, and utopianism of one era and older traditions of national self-regard, protectiveness, and prudence of another.

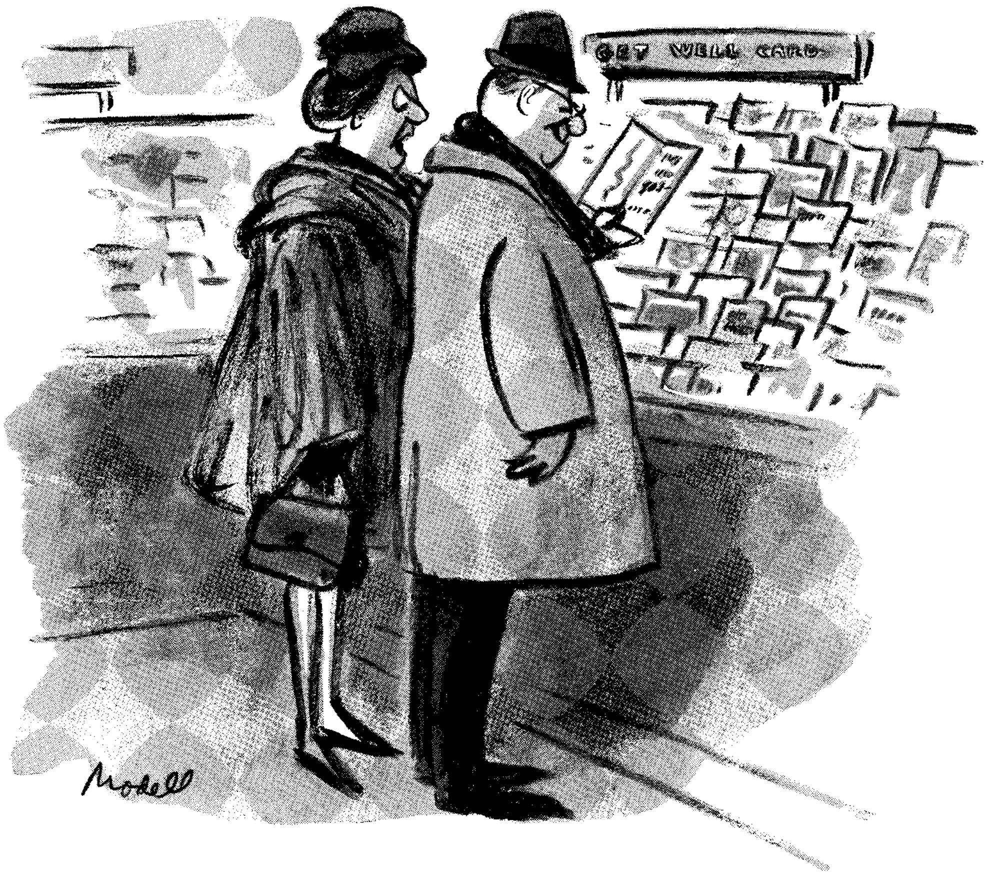
This division, or dualism, affects most political leaders—except, naturally, those who have no principles at all—and most nations have at some period simultaneously seen themselves as global godsends and resented the expense of that self-bestowed honor. Burns, however, is specific and particular in his arraignments. He believes that Roosevelt succeeded as a war leader in that his decisions brought victory with speed and economy—especially economy of American lives—but failed in that he did not press harder for idealistic goals or lead the double-minded nation closer to a single-minded ideological course in foreign and domestic policies. In fact, Burns blames many of our present difficulties on Roosevelt's failures:

> By refusing to build strong organizations for social policy, Roosevelt insured that the government would not control domestic society. While large residuals of presidential government . . . persisted, the dominance of American society by the national government ended with the war. . . . Some new sources of integration . . . would have to link together the black cities and the white suburbs of metropolis, the vast military and social-welfare bureaucracies of presidential government, the skyrocketing marriage and divorce rates, the disenchanted students and weapons researchers on campuses. Urban riots, family dissolution, feckless bureaucracy, and campus strife would be the price of not finding such new links.

Roosevelt's opponents thought he was gathering power—much too much power—deliberately. (And, curiously, polls that Burns cites in "The Lion and the Fox" showed that the majority of the voters in 1938 trusted Roosevelt but feared the growth of Presidential power.) Burns, however, believes that Roosevelt did not try to acquire enough power to carry out the tasks he meant to perform, and that he acquired what power he did haphazardly and belatedly. Burns describes "the curious combination of orderly management and crisis government that characterized his [Roosevelt's] war administration." (Burns, by the way, thinks that Roosevelt was a superb administrator when he wanted to be.) This disorganization was superseded by a large, well-organized executive branch, and Burns adds:

> During World War II . . . the modern presidency was created—and by a man who temperamentally had a decided preference for the White House as it was in the days of Woodrow Wilson or Theodore Roosevelt.

In stressing Roosevelt's temperamental preferences, Burns probably slights Roosevelt's ideological background: late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century liberalism (or progressivism, as Roosevelt himself often called it)—a doctrine that in his formative years had permeated so many parties and groups in the English-speaking countries that to a great number of people it seemed no longer an ideology but righteousness itself. A lot of the liberal causes of Roosevelt's youth—

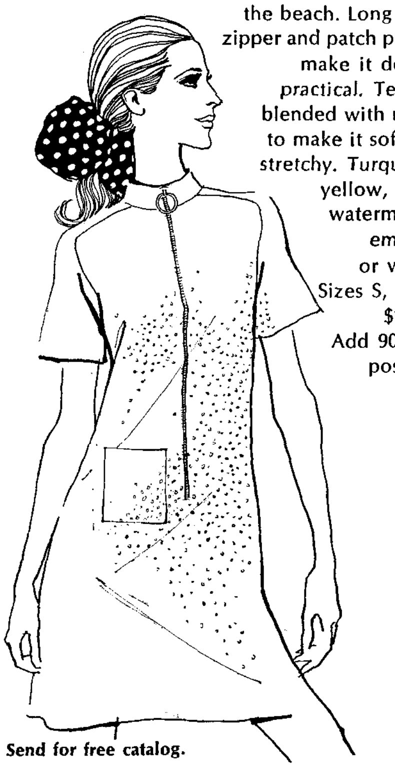


"If you think it's so amusing, you *send it, but I'm not signing* my *name to it."*

among them civil-service and municipal reform—were meant to make government smaller and less expensive as well as more honest. It is likely that Roosevelt's antipathy to permanent (as opposed to emergency) statist solutions (more central control, more planning)—for which the American left has never stopped scolding him—was as much ideological as it was temperamental. Furthermore, liberalism had no military doctrine. War may be a continuation of some kinds of diplomacy; it is not a continuation of the Gladstonian kind. The dualism that Burns perceives in Roosevelt may also lie in the illiberal problems with which liberalism in his time was presented.

Yet Burns' criticisms are strikingly pertinent and up-to-date, because, as he says, problems unsolved between 1940 and 1945 remain unsolved today. We still do not know what to do about a recalcitrant ally. Roosevelt is given credit in this book for his faith in Asia's future, but Burns judges harshly his failure to budge two recalcitrant allies—Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek. Roosevelt believed from the first that India ought not to have to fight for England's independence if she did not have her own. Most articulate Indians agreed. They appealed to Roosevelt, Roosevelt appealed to Churchill, and Churchill responded furiously and uncoöperatively to what he considered foreign meddling in imperial affairs. The British repression of Indian nationalists, apart from being bad—anyhow, Burns and I think it was bad—*looked* bad, especially to Asians. Yet I do not know what sanctions Burns imagines that Roosevelt could have used to make Churchill free India during the war. Even the Labour members of Churchill's government had to wait until they could form their own government.

Chiang is in a category different from Churchill's—a client more than an ally. So much has been written about China that Burns' chronicles of Chinese events are impressively brisk. He points out that the main thing about Chiang that bothered the Americans was that we thought he should have done more fighting with the aid we gave him. Burns feels—so did our other allies—that Roosevelt unrealistically treated Chiang's dependent regime as if it were already the great independent power that Roosevelt, alone among the statesmen of the period, expected China to become. Chiang passed the war years dawdling in China and lobbying in Washington while American armed forces fought their way up the



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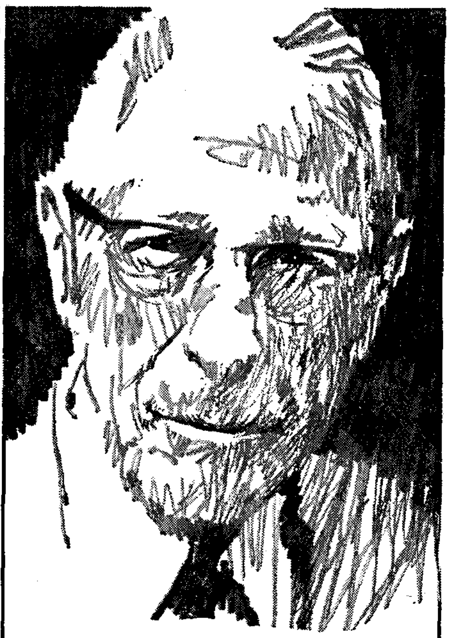

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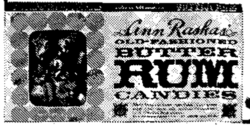

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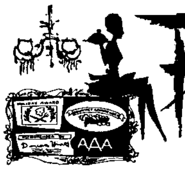

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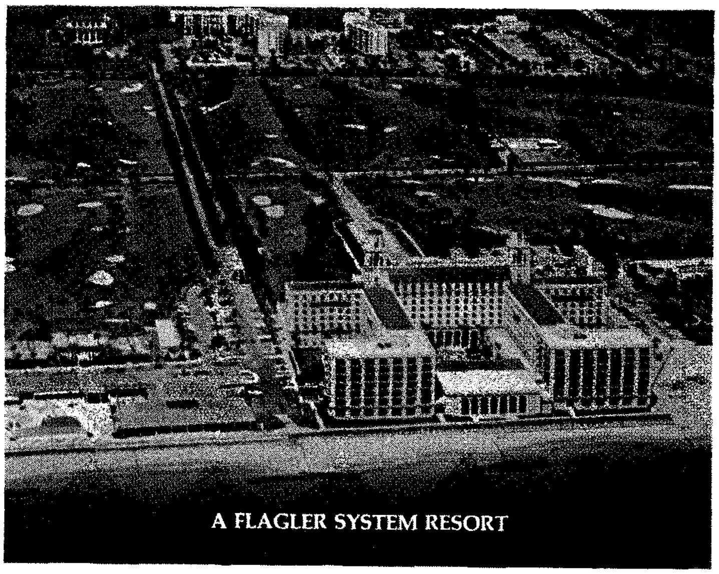

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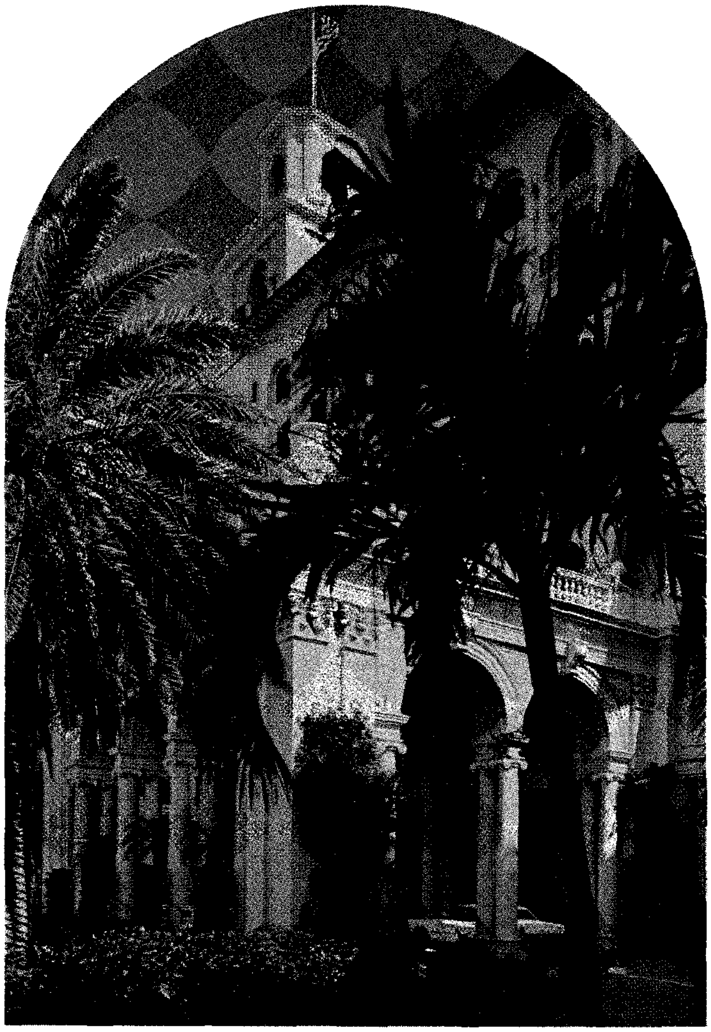

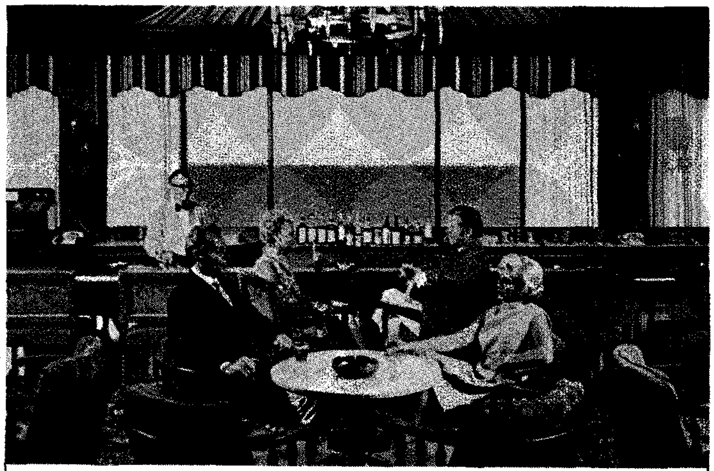

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Pacific. Burns believes that Roosevelt did not help Chiang by yielding to him; the appointment of General Chennault, who promised what could not be attained (victory through air power), and the dismissal of General Stilwell, who wanted Chiang's good infantry divisions to fight on the ground, may have made his defective grasp of reality even more defective. So may Roosevelt's politeness and his reluctance to give orders, or even make firm demands. Yet American leaders who came after Roosevelt have advocated decolonization forcefully enough to irritate our NATO allies and not forcefully enough to please their former colonies. Since Roosevelt's time, we have probably intervened much more deeply in the affairs of client states than we did in China's; every intervention has displeased some vocal segment of the American population. And Chiang's ability to interfere in American affairs did set an unfortunate precedent; since 1945 our politics have been constantly inflamed by the factional disputes of one little Ruritanian client after another.

Burns holds that Roosevelt made one big mistake in dealing with the Soviet Union, and that the Cold War came about because we did not establish a second front in Europe when the Red Army was hardest pressed. The mistake was that Roosevelt and Churchill allowed their hopes to outstrip their judgment and promised Stalin an invasion of Europe before the Anglo-Americans had the means to achieve it. Eventually, Burns says, Stalin began to imagine that the Western allies were delaying the second front in order to bleed the Soviet Union, and his distrust was reinforced when the Nazi naval successes of 1942 forced us temporarily to stop sending convoys on the Murmansk route. If Burns is right, a major plus—the gallant, ardent, optimistic natures of Roosevelt and Churchill—became a major minus; the hopefulness that had in other circumstances made them heroes led them astray. But there is, too, the fact that Stalin was one of history's most suspicious men; one feels a pathos as one reads that Roosevelt was sure he could win Stalin's confidence, for nobody ever did. And yet one cannot assess how much any personality has contributed to our difficulties in regard to the Soviet Union, with which we have never had more than one common interest at a time. Until 1945, it was defeating Hitler; now it is avoiding nuclear war. Having to get along with people you cannot stand is a terrible strain, and Roosevelt's solution was the liberal, Wilsonian Parliament of Man. "For Roosevelt," Burns says, "the new international organization was by far the most important issue on the Yalta conference table," and Roosevelt hoped that the United Nations could "draw Russia over the years into the comity of nations." He had doubts about Yalta; Burns has him saying to Adolf Berle, "I didn't say it was good. . . . I said it was the best I could do." But he did not expect to die so soon (Burns is meticulous and informative about the President's medical history), and he evidently thought he had made a beginning. Perhaps he had.

Roosevelt inherited other old, old problems. The conflict in the role of President—head of the nation and leader of a political party—was one. During the war years, Roosevelt faced increasing and increasingly bitter opposition, especially in the Congress, and Burns thinks the President was to blame. His failure was having campaigned so little in the congressional elections of 1942. Burns believes that Roosevelt withheld himself from those listless battles, in which many of his supporters were beaten, because he did not want to risk a personal defeat in off-year elections, and that his abstention from politics was not statesmanship—refusing to "play politics" in the first wartime elections—but bad politics. In this volume, Burns scarcely mentions Roosevelt's unsuccessful interventions in the 1938 elections, but he does quote an observer who remarked of the 1942 elections that "Wilson had called for a Democratic Congress in 1918 and lost seats in the House and Senate; Roosevelt had not called for anything and lost twice as many." In the Senate, Northern Republicans frequently allied with Southern Democrats to frustrate Roosevelt's domestic policies, and Burns tells us that Roosevelt got in touch with Wendell Willkie to suggest that after the election of 1944 they explore the possibility of reorganizing the American parties so that all the liberals would be in one and all the conservatives in the other. Willkie died in October of 1944, and, as far as anybody knows, Roosevelt never discussed the project with any other Republican.

Burns is extremely disapproving of Roosevelt's failure to remodel the Democratic Party. In both volumes, I think, Burns is more deeply concerned with the nature of political leadership

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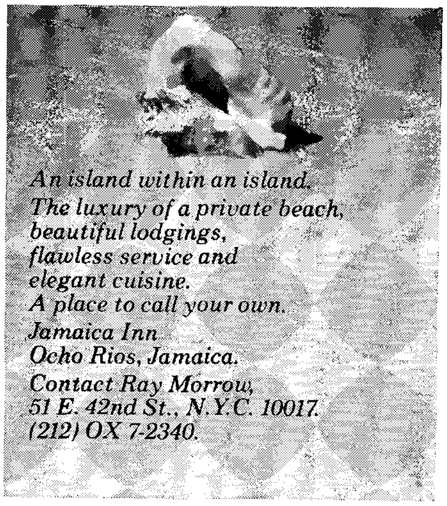

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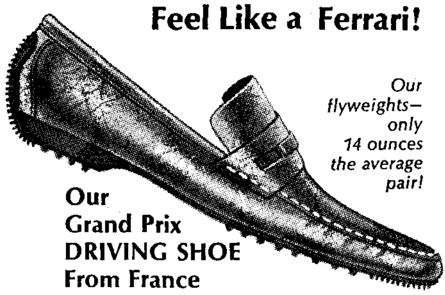

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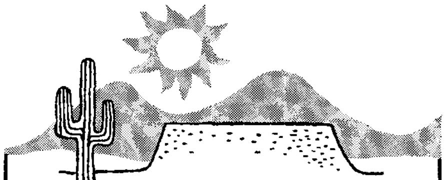
in a two-party system than with any other question, and in both volumes, I also think, he overestimates the power of a President to create his own constituency. The headlines of one century become the footnotes of another, and serve mainly to instruct specialists, but it might be instructive for everybody just now to remember the processes that over decades formed the Republican Party: the false starts; the third parties; the peerless, the fearless, the ineffectual leaders. Once it was formed, the Republicans were America's Bolsheviks. They came to power as a minority, used force to settle a moral question that had economic consequences, and then devoted themselves to industrialization without abandoning their claim to moral superiority and their right to set the tone of society; they did not even recognize that there were valuable values besides their own. Whereupon the false starts and third parties appeared again, forming, in the end, the famous Democratic coalition of 1932. We probably still think about that coalition too much in terms of economic interests—agriculture suffering from high tariffs, labor from low wages—since disinterested interests made that party, too: conservationists, for instance, who were driven out of the Republican Party as early as the Taft Administration. Writers and intellectuals fell away less dramatically, but it is hard to think of any who were enthusiastic about the American society of the nineteen-twenties. Roosevelt, that is, did not create the party he led any more than Lincoln created the one *he* led, and I doubt, no matter what Burns says, whether Roosevelt could have dismantled it. In a two-party system, no one leader shapes a national party; the parties make and remake themselves.

Burns' Roosevelt is a man so wholly committed to public life that he has no existence apart from it. This total dedication, which Burns frequently remarks upon, seems both humanly sad and unimaginably grand, like the yielding of self expressed in the religious concept of a mystic marriage. Certainly, as Burns remarks, Roosevelt's faith in his country was profound enough—or irrational enough, if you like—to approach the mystical. The critical biography of a man married to his country becomes a critical study of the country. In completing this exceptionally stimulating critical work, Burns is opening an exploration: We will know who Roosevelt was when we discover who we have become, and, more to the point, who we wish to become—what scale of government or enterprise suits us at



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home, what kinds of involvement abroad. For Roosevelt contained multitudes, and the multitudes were us.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GOOD NIGHT, JUPITER, by Raymond Kennedy (Atheneum). A Christmas Eve story. Two great seventeen-year-old lads (young men, really), comedians on a grand and serious scale, are seen at the moment when their intelligence is making its triumphant leap out of the childish cocoon of conceit and bewilderment. Tom Merryweather and his best friend, nicknamed Maxwell, decide, in their humorous, contentious way, to play a grisly joke, and so they take on a burden—the corpse of a gentle scholar named Noonan—which sets them at such a distance from their real burdens that they chatter their way right out of adolescence and into what looks like an approach to freedom. The scene is a tiny town in Massachusetts, and a particularly violent snowstorm rages throughout the book. The story begins and ends in a graveyard, but most of the action takes place in the Merryweather house, which is nice, because Tom's people are rich, hospitable, and easygoing. Mr. Kennedy's writing has the touch of magic we usually call individuality.

GENERAL

LUTHER: HIS LIFE AND TIMES, by Richard Friedenthal, translated from the German by John Nowell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Mr. Friedenthal sees Luther as a powerful, complex personality who began his historic mission as much out of innocence or ignorance as out of piety. For, he points out, Luther's education was not, in the current jargon, "relevant;" it omitted arithmetic (let alone economics) as well as history, geography, and politics. Therefore, when Luther asked a religious question—whether the sale of indulgences was spiritually beneficial, or even a genuine Catholic practice—he had no idea that he was threatening the economy of Christendom and the politics of the Holy Roman Empire. Mr. Friedenthal's account of Luther's acts, of Germany and Europe in an era of radical change, of the armies available to princes and popes, and of the philosophies available to studious

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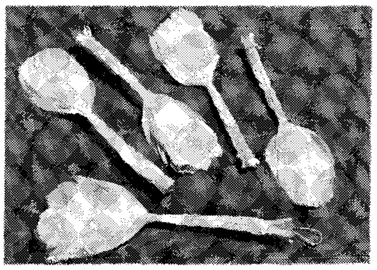

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THE FAMILY GUARESCHI: CHRONICLES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT, by Giovanni Guareschi, translated from the Italian by L. K. Conrad (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Twenty years ago, with his creation of Don Camillo, Signor Guareschi hit upon a magic formula for popular writing, and at the height of his success became the most widely read Italian author in the world. "The Family Guareschi" is a collection of autobiographical pieces that were published in an Italian weekly before his death, in 1968. The characters are puppets, and the comic exaggeration is as primitive as that in the Mary Roberts Rinehart Tish stories of long ago, but Signor Guareschi becomes so outraged by the phenomena of daily life in contemporary Italy compared with the way things used to be that Italophiles should enjoy his caustic observations on the prosperity-generation world of insecticides, Rita Pavone, sex education, television, and many other subjects.

EOTHEN, by A. W. Kinglake (University of Nebraska Press). A new edition of a remarkable book first published in 1844 and out of print for almost a generation. The title derives from the Greek meaning "from the East," and is descriptive of the book: an account, by an Englishman of twenty-six, of a journey in the eighteen-thirties through the then formidable Middle East—or, as he characteristically put it, an indulgence "in the moody longing for Eastern travel." Kinglake (1809-91) enjoyed every hour of his adventure, and he is able to communicate with great ebullience ("The chief . . . and then the people having gathered densely about me, got hold of my unresisting hand, and passed it around like a claret-jug") both the sights he saw and the joy he took in them. V. S. Pritchett contributes an excellent and properly enthusiastic introduction.

WORDS AND OCCASIONS: AN ANTHOLOGY OF SPEECHES AND ARTICLES SELECTED FROM HIS PAPERS BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LESTER B. PEARSON (Harvard). In these pieces, the author, who retired from politics in 1968—he was the Prime Minister of Canada and the leader of its Liberal Party—shows himself a humane and original statesman. He also shows himself a worthy countryman of Stephen Leacock. Mr. Pearson has the gift of saying serious things in an entertaining style, and his book is a rarity of its kind: it may be read purely for pleasure.

THE LIFE AND DESTINY OF ISAK DINESEN, collected and edited by Frans Lasson, with a text by Clara Svendsen (Random House). In the introduction to this pictorial biography, Mr. Lasson writes that Isak Dinesen "gave her contemporaries a grandiose and very consciously composed picture of herself." Certainly the face in the photographs we knew before her death, in 1962, was of a single image: gaunt, aristocratic, ascetic, with kohl-lined, quizzical eyes, the face of the teller of tales who had been "the Honourable Lioness" to her black friends in Africa. In this album she has a hundred images. (Why not? She called herself by nine names.) She is Garbo as Queen Christina, a Berber shepherd, a plump-faced Isadora Duncan, a trim Busby Berkeley dancer, a Kansas homesteader, and an Egyptian mummy—as well as the small, alert-eyed Danish aristocrat whose imagination rivalled that of Hans Christian Andersen. The more than two hundred photographs, covering a century, show the people, animals, and landscapes of her life, from the manor houses and castles in Denmark where she spent her childhood holidays; the farmhouses at the foot of the Ngong Hills, in Africa, where she grew coffee; the rivers and highlands of the Masai Reserve, where she shot lions; to Rungstedlund, the sixteenth-century inn turned into a farmhouse, which her father bought six years before she was born, where she died, and in whose woods she is buried, beneath a giant beech tree. Clara Svendsen's concise text documents the life behind the photographs and repeatedly makes clear how often Isak Dinesen's most fantastic tales were family facts and how her life was as wide and as full of magic as any of them. The book was beautifully printed in Denmark. Fifteen dollars.

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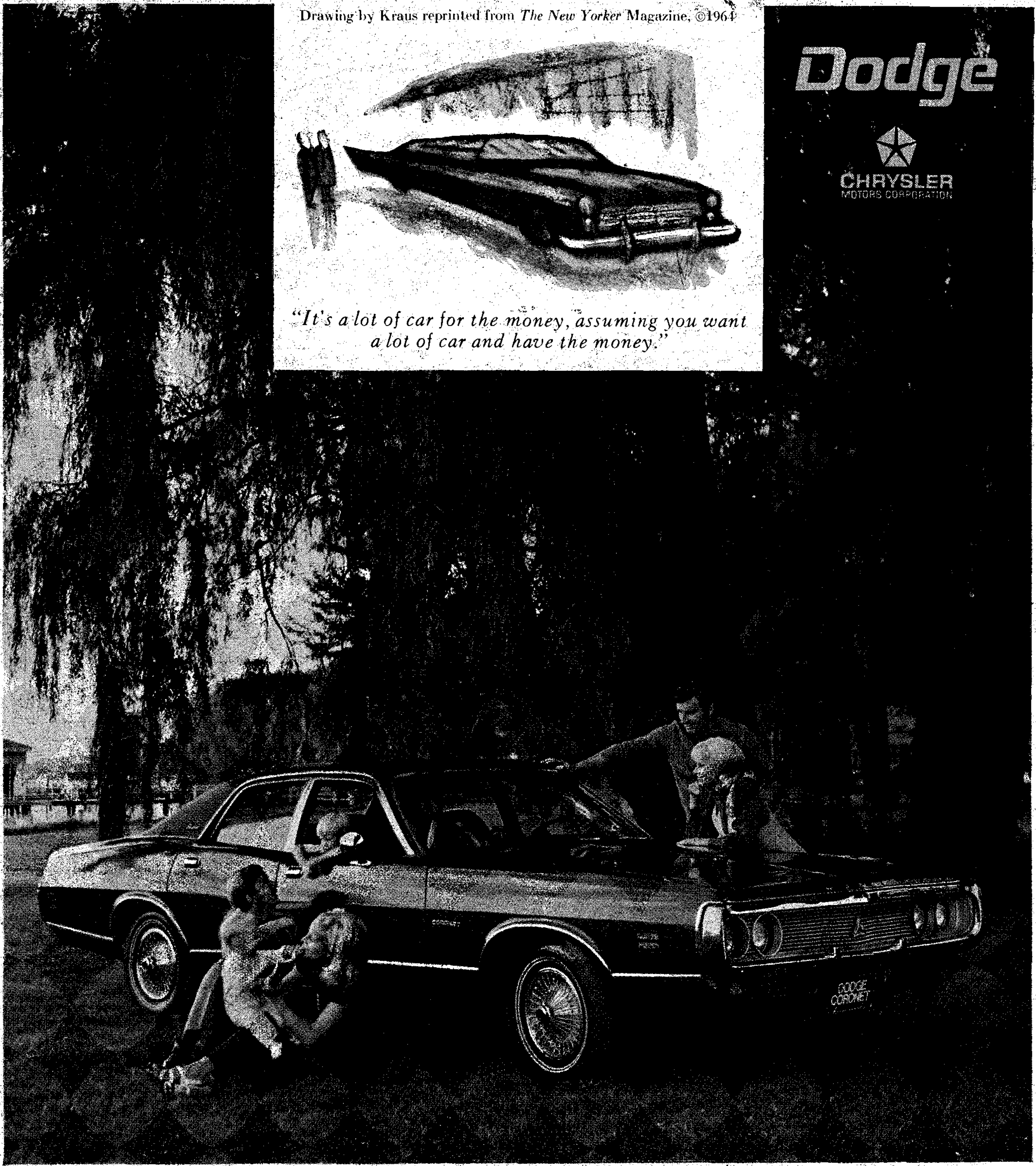

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